



THE  
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A

Catholic Journal and Review

OF

HOME AND FOREIGN LITERATURE,  
POLITICS, SCIENCE, MUSIC,

AND

The Fine Arts.

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VOLUME SEVENTH.

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POLITICAL SCIENCE, MUSIC

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FOR THE SEVENTH

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## CATHOLIC PROSPECTS.

SURELY the conversion of England must be nearer than we have been accustomed to think. If it is not so, how can we account for the storm of wrath with which the *mind* of the Protestant public has been shaken by the re-Christianising of England? The raging terror which has agitated so large a portion of the middle and upper classes of English society is more than a mere periodical panic. It is something different from those popular agitations which have been so frequent in the history of this country. It cannot be attributed solely to the stimulus of newspaper articles, or to the influence of the Anglican clergy, or to a regard for the spiritual supremacy of the Queen, or to a sense of affronted nationalism, or to a stupid confounding of the temporal with the spiritual rights of the secular power, or to the old vulgar dread of Popery and persecution, or to the commanding tone of the official language employed by his Holiness and by Cardinal Wiseman in their published documents, or to all these supposed causes united. There is something more than these, more mysterious, more awful, and more significant, hidden from the bodily hearing alike of Catholics and Protestants, but manifest to the ear of faith. That which seems to so many to be the noble shout of offended British patriotism, is no more than the passionate cry of the spirit of darkness as he hears the Holy Name pronounced by the ambassadors of Him who rules alike in heaven, in earth, and in hell, over that mighty demoniac of three centuries old, the Established Protestantism of England.

The Established Church, be it never forgotten, is *the* great opponent of Jesus Christ in this island. Add together all the Dissenting sects, account their heretical tenets at their worst, number up the deeds of hostility against the Catholic Church

of which they have been guilty since they first sprang into being, note rigidly the obstacles they now present towards the conversion of the people, and their crimes and their power alike will appear to be almost as nothing in comparison with those of her who is in her very essence the creation of the spirit of rebellion against God. She alone is the true embodiment of that sin for which Satan was cast out of heaven. They have all started into being from out of her fruitful body. The heresiarchs of Dissent first imbibed their hatred of the true Church from the Anglican Establishment. From her they inherited their ignorance, their obstinacy, their intellectual pride; and for the most part it has been in the very act of maintaining some Catholic, though perverted and maimed doctrine of the Gospel, that they have been cast out with ignominy from her whose whole existence depends on the substitution of the rule of man for the rule of Almighty God.

Let it not be forgotten that three centuries of existence have not changed the nature of the Established Church. The longest life does not convert an African into a European, or a dog into a man. The Anglican body is still that identical creature which was first formed by Henry VIII., and brought up by Elizabeth. She is the incarnation of the spirit of rebellion, as truly as when her father Henry exclaimed in his madness, "I am the master of the Church of God!" The purpose for which she was created she must fulfil unto the end, by the irrevocable law of her being. Other heretical bodies in this empire have been founded for the maintenance of some supposed Christian truth; she was founded for the very purpose of setting up the abomination of desolation in the temple of the Most High. And with all the wiles of Satanic skill has she hitherto accomplished her work; or rather, with all his ancient mastery in deception has he, who is incarnate in her continued his unwearied resistance to the salvation of souls, by her means. No other English sect wears the faintest resemblance to the Church which Jesus Christ set up on earth. It has been for her to pretend to an Apostolical succession of Bishops, to steal large fragments of old Catholic prayers, to chant old Catholic hymns, to repeat old Catholic creeds, to ape the very exclusiveness of Catholicism, and, by a cunning mixture of latitudinarianism and orthodoxy in her formularies, to permit unwary souls to approach the very threshold of the house of God, while yet held fast in her adamantine embrace. To her has been entrusted the management and possession of the most subtle of all snares in an age and country like those of modern England—the snare of wealth and respectability. In no other land has heresy succeeded in grasping so large a por-



tion of the wealth of the ancient Church, wherewith to purchase the support of an infatuated generation. The English Establishment could buy up the temporal possessions of the Protestant bodies of the whole of Europe, and of all the schismatics and heretics of the East, with as much ease as a millionaire buys up the houses and fields of an impoverished country town or parish. She alone pays largely for the support of her adherents; she alone, while making the most Christian of professions, appeals to the most sordid of passions. The sons of Mahomet cried, "There is but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet," and enforced an obedient response with their glittering scimitars; she commands the proudest of all races to admit with one breath the Athanasian Creed and the Royal Supremacy, and bribes her victims to assent with a revenue of three millions sterling.

But now her end is approaching. She has herself betrayed the hollowness of her claims, and played the fool before the people whom she still presumes to teach. The political liberty which was ensured to the English people by the Catholic barons and ecclesiastics who won *Magna Charta* has borne such fruit, even beneath the sway of a king-made Church, that every man esteems himself as good as his teacher, and assumes the right to test her pretensions by his own personal opinions. Anglicanism in any shape, whether Evangelical, High-Church, or Puseyite, is no longer regarded as the *only* truth in the world. A race of men has been born who can see in her Prayer-book nothing more than the clauses of an Act of Parliament, and in her anathemas and creeds nothing better than the decisions of a court of law. And just at this very season, in the very crisis of her destiny, has she come forward solemnly before the world, and protested that she utterly disavows the dogmatic principle, that her clergy may teach whatever they please so that they do not teach obedience to the Pope, and that with all the pretensions of a messenger from God, she does not even yet know the message she is commissioned to convey. Concordantly with this strange avowal, the Pope comes forward, and restores England to her place in the Christian Church. He makes no new claims upon her obedience; he never yet for a moment ceased to demand the obedience of all baptised Christians; he simply does for England what he has long done for Ireland, and what the English Government has acquiesced in his doing in her colonies, even to the salaried Bishops he has appointed; when in a moment the vast Establishment rocks again with the echoes of her own frantic cries, and she trembles as though the sword of the Spirit of God were already piercing her heart.

And as the Establishment is the stronghold of the anti-christian power, so is this astonishing panic confined to the classes who are in her interest, and who thrive upon her pretensions. With so few exceptions as to be of no real weight, the hue and cry against the Hierarchy has not descended into the vast body of the English *people*; nor has it been taken up by the influential among the Nonconformists. The immense democracy has long since withdrawn its affections from the Established Church. Little affection, indeed, did it ever yield to her. But such as it has formerly vouchsafed it has completely resumed; and it stands as ready to welcome Catholicism to its heart, as if no Protestant Archbishop sat at Lambeth, and the Thirty-nine Articles were become a repealed parliamentary statute. Every where during the agitations of the last eight or ten weeks, the agitators have been found almost exclusively amongst the Established clergy, the shopkeepers, the professional classes, and a section of the aristocracy and gentry. The Dissenters have for the most part been too wise to bolster up that very Royal Supremacy which they abhor as antichristian, or to forge fetters to be hereafter fastened upon their own limbs. While as to the labouring poor, the attempt to enlist them in the warfare has proved a signal failure; they stand by, and look on, and are puzzled; but if they lift up their voices, it is more likely that they cry "No Bishops," than "No Popery."

The outburst, then, which still rings in our ears, is, in fact, the work of the Establishment, and of the Establishment alone, and as such it must be interpreted. It is not the national voice. It is no indication that there exists any really popular feeling against the Catholic Church, more hostile and deeper than we have hitherto imagined. It is no pledge of coming persecutions from the multitude; no proof that the power of evil holds the people of England in a thralldom from which nothing but extraordinary graces can set them free. Nor can it fairly be taken as any pledge of the latent strength in the fortress of the Established Church herself. There is little hostility to be discerned to Catholic doctrines, one by one, or to the spiritual supremacy of the Pope, when rightly understood. The ideas lying beneath the deluge of sounds are so stupid, so silly, so ignorant, and so suicidal, that they cannot be dignified even with the title of heresy. They are nothing but a noisy rant, the hallooing of an excited multitude, shouting they know not what; and so terrified at some invisible foe, that in their madness they trample upon one another, and cry aloud until they sink down with sheer exhaustion. When we analyse all that has been said



and done in this wild warfare, it is difficult to say what all the remonstrants and petitioners mean, what they agree in, or what they want. There is one only feeling to be detected, predominating every where. They are fiercely angry with the Pope, but doubly enraged against the Puseyites. The whole movement bears every impress of being supernaturally inspired by the evil one, under whose direction the Anglican communion was first called into being, and of being mysteriously controlled by the finger of God, so that even in his blasphemies the rebel angel testifies to the power of Jesus Christ and to the presence of his Church. It is precisely that mixture of rage, fear, and absurdity which so often characterises the outward manifestations of diabolical agency when brought into contact with the exorcisms of Catholic faith.

As such, therefore, we hail the reception which the Pope's Bull has met with from the Anglican body as a confession that the hand of God is upon her. It is a pledge that our prayers are being answered, that the hour of hand-to-hand conflict is nigh, and that the spirit of darkness is about to be dispossessed of the land where he has so long held empire. The yell of the exorcised demon is never heard for nought. In his season of victory he smiles; it is when he trembles for his throne that he redoubles his blasphemies, and lashes himself in his rage. Mark him now, as with true Satanic folly he is accomplishing the work of God upon himself, and undermining the castle wherein he is fortified. Listen to the turbulence of voices within the Anglican citadel. Hark, how amid the uproar against Catholicism the cry against the traitors in the camp rises loud into the air; and the doomed garrison is about to exercise vengeance upon some of the stoutest of its own ranks. Let them rage, then, and swell; let them smite one another till they are weary; let them exhaust themselves with internal struggles and passionate demonstrations against the hosts that beleaguer them. Their doom is sealed; their fate approaches; they are doing our work, and they know it not. *Sooner or later, they fall. We may not see the end of the Establishment, but that end has begun.*

Whether, indeed, the Anglicanism of England, even when dying, may be able to wreak its vengeance upon the Church by deluding the Parliament into some penal enactments against us, no eye can yet foresee. We think it improbable that any such result will follow from the irritation of the present hour. Still, small as are the Church-of-England party in actual numbers, they are influential in the House of Commons and the House of Lords. Though the people are against them, the aristocracy (who hold the patronage of their livings) are, to a

considerable extent, with them. It is *possible*, therefore, that they may entrap the legislature into some statute by which it will stultify itself, and forbid the assumption of the new titles by Catholic Bishops. But what will follow? The whole sympathies of every honest Englishman with a suffering Church, persecuted for no offence whatever, and made the victims of an *ex post facto* law, in order to prop up a gigantic Establishment in the possession of its ascendancy and wealth. The moral and spiritual effects of such a glaring act of unprovoked despotism would be immense. The rebound in our favour would terrify the promoters of the persecution, and make them tremble with more reason than ever for their footing in the country. The *permanent* execution of any such penal enactment we hold to be impossible. For a brief space it might be enforced; but if we ourselves were to meet it with a unanimous and determined contempt, a Government might as well think of prosecuting the Archbishop of Tuam, in Ireland, for calling himself by his true title, as Cardinal Wiseman, in England, for assuming the title of Archbishop of Westminster. Imagine the instantaneous result of some united episcopal act from the Cardinal and all his suffragans, totally ignoring the new persecuting law, quietly proceeding with their spiritual functions, and leaving the Government to do its worst upon them. Imagine a state prosecution, a condemnation, and its consequences. Imagine our venerable prelates carried by soldiery through the streets of London, and consigned to a common gaol, as felons or rebels against the spiritual supremacy of the temporal power. Who is so blind as not to see that of all the devices which the spirit of evil could plan for his own overthrow and for the triumph of Catholicism, none could be so efficacious or so instantaneous in its operation? We *may* see it, indeed; for there are seasons when the folly of Satan is equal to his malice. He slew the Son of God made flesh, and by the very act completed the redemption of the race whom he would have held in bondage. And such has been his conduct again and again in making war upon those who inherit their Master's cross, in the pangs it inflicts as well as in the blessings it has purchased. The whole history of the Catholic Church is a record of conflicts, in which Satan has been unwittingly his own deadliest foe; while from the blood of martyrs have sprung the fairest trees in the spiritual garden.

We prepare ourselves, therefore, for *any* result. The strength of a dying madman is fearful; and though he expires in the act of putting it forth, his blows strike heavily on all who are within the reach of his arm. But whatever be the



expiring deeds of the Establishment, they can but touch our bodies and our possessions. They cannot touch our wills or our affections; and if we are faithful and courageous, they cannot stay for an instant the progress of our faith amongst our countrymen. The work is in our own hands; the arm of the Almighty is uplifted, and it waits only our more fervent, more united, and more confident prayers, to bare itself in the face of the haughtiest of nations, and humble its pride in the dust. The conversion of England depends upon the faith, love, and self-sacrifice of the Catholics within its borders. For so rich a prize *some* price must be paid. And if it pleases God not to require from us the same yielding up of our riches, our freedom, and our very lives, which He demanded from our fathers, at the very least He exacts that perfect conquest of ourselves which will not only impel us to pray and labour, but will make our prayers and labours effectual in their pleadings before his throne.

Thus, then, we enter upon our first year as citizens of a Catholic country, since the day when the spirit of rebellion became incarnate in the sovereign and constitution of England. The year now past was the jubilee year of the whole Christian Church. Shorn, alas! it has been of its wonted splendours. Tribulation in many things has been the lot of the supreme Pastor, and the flock have mourned with the shepherd. But for England it has been a true year of jubilee. Her name is no longer blotted out from the book of the faithful. She has passed through the fire, and been blessed with a gift never before accorded to any apostate people. May we, who live in the season of her sunshine, be found not unworthy children of those who braved the power of the persecutor, and held fast their faith, for 300 years of darkness and storm!

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## CELEBRATED SANCTUARIES OF THE MADONNA.

### No. IV.—MILAN.

*The Question of Miraculous Images. — Santa Maria presso S. Celso.*

THE beautiful cathedral of Milan is probably the finest building in the world dedicated to the Mother of God; and were we to trace its history back to its very first origin, doubtless

we should find many interesting traits of devotion to Mary exhibited by those who began or from time to time have carried on that most magnificent fabric, many vows that have been made there, many supernatural gifts received, and, in a word, everything that would fairly entitle it to be ranked amongst the most famous sanctuaries of the Madonna. Our selection, however, being of necessity very limited, we have preferred taking another sanctuary from that city; one that can boast of even higher antiquity, and which will give us an opportunity that we have desired, of making some remarks upon a class of miracles sometimes attributed to pictures and images of the Madonna, and of special interest just now, in consequence of all that has been happening at Rimini.

Two names familiar to every Catholic, St. Ambrose and St. Charles Borromeo, illustrate the ecclesiastical history of the capital of Lombardy; and every thing that is sacred there is pretty sure to be connected more or less closely with one or other of them; perhaps, as in the present instance, with both.

“ Ambrosius renovat, renovat quoque Carolus urbem.  
 Urbis uterque parens, orbis uterque decus.”

Most persons who have read ever so little of the history of the ancient Church, know the interesting story of the first of these Saints finding the bodies of the martyrs Gervasius and Protasius, which lay unknown beneath the church of St. Nabor. And this was not the only instance in which that holy champion of the faith was made the instrument of bringing to light the hidden resting-places of the martyrs, and so restoring to the Church precious relics which she knew not of. It almost seems, if we may so speak, as if he had had a peculiar *gift* in this matter, which he exercised not uncommonly; such, at least, is the idea which is conveyed to us by the language of his secretary and biographer, Paulinus, in the history which we have now to relate.

St. Ambrose had gone to a garden outside the city to remove the body of St. Nazarius, and to translate it to the Basilica of the Apostles; and as soon as this body had been taken out of the ground and laid on a bier, “straightway we accompanied the holy Bishop to St. Celsus Martyr, who lay buried in the same garden, to pray there. Nevertheless, we could never discover that the Bishop had ever prayed in that place before; but this was a token of the body of a martyr having been revealed to him, if he went to pray in a place where he had never been before.”\*

In the case of SS. Gervasius and Protasius, St. Augustine tells us that the Bishop was guided to the object of his search

\* Vita S. Ambros. c. 33; Opera, tom. i. p. xiii. Paris, 1836.



by a dream, and St. Ambrose himself says that his heart burned within him in presage of what was to happen; so we must suppose that something of the same kind happened here also; certainly the existence of a martyr's body in this place does not seem to have been at all known or suspected before the Bishop came to it on this occasion. Then, when they came to inquire of the owners of the garden, they found that there was a traditionary report in the family that it contained very great treasures; they said their fathers had told them to take care never to remove to any other place, neither they nor their children after them, for that rich treasures were buried there. And now it was revealed through St. Ambrose what those rich treasures were; that they were not riches such as "the rust and moth consume, or thieves break through and steal," but riches whereof God himself is the guardian, who hath said not a hair of their heads shall perish, — the body of one who, in company with St. Nazarius, had suffered martyrdom for the faith in the very earliest ages of the Church.

The body of St. Nazarius was translated; but it would seem that that of St. Celsus was suffered to remain in its place, and only a little oratory raised over the spot as a memorial, apparently not much more than a wall with a niche, on which were painted the Madonna and Child, such as one sees by the roadside in the Tyrol and other Catholic countries. Not long afterwards a church was built in the immediate neighbourhood in honour of St. Celsus, yet without destroying this niche and painting, which gradually became a favourite object of devotion with the people; for when the Archbishop Landolf, in the tenth century, wished to build here a Benedictine monastery, to be attached to the church of St. Celsus, it is expressly mentioned that he proposed to include this oratory within the limits of his building. It appears, however, to have retained its original simplicity of form until the year 1430, when Philip Maria Visconti, Duke of Milan, determined to erect an altar before it, and to enclose it in a little chapel; an iron grating, to defend the painting, and a silken veil, only to be drawn aside on special occasions, were probably added at the same time. He seems to have been moved to do this by observing the number of persons who frequented the place for purposes of devotion, and the general belief that favours were dispensed here to the clients of Mary with a liberal hand. This belief and devotion must have been very prevalent already, otherwise the Duke would scarcely have founded five chaplaincies at once. During the next fifty years, however, it considerably increased, so that in

1483 some of the most noble citizens of Milan formed themselves into a kind of committee for the erection of another and more spacious church, by means of the costly oblations which the gratitude of the faithful was continually placing at their disposal. Collections for this purpose were gradually proceeding, when a wonder of quite a different character from any that had ever before been exhibited at this picture excited afresh the admiration and faith of the people, and caused the new church to be executed on a scale of richness and magnificence far beyond any thing that had been originally contemplated.

Towards the end of a Mass which was being celebrated at this altar on the morning of the 30th December, 1485, the veil by which the picture was concealed from public view was suddenly withdrawn without the apparent intervention of any human hand, the whole picture appeared resplendent with a supernatural brightness, and finally, the arms of the Madonna were seen to open, as if with the intention of encircling in a maternal embrace her afflicted children before her (Milan was at this time suffering the most cruel ravages from the plague), and then were again folded as before upon her breast. More than 300 persons were witnesses to this miracle, and the fame of it was soon noised abroad throughout the city. Monsignor Rolando, Bishop *in partibus* and Vicar-General of Milan under the Cardinal Archbishop Giovanni Arcimboldi, immediately instituted a legal examination of the fact; and being satisfied as to its truth, he issued a pastoral, in which not only was the supernatural character of the apparition approved, but indulgences were granted to those who visited the picture on certain of our Lady's festivals, as also on the 30th of December, the anniversary of this miracle; and it is added, as a fact notorious to all those to whom the pastoral was addressed, that many persons who had been struck with the plague were afterwards miraculously restored to health in the presence of this representation of the Mother of Mercy. We will not stop to describe the immense size nor the abundant costly materials of the new church; suffice it to say, that it was completed before the end of the century, that Bramante was the architect, and that gold and silver, bronze and marbles, were lavished with the utmost profusion upon the whole fabric. It was to this church that St. Charles Borromeo directed the third and most solemn procession of the people and clergy of Milan during the tremendous pestilence of 1576. His contemporary and biographer, Pietro Guissano,\* describes it as a church which was in the highest

\* Vita di S. Carlo, lib. iv. c. 4, p. 269.



possible veneration, and to which there was a continual course of worshippers, by reason of the numerous favours which were received there through the intercession of the Queen of Heaven; and he adds, that St. Charles took the opportunity on this occasion of recommending and enforcing upon his hearers a fervent devotion towards this most merciful of mothers. Either his preaching must have been most effective, or else it can scarcely have been needed, for if we may believe the testimony of Morigia, a writer of authority and an eye-witness, the church was frequented on certain special festivals, about this very time, by more than a hundred thousand persons in a day.

There is nothing in the subsequent history of this sanctuary sufficiently interesting to make it worth while to pursue it any further; we are anxious, however, to make some observations upon the fact which must be considered the foundation of its modern celebrity, the miraculous movement of the hands and arms on the 30th December, 1485. There are probably few of our readers who are not more or less struck at first sight by the apparent strangeness of such a phenomenon. That a person who had been deaf and dumb from his birth should suddenly receive the powers of hearing and of speech, or that one who had been born blind should suddenly receive his sight, in the presence of some painting or statue of the Madonna, is of course miraculous, but it is not, in the sense in which we have here used the word, *strange*; on the contrary, it is a fact of very frequent occurrence in the history of these sanctuaries, and is sometimes acknowledged even by Protestants themselves, who conceive that they find a sufficient explanation of it in the earnest faith of the persons relieved. Such facts may be improbable, but they are not self-evidently absurd; neither is there any thing strange or grotesque about them, any thing that looks ridiculous, which there certainly is to a Protestant mind, and indeed (we need not hesitate to say) to human reason unenlightened by faith, in the assertion that a fresco upon a wall, or a painting on canvass, or a statue of wood or of stone, spoke or moved, or performed any other function of a living agent.

In the last sanctuary whose history we gave, that of Our Lady of the Prisons at Prato, it was said that the Blessed Virgin was seen to descend from a painting on the wall, to leave the Infant Jesus on the ground playing with a bird which also formed part of the picture, to illuminate the interior of the prison by her presence, and then to return, again take the Child in her arms, and resume her original position upon the wall. To-day we have just read of a fresco

in which, when it was more than 1000 years old, the Madonna was seen to stretch forth her hand and draw back a curtain, to spread out her arms, and then to fold them again. Elsewhere\* we read of another painting of the Madonna, also 1000 years old, in one of the churches in Rome, which opened the locked doors by which it was enclosed, in the middle of a High Mass on Whitsunday the 5th of June, 1672; and in another place† we read of one in a church in Brescia which opened and shut its eyes and clasped its hands, and the representation of the Child in the same picture also moved and raised its hands in a similar manner on Whitsunday 1524.

Can any thing be conceived more ridiculous? asks the Protestant, and refuses to hear any more about the matter; just as we should refuse to listen to a man who pretended to have received a direct revelation from Heaven assuring him that the Christian religion was false and the worship of Jupiter true. The Catholic, on the other hand, when first he hears of such stories, is struck by their apparent strangeness, and thinks them, perhaps, extremely improbable; still, he knows that they are not absolutely impossible; and since they are in no way opposed to the articles of his faith, but rather confirmatory of some of them, he does not refuse to listen to the evidence that may be put before him. He may be a man of a very hard, severe, and critical turn of mind; yet, even so, he will only require that the evidence shall be unusually clear, positive, and unquestionable, because the fact which it is intended to prove is unusual also; he will not be satisfied with the testimony of a few witnesses, perhaps not even of twenty; he will sift and re-sift, question and cross-question, to see whether it might not be some deceit, some fancy of an overheated imagination, or some extraordinary optical illusion; but in the end, if he should find that there is no room for any of these conjectures, if the evidence should prove to be altogether beyond exception, he will not dream of withholding his assent, and in proportion to his previous incredulity will be the firmness of his present convictions.

But is there, then, our readers will ask, is there for any of these extraordinary stories evidence of such a character? evidence really conclusive, and which could not fail to satisfy an impartial jury, even though the witnesses were subjected to the severest cross-examination at the hands of some clever and determined *devil's advocate*? We do not hesitate to answer this question in the affirmative; to assert that there is sufficient evidence positively to *command* the assent of any

\* Riccardi, vol. ii. p. 521.

† Astolfi, Storia Univ. delle Imag. Mirac. p. 540, ed. Venice, 1624.



moderately candid person, even of one possessed by prejudices to the contrary, provided only that he does not refuse to listen to it, and that he consents to submit to those laws by which human testimony is ordinarily tried. In order to establish the truth of this assertion, which some perhaps may almost be disposed to condemn as rash, we propose to examine at some length, not one of the stories which have hitherto been mentioned, because they are so ancient that it is impossible at this distance of time and place to collect the necessary materials; nor yet the story of the Madonna at Rimini, because as yet we have not received any authorised publication of the facts; but we propose to take a number of miracles belonging to this class which happened simultaneously in the city of Rome towards the end of the last century, a time which for all practical purposes in an inquiry of this kind may be considered as identical with our own.

On the 1st of February, 1796, the inhabitants of Arezzo in Tuscany were much alarmed by several shocks of an earthquake, which were repeated with more or less frequency and violence for a whole fortnight. On the evening of the 15th instant, three men were taking some refreshment in a small inn on the outskirts of the town, and talking with their hostess about the last shock, which had been felt at three o'clock that morning, and of the probability of another during the ensuing night; presently they knelt down to recite the Litany together before a picture of the Madonna that hung over the chimney-piece, having first placed a lighted lamp before it. It was not long before their prayers were interrupted by an exclamation from one of them that the countenance of the Madonna was changing colour, and seemed as though it were of a living person; they removed the lamp, yet the same appearance still remained. *Miracolo, miracolo!* soon resounded throughout the house, and from the house it was soon spread to the neighbourhood, so that an immense crowd was attracted to the place. Before midnight the Bishop himself arrived, examined the picture, and having satisfied himself that there was something supernatural about it, removed it to a neighbouring chapel, and from thence three days afterwards to the cathedral, the changes in the colour and general appearance of the Madonna still continuing. There was no subsequent return of the earthquake, and several persons received miraculous cures. All the facts of the case were printed and published at the time with the consent and by the authority of the Bishop; and the picture has remained a popular object of devotion ever since, under the title of *Santa Maria del Conforto*, in a chapel built expressly to receive it.

On the 29th of May in the same year a wooden statue of our Lady of Favours (*delle Grazie*) in Torricella, in the diocese of Taranto, in the kingdom of Naples, was seen to shed tears in such abundance as thoroughly to bathe the vestments with which the statue was covered, besides many other cloths with which it was attempted to wipe them away. Information was immediately sent both by the ecclesiastical and civil authorities of the place to the Archbishop, who was at that time holding a visitation in a distant part of his diocese. On the 20th of June he repaired to the spot, minutely inspected the statue, instituted a formal examination of all the facts of the case, and finally, on the 15th of July, published a decree declaring the prodigy to be proved, and exempt from all doubt.

A few days after this examination had been begun, a similar wonder was manifested in a statue of the Madonna (of San Ciriaco, as it was called) in Ancona. In the evening of Saturday the 25th of June, whilst the Litanies were being recited before it as usual, the eyes, which had been made by the sculptor almost closed, were observed to open, to sparkle, to move to and fro, and, in a word, to look as though they were living eyes. Such a number of persons were attracted to the church by the report of this miracle (which did not happen once for all and then cease, but still continued), that it was found impossible to close the doors either by day or by night during the next fortnight. On the 6th of July, Cardinal Ranuzzi, the Bishop of Ancona, began the usual formal process; on the 13th, a collection of letters, written by various eye-witnesses, but not yet legally examined, was published with the Cardinal's consent and approbation; and on the 25th of November, when the examinations were concluded, but not the miracle, an abstract of the evidence, in a technical form, was printed by way of Appendix to the earlier and more unmethodical publication. Finally, two months afterwards, on the 23d of January, 1797, *the miracle still continuing*, the civil magistrates of Ancona made certain decrees for the religious observance of the anniversary, the greater decoration of the chapel, and other similar matters.

Each of these histories, if we were to exhibit the evidence for them fully and in detail, would be found more than sufficient to prove the assertion which we made; we are satisfied that not even the severest cross-examination could succeed in throwing a reasonable suspicion upon the credibility of either of these miracles. They have not been alleged, however, with any intention of using them in this way; they have been mentioned here not for their own sake, but only as facts useful,



and even necessary, to be known by way of preface to the still more marvellous history which is to follow, viz. that about the very same time similar miraculous changes were observed in more than sixty different representations of our Lady within the city of Rome alone. This fact is, as far as we know, entirely without a parallel in the history of the Church; at least we do not remember to have read any thing that can be compared to this profusion of miracles, wrought simultaneously and in the same city, and continuing, more or less constantly, day after day, during a period of more than six months; yet, on the other hand, it is a fact attested by such an overwhelming amount of evidence, that, if miracles be admitted at all as possible, and if human testimony is ever to be accepted as a sufficient proof of their having taken place, it is not easy to see how even the most inveterate prejudice can fail of being convinced by it.

The supernatural appearance was first noticed in a picture of the Mother of Mercy, painted in oil, that hung over an arch in one of the streets near the Piazza Santi Apostoli. It was a well-known picture, one of the many in Rome before which might often be seen some humble client of Mary telling his beads, and making his silent petitions; and the motion of its eyes began, or at least was first observed, in the morning of the 9th of July, 1796. In the course of the same day the same thing was observed in six other pictures, either in the streets or in churches, in different parts of the city; in three others it was first noticed on the 11th instant, in two more on the 12th, in another on the 13th, in three others on the 15th, and so on, until the number in Rome alone reached, or rather exceeded, the number we have named, not to mention others in Frascati, Todi, Frosinone, Ceprano, and elsewhere. In these latter places the Bishops instituted a legal examination of the facts immediately, sometimes on the very day on which they happened, or at latest within a few days afterwards. In Rome, however, although witnesses were at once examined, and depositions taken by the parish priests of the several parishes in which the miracles were taking place, yet the subject was not officially brought before the higher tribunal, the Cardinal Vicar, until the 1st of October. A sufficient reason for this delay, over and above the proverbially slow pace at which ecclesiastical matters in Rome are uniformly made to travel, may be found in the peculiar circumstances of the present case. The same phenomena repeated over and over again almost indefinitely, caused it to be no easy task to know where to make a beginning; where there were upwards of fifty thousand witnesses, it required no mean powers of dis-

cretion and no trifling labour to select the most important and convincing. However, at length the work was begun; Cardinal della Somaglia named a very clever ecclesiastic and lawyer as his deputy, appointed an able notary to assist him in taking down the evidence, and desired them to proceed with all care and diligence to a legal examination of the whole matter. The investigation was continued, with many unavoidable interruptions, until the end of February 1797, the miracle being all this while still continued in many pictures; and even then the inquiries were suspended only because of the public impatience to have some authoritative account and confirmation of what was in every body's mouth, and because enough had been already ascertained to make further investigation only an unnecessary labour.

The commission of inquiry sat on sixty days; and the examination of very many of the witnesses lasted so long, from three to four hours and upwards, that in forty-one sittings they only examined forty-one persons, in fifteen other sittings thirty persons, and in five others fifteen, making a total of eighty-six witnesses in all, selected out of 501, whose depositions upon oath as to the very same facts had been previously taken before the inferior local tribunals. The depositions of these eighty-six concerned twenty-six images or paintings; and besides the 415 other witnesses whose evidence had been given with reference to these same images, there were 460 others who swore to the same facts with reference to forty other images; so that we have a sum total of very nearly a thousand witnesses (961) who actually deposed under the solemn obligation of an oath to those extraordinary phenomena which Protestants fancy themselves at liberty to reject and ridicule simply on *a priori* grounds of inherent improbability. But is it so, then, that the oaths of a thousand Christians are really of so little weight? If so, what is the value of history, which is written without the obligation of an oath at all? and what is the value of decisions in a court of justice, which have seldom so much as a fiftieth or even a hundredth part of this amount of evidence to rest upon?

But it will be said, perhaps, that the examination to which these witnesses were subjected was slight and unsatisfactory, not so strict and searching as that by which they would have been tried in a court of justice. We shall best dispose of this objection, and at the same time most conveniently bring to the knowledge of our readers all the main facts of these most interesting and important miracles, by giving *in extenso* every question that was proposed, together with a general abstract of the replies that were made, introducing as we go



along a few brief remarks by way of illustrating the evidence which will be thus laid before us.

First, each witness knelt down, and took an oath upon the holy Gospels to tell nothing but the simple truth, and was solemnly admonished by the judge of the scrupulous exactness to which he had thus bound himself not to depose to any thing about which he had any the slightest doubt.

1. After this preliminary, they were questioned as to their name, profession, age, country, and such like personal matters. These, of course, varied in every case; it will be enough to state generally that among the number of persons examined were men and women, laymen and ecclesiastics, young and old, nobles and plebeians, Italians and foreigners; or, looking into the list more closely, we may say that there were representatives of almost every rank in the hierarchy, from the Cardinalate downwards; of every rank of society, from princes to servants; of every variety of trade and profession,—lawyers, physicians, surgeons, professors, officers in the army, artists, mechanics, and shopkeepers; and lastly, of well-nigh every country in Europe,—France, Spain, Italy, England, and Germany,—not to mention a few individuals from Syria, Brazil, and other more distant parts.

2. The witnesses were next asked whether they knew for what purpose they were summoned before this tribunal, and whether they had been instructed by any body as to what evidence they were to give; the first of which interrogatories was of course uniformly answered in the affirmative, the second in the negative; all declared that they were induced to give the testimony they were about to give from no temporal or human motive, but only for the glory of God, the honour of the Blessed Virgin, and the love of truth.

3. Do you know whether any thing wonderful has lately happened in any sacred pictures or images in the city of Rome? and do you know this of your own certain knowledge, or only by hearsay from others?

Not only I, but all Rome, knows well that most wonderful prodigies have happened during the last few months in very many sacred pictures and images throughout the city. I have witnessed those prodigies myself in one, two, five, ten, or whatever number of instances it might chance to have been; the rest I only know of by general report.

4. Speak only of those pictures or images in which you have witnessed the prodigy yourself: and describe exactly the figure or figures which they represent, where they are situated, what is their size and shape, of what materials they are made; if painted, whether on canvass, or on a wooden tablet,

or on a wall; whether in oils, water-colours, or in fresco; if in *rilievo*, in what act, or with what peculiar expression or meaning, is the figure represented? More particularly describe with accuracy in what manner the eyes are formed, whether open, closed, or half-closed; whether fixed on any definite object, whether cast down or looking upwards, or whether directed generally towards the spectators wherever they might happen to be standing.

As to the figures represented by the pictures or images in which the prodigy was observed, I do not know that there were any, excepting either our Lord dying or dead upon the cross, or our Blessed Lady with or without her divine Son, or the same being taught by St. Anne. As to their situation, some were at the corners of the streets, or over doors or arches in public places; some were in churches or chapels; some in private oratories, or even in shops,—it being the custom of the Roman tradesmen, as all who have visited that city must very well remember, to suspend a sacred picture with a lamp before it in some conspicuous part of their usual place of business. There was, of course, every variety of size and shape; so also of material, and of the position of the eyes. Sometimes the face was represented in profile, so that only one eye was visible; or if not in mere profile, yet one eye could be much more easily distinguished than the other; one was in full light, the other in more or less shade; sometimes the full front face was exhibited, and both eyes could be seen alike. Sometimes the eyes were half closed, as though in silent meditation and prayer, or modestly bent towards the ground, as of the *Virgo fidelis* or *Mater purissima*; sometimes they were tearful, and seeking consolation from Heaven, as of the *Mater dolorosa*; sometimes contemplating the Divine Infant, as the *Mater Christi*; sometimes looking out upon the people, and as it were encouraging them to draw near and ask for help, as of the *Mater misericordie* or *Mater amabilis*;—in a word, there was every conceivable variety both of form and expression, according to the attribute intended to be represented, and according to the ability or caprice of the artist.

5. When, where, and how did you see the prodigy? Were you the first to see it, or from whom did you hear of it? At what distance did you examine it? Were you in front of the picture, or on one side? Did you see it by day or by night? Was there much light or little? The light of the sun? or of lamps and candles? or of both together? Is your sight perfect or defective? Did you examine it with your naked eye, or had you spectacles? or did you use any kind



of telescope, or other artificial glass? Was the picture itself framed and covered with glass, or was it without glass?

These questions are obviously among the most important in the series; and our readers will excuse us, therefore, if we enter somewhat more minutely into an examination of the answers to them. Of course, some of the witnesses examined were the first who had observed the prodigy in that particular picture or image concerning which they gave their evidence, whereas others had come to look at the invitation of a friend, or in consequence of the general report.

A priest was saying office, on Monday the 11th July, in a private chapel belonging to the church of the *Natività di nostro Signore* (or *degli Agonizzanti*, as it is more commonly called), and was kneeling opposite an altar where there was a valuable picture of the Madonna and Child. He had heard of the six or seven pictures in which a miraculous movement of the eyes had been observed on Saturday, and in which it was still continuing, and he was extremely anxious to witness the extraordinary phenomenon himself; he had gone for this purpose, more than once, to visit some of those pictures, but in consequence of the immense crowd he had been unable to get near enough to see any thing; and he was not without a secret hope that God would perhaps vouchsafe to grant him the desire of his heart in this picture, which hung in a chapel attached to his own church. He looked in vain, however; and he was thinking, with some humiliation, that doubtless his own sins and unworthiness were the cause of his disappointment, when his eyes fell casually upon another much older and less valued painting of the Madonna, hanging at the side of the chapel, over some stalls or benches of the confraternity who used to assemble there; and he saw, or fancied that he saw, the eyes of this painting distinctly moving.

Should any reader be here disposed to object that men easily believe what they anxiously desire, we would answer in the words of a Protestant author, writing in defence of Christianity, that the very contrary of this seems to be nearer to the truth. "Anxiety of desire, earnestness of expectation, the vastness (or strangeness) of an event, rather causes men to disbelieve, to doubt, to dread a fallacy, to distrust, and to examine. When our Lord's resurrection was first reported to the Apostles, they did not believe, we are told, for joy. This was natural, and is agreeable to experience."\* And so it was in the instance at present before us. The painting was of a half figure, rather more than three feet square; it hung

\* Paley's Evidences, part i. prop. 2, c. 1, § vi.

only nine or ten feet from the ground, in a chapel thoroughly lighted by two windows having a southern aspect and opening on the public Piazza, and the hour was ten o'clock in the morning of a bright summer day; nevertheless, the priest feared to trust the evidence of his own senses; he would not go and tell others, until he had first turned his eyes away to some other object, and then brought them back again to a fresh examination of the picture. Again he saw the left eye (which was in full light, the right being in deep shadow) slowly moving upwards, until the ball had entirely disappeared, or a single line only remained visible, and then as slowly return to its ordinary position. Still he hesitated; he began to recite the litany and other prayers in honour of our Lady, the movement still continuing; then at last he called some of the clerics attached to the church, who brought a lighted lamp, and placed it before it; and they too declared that they saw the same extraordinary phenomenon. Members of the confraternity, and others living in the neighbourhood, were soon drawn to the church, and all acknowledged the miracle. The Superior of the church, a priest of mature age, just fifty, caused some steps to be brought, that the dust might be wiped off the picture, for it was very old, and had no glass before it; indeed, it had long been retained rather as some sort of ornament to the bare walls than as an object of devotion. This priest mounted the steps himself, and so did others after him, and examined the picture most closely, with the help of a lighted candle, and all remained perfectly satisfied of the reality of the movement. Before noon it was necessary to call in the soldiers of the Piazza, or as we should call them, the police, to keep order in the going out and coming in of the crowds of persons who wished to see it; and the ecclesiastical authorities directed it to be carried into the adjoining church. This was immediately done; it was removed from the heavy cornice that had surrounded it, and the mere piece of canvass, with the frame on which it was stretched, was carried into the church, and benediction given with it to the assembled multitudes. Both whilst it was being transferred from the one place to the other, and whilst benediction was being given with it, the motion of both the eyes was distinctly seen; and it had not ceased when the witnesses gave the evidence from which we have been quoting in October, nor even when another witness was being examined in the month of December.

The next specimen of the evidence which we shall give shall be one in which the witness was not the first to observe the miracle, but only came in consequence of the reports of



others. Signor Domenico Ambrosini, a layman, aged thirty-seven, and master of one of the choirs in Rome, was passing near the Piazza Santi Apostoli about eight o'clock in the morning of Saturday, the 9th of July, when he heard some one telling another that the picture of our Blessed Lady dell' Archetto (the picture that has been already spoken of as that in which first of all the miracle was seen in Rome) was opening and closing its eyes. Being in the immediate vicinity, curiosity induced him to step out of his way to look at it; he found only seven or eight persons as yet assembled, amongst whom he recognised one of the religious of a neighbouring convent, and a silversmith with whom he was acquainted. The spectators being few in number, they had every opportunity of looking at it quite closely and at their leisure; and after waiting two or three minutes they saw both the eyes of the Madonna gradually close. This witness, just like the former, at first misdoubted his own eyes; he tells us that he rubbed them, closed them, and then again looked steadily at the picture; but its eyes were still closed, and then, almost immediately, the upper eyelids returned to their places. "I was so overcome at the sight that I could not contain myself, but burst forth into tears and some exclamation; the exact words I cannot now remember, but I know that at the very same instant those about me burst forth into similar exclamations, so that I was satisfied that they too had witnessed the same prodigy as myself."

After he had recovered he considered the effect of the one single lamp that was burning there, but it hung so low that no reflection of its rays could reach the face of the figure; he considered also the rays of the sun, but the little *vicolo* was so narrow that these had not yet penetrated so far; in fine, he considered every cause that could have had any influence on the appearance of the picture; but the more he considered, the more he was convinced of the reality of what he had seen, and of its supernatural character. He soon went away in consequence of the increasing crowd; and in the course of a few hours it was necessary to station the police at different points of the adjacent streets to regulate the movements of the people. Numerous offerings of lamps and candles were brought and lighted before the picture, yet the appearance was in no way dispelled by this increase of light, but rather made the more evident; sometimes the eyebrows became more arched, the upper eyelids were raised, and the eyes were seen to move to and fro as if looking upon the assembly before them; sometimes the eyes were almost or quite closed, and sometimes the ball of the eye disappeared, or very nearly so, under the upper eyelid.

It was this last phenomenon which was actually tested by a physical examination, such as we can hardly conceive the cold collectedness necessary in the man who undertook it; yet, now that it has been made, one is glad to be able to avail oneself of its valuable testimony in confirmation of the truth.

A Piedmontese priest, aged forty-six, who had been a missionary in Greece and Egypt, and had returned about two years before to a convent of his order in Rome, first heard of the miracle from one of the lay brothers in his house on Saturday morning, soon after it had been first observed. He did not believe it; he thought it was probably a mistake into which the devout enthusiasm of the people had betrayed them in consequence of what they had lately heard from Arezzo, Ancona, and Torricella. In vain the lay brother urged the number and respectability of the persons who had seen it; his superior obstinately adhered to his own idea. At last curiosity induced him to go and see; by the way he met some of his brethren, the parish priest, the curate, and others; all repeated the same story, and that they had seen it for themselves; still our friend would not be persuaded. He went on, however, and by and by had so far penetrated through the crowd that he found himself within six or seven feet of the picture; having knelt down and said a few prayers, he rose and took up his position somewhat to the left, but in a place where he could command a most distinct view of the face of the Madonna. Here he remained for upwards of an hour without once being able to detect any motion whatever in the eyes, although the prayers of the people were often interrupted by shouts of "*Evviva Maria!* now the eyes are moving," &c. All this confirmed him more and more in his belief that the whole thing was a delusion of an overheated imagination; and he determined, with that firmness which was so marked a feature of his character, to remain there for three or four hours longer, that he might be able, as he says, "most authoritatively to contradict the popular report." Presently, however, whilst he was standing in this way with his eyes fixed on those of our Blessed Lady, he saw their balls gradually rising and disappearing under the upper eyelids until only the white remained, and then as gradually returning to their former position, and this perpendicular motion repeated three or four times consecutively. Now at length he was constrained to acknowledge the facts, and he burst into a flood of tears, whilst at the very same instant the people cried out, as they had done before at times when he had seen nothing, "*Evviva Maria! ecco il miracolo, miracolo!*" But though the theory of an optical illusion and the mere dream of an overheated



imagination was thus effectually destroyed, yet this witness did not instantly acknowledge that what he had seen was miraculous; the idea of trick and imposture next suggested itself to his mind, and he determined to put this also to the test before he fully abandoned his doubts. For this purpose he advanced still closer to the wall, laid hold of the ladder which stood there for those who wished to add more candles, or flowers, or any other ornament to the picture, and got up to a level with the face of the Madonna, and quite close to it. He pretended to be arranging a candle that had fallen out of the perpendicular and was melting its wax over the others, but in fact he examined most minutely the surface of the picture, more especially about the eyes. Having thoroughly satisfied himself that they were in every way the same as in an ordinary painting, and that there was no possibility of a fraud, he descended and went away, praising and glorifying God and our Blessed Lady, and declaring his readiness even to lay down his life in attestation of the authenticity of a miracle which but two hours before he had laughed at as an idle tale. He did not return again any more on that day, but on Monday he determined to try the daring experiment to which we have alluded, and which still remains to be told. He went there about six o'clock in the evening (the reader must not forget that we are speaking of the middle of an Italian summer); and as by this time the miracle had been multiplied in many other pictures in other parts of the city, the crowd was not so great; still there were a good many people present. He took what he considered to be the best place for observing the picture, and, kneeling down, recited the litanies and other prayers for about a quarter of an hour, with his eyes steadfastly fixed on our Lady. During this time he saw no sign of motion in the eyes, nor did any one else, for the silence of their prayers was not broken by a single exclamation. At last, however, he clearly distinguished the same movement in them that he had before seen on the Saturday, and at the very same moment the people saw it too, and shouted in their usual manner. Immediately he sprang up from his knees and began to ascend the steps, which he had previously placed in the proper position for his purpose, turned round to the people to explain to them that he had no evil intentions, but was only going to make the reality of the miracle still more unquestionable, and then proceeded to measure the eyes with a pair of compasses, which he had all this time held ready in his hands. Whilst he was mounting these few steps (the picture being about nine feet from the ground), and making the necessary explanation of his conduct to the people, the eyes

of the picture had returned to their usual position; but they immediately moved upwards again, and when the ball had almost disappeared under the upper lid he applied the two points of the compass, one to the lower eyelid, the other to the mere outer rim of the ball, which could just be seen, and then removed them: the distance was about five mathematical lines, he says; the eye then returned again to its place, until the ball actually touched the lower lid, and there was not even a thread of white visible below it.

We could not, as we have already said, have made this experiment ourselves; we might have been glad to avail ourselves of a ladder or any other means for getting as close a view as possible of the miraculous movement, as, in fact, a very considerable number of persons did, not only at this picture, but at many others also; but when the motion of the eyes began, we should have been much more likely to experience the feelings which most of those persons acknowledged that they experienced, of sudden faintness and a difficulty to keep our footing, than able to touch the picture, and measure it with a pair of compasses. However, the experiment having been made, we are thankful that it has also been recorded, and recorded upon oath by the man himself who made it.

The following observations, taken from an author who has been already quoted, may help our readers to form a just appreciation of the importance of this fact. "It is not necessary," says Dr. Paley, "to admit as a miracle what can be resolved into a false perception . . . The cases, however, in which the possibility of this delusion exists are divided from the cases in which it does not exist by many, and those not obscure, marks. They are for the most part cases of visions or voices; the object is hardly ever touched, the vision submits not to be handled, *one sense does not confirm another*. They are likewise almost always cases of a solitary witness. It is in the highest degree improbable, *and I know not, indeed, whether it hath ever been the fact*, that the same derangement of the mental (or visual) organs should seize different persons at the same time,—a derangement, I mean, so much the same as to represent to their imagination the same objects."\* Apply these remarks to the history we are examining, and how strikingly they confirm and illustrate its truth. The motion of the eyes in these material representations of our Blessed Lady were witnessed, not by one person but by many, by several hundreds and even thousands, by a whole city; they saw it not only separately, but together; not only by the light of lamps and of candles, but by the broad light of day; not only

\* Evidences, vol. i. p. 332, ed. 1811.



at a distance, but near; not once only, but several times; they not only saw it, but even, as we may most truly say, touched and handled it.

Besides the instance that has been already given, there was a picture of the Crucifixion, about four feet square, which was removed from the wall where it usually hung, and where the movement of its eyes was first noticed, and placed in the middle of the room leaning against a table, and resting on a stool or low bench not eighteen inches from the ground. It was in a private oratory, but hundreds and hundreds of persons came and saw it. All those who from age or infirmity were unable to make their way through a crowd, or whose sight was somewhat defective, or who were distrustful of their senses amid the glare of lights and the excitement of a large congregation, or who from any other cause were not sufficiently satisfied with what they had seen in public to be ready to take an oath upon it,—all came to see this picture of the Crucifixion. They arranged the lights as they pleased, took the picture in their hands (it had neither glass nor frame), brought it to the window, turned it round and round, placed it wherever they thought proper; and all were thoroughly convinced of the supernatural character of the phenomena. One person deposed that he had been eye-witness of the miracle in this picture hundreds of times; another, Don Stefano Felici, Rector of the English College, who had seen the miracle in other pictures, yet would not give his evidence upon oath until he had witnessed this, deposed that after the most minute examination of the painting itself he had seen the eyes swell and become full, and move to and fro, and up and down, as though they were living eyes; so did Signor Giuseppe Valadier, an architect, and very many others.

We will only add, that of the pictures in churches and other public places, most, if not all, either never had any glass before them at all, or else the glass was removed as soon as the prodigy was observed; that some of the witnesses deposed to having used telescopes; others said that they had confined their scrutiny to one eye only, fearing to weaken the intensity of their attention by looking at both; and, in a word, that every conceivable precaution which the most jealous suspicion, and sometimes even the most resolute incredulity, could dictate, was actually taken by some or other of the numerous witnesses that were examined.

6. The sixth question which was put was this: Was the movement of both eyes simultaneous, and according to the ordinary movement of the human eye; or was it extraordinary, and of one eye only? Did other persons see it at the same

time with yourself? Was the movement slow and perceptible, or sudden and instantaneous? Did it seem to disfigure the countenance, or otherwise?

If this last item of inquiry should strike any one as unmeaning or irrelevant, we wish that he would try to realise to himself what would be the ordinary effect upon his own mind of seeing a sign of life in this one feature, the eye, of some inanimate figure, say a corpse, a statue, or a painting. Our own impression is, that it would be something very frightful; we fancy that the incongruity between a living and a dead part of one and the same thing, life and motion in one place and the still rigidity of death in another, would strike us as a deformity and very offensive. Yet the uniform testimony of all the witnesses, excepting one only, who happened to have himself painted about thirteen years before the picture with reference to which he gave his evidence, was directly contrary; one and all declared that even when the movements of the eyes were most unnatural, when the pupils were entirely hid under the upper eyelid, or when one eye moved and the other was motionless, still even then the aspect of the whole countenance was such as inspired them with the deepest respect, awe, and veneration; it seemed to be the countenance of one making a solemn appeal to their consciences; it spoke to their hearts, and moved them to tears; never, excepting in that one only instance which we have named,—it never struck them as unsightly and repulsive. Some, indeed, gave distinct evidence that a change of colour and expression was manifested in the whole face; others said their attention had been so fixed upon the eyes that they had not accurately observed any other part; but all agreed in describing the general effect as being of a living, speaking countenance, such as we are satisfied that no human art, even under the most favourable circumstances, could have succeeded in producing.

With regard to the degree of rapidity with which the eyes were moved, the story we have already told about the compasses will enable us to form some sort of idea; many witnesses answered this part of the inquiry by borrowing an illustration from the minute-hand of a watch, which, they said, though you may not be able to swear at any moment, "I see it moving," yet after an infinitely short space of time you can swear that it *has* moved. There seems, in truth, to have been the same variety in the degree of rapidity which was observed in different pictures as there was in the direction of the movement, sometimes perpendicular, sometimes horizontal, &c.; the same variety, in fact, that there naturally is in different eyes, or in the same eyes at different times.



7. Did you see this prodigy more than once? How often? Were you always equally positive about it, or did you sometimes doubt of its truth? At the times when you were quite positive about it, were other persons present, and were they equally satisfied? Did they at the very same moment express their conviction in any way? and in what way? Give solid reasons to shew that this conviction was not the result of any optical illusion, resulting from the reflection of the lights, the glittering or undulating surface of the glass or canvass, or any artifice practised upon the picture itself.

Some persons will probably be of opinion that enough has been said already to dissipate in all reasonable minds every suspicion either of error or of fraud; nevertheless, at the risk of wearying perhaps a portion of our readers, we will venture to add one or two corroboratory circumstances that have not yet been mentioned, but which will tend to shew more and more plainly how far the people really were from being carried away by mere excitement and enthusiasm, and how little room there was for the practice of imposture.

In fact, as to mere excitement and enthusiasm, we do not believe (as we have already said) that they are ever likely, on any large scale, to produce the effects ascribed to them. We can conceive a not very strong-minded individual being momentarily carried away, so as to imagine that he saw what he did not see; but we cannot conceive, we think it simply impossible, that hundreds and thousands of persons should have been so deceived, and deceived repeatedly and permanently, so as to be ready (as many of these witnesses professed themselves to be) to lay down their lives in defence of their opinion. We are confident that the very number of the witnesses, the frequent repetition of the miracle, and, in a word, every circumstance of this most remarkable history, would have served to put men on their guard against yielding too ready an assent, would have led them "to disbelieve, to doubt, to dread a fallacy, to distrust, and to examine." We heard not very long ago of a girl in a convent-school in this country, who fancied that the image of the Madonna in their private oratory was shedding tears; and she went and told the sisters so. But did they believe it? was their first impulse to believe it, or was it not rather to think that the girl had been mistaken? They felt, as every body must naturally feel prior to examination, that it was more likely that the girl should be deceived than that the miracle should be true; they proceeded to make the examination, and were satisfied that they had judged correctly. But precisely this same antecedent improbability must have been felt by hundreds of persons

in Rome when first they heard a similar announcement, and is felt by us also when we read of it; only it was surmounted in them by the evidence of their own senses, and in us it is surmounted by the strength and complication of *their* testimony.

These remarks might be illustrated by many curious and interesting examples, but want of space compels us to be brief. In the case of the Madonna in the church *degli Agonizzanti*, or rather in the chapel attached to that church, when a report was circulated that the miracle was being wrought there, those who first came to see it naturally turned their eyes to the larger and better painting which hung over the altar; they looked for the miracle there, yet not one was found to imagine for a moment that he really saw it: when the priest returned, and directed their attention to the older and less noticed painting suspended above the stalls at the side, all saw it and were satisfied. Again, it sometimes happened that whilst the people were assembled in prayer before one of these pictures, some solitary individual, or some two or three perhaps kneeling together, would cry out that the miracle was happening when it really was not, and here and there a few simple pious souls scattered through the crowd might be betrayed by over-eagerness and haste into giving a response to the cry; but there it ended: whereas, at other times, when the miracle really did happen, there would be one simultaneous shout bursting forth from the whole congregation, so that those who heard it could only compare it to a clap of thunder or the discharge of artillery. Very often, too, this shout consisted not merely of vague general expressions, such as "Look, look! now the eyes are moving; Jesus, Mary," &c., but it accurately defined the precise nature of the change that was taking place: *e. g.* "Look how she is raising her eyes to heaven! or how she is closing them, or turning them to those on the right, or on the left;" and the unanimity of the shout attested its correctness. Yet once more, had the phenomena in question been the mere false perception of a heated fancy, we should naturally have looked for them most in those pictures or images to which there was the greatest popular devotion; had they been manifested only in pictures or images that had fallen into neglect, we should have heard a plausible tale from the author of some new "Pilgrimage to Rome," that they were well-managed miracles, got up for the sake of recovering for those sanctuaries some portion of their lost popularity. But they first began in a picture which was neither forgotten nor extravagantly frequented; they were repeated in so many, that none was thereby brought forward into singular notice, so as to become



the special favourite of the people; and lastly, in some to which there had always been great devotion, and to which this devotion still continues, they were never exhibited at all.

Then, as to the theory of all these appearances having been the result of fraud and imposture, this is, if possible, still more inconceivable, more inconsistent with reason and with the facts of the case, than the former supposition, which denied their reality altogether. In fact, contemporary writers tell us that nobody ever pretended that imposition was in this case possible. A whole city imposed upon by some clever contrivance, not exhibited once for all and in a single picture, in some obscure isolated corner, where none could come near to examine, but repeated day after day, and night after night, during a period of several months, in seventy or eighty pictures at once, and in the most conspicuous situations; in pictures that could be taken down, and handled, and subjected to the most minute examination, and which actually were so treated;—what human head could devise, what human hand direct, such a machinery of fraud as this, so patent in its effects, yet itself so imperceptible? so multiplied, yet every where undetected? Surely every body must acknowledge that such an imposition as this, if it be an imposition at all, far exceeds the powers of man; that if it was not a miracle wrought by God, it can only have been a lying wonder wrought by the devil: and if any should hesitate as to which of these alternatives he must accept, what follows may perhaps be of some service in guiding him to a right decision.

8. The next question proposed to all the witnesses in this judicial examination was this: What feelings and affections did the sight of this prodigy excite in your mind? and what do you gather to have been the impression produced upon others? What is your reason for thinking so?

Besides what has been already said on this subject, it may here be added, that on the day after the miracles began, the afternoon of Sunday the 10th of July, the Pope ordered public missions to be preached in six of the principal *piazze* of Rome, that they continued for sixteen days, until the 26th instant, and that they were so numerous and devoutly attended, that not even the spiritual exercises given before the Jubilee were at all to be compared to them. The fruits of penance which they produced are described as something quite incredible. It is said that persons who had left Rome for a few days, and then returned to it, would have found nothing but the material buildings unaltered; in all the details of life, conversation, and manners, nobody could recognise Rome's former self; Jesus and Mary were on every lip and in every

heart, tears of penitence and love were bedewing every cheek, and nothing was thought or spoken of but the important concerns of eternity.

And here, perhaps, is the most fitting opportunity to say a few words upon a question which is sure, sooner or later, to suggest itself to the minds of our readers, viz. the purpose of God in all these extraordinary miracles which we have been considering. We know, indeed, that his judgments are incomprehensible and his ways unsearchable; "who among men is he that can know the counsel of God? or who can think what the will of God is?"\* At the same time, "the mercies of the Lord and his wonderful works to the children of men" are to "give Him glory;"† and without presuming to search into what is hidden from us, we may attentively examine (and should be wanting, perhaps, in our duty if we did *not* examine) all the circumstances of these miracles, so as to see how far it is possible from this consideration to ascertain the beneficent purpose for which they were wrought. In the present case, a hasty glance at the political history of the period seems sufficient to furnish us with a clue (if one may say so) to the Divine intentions. It was in this very year, 1796, that the French army, with Buonaparte as its commander-in-chief, overran the north of Italy; and on the 4th of February, 1797, they took possession of Ancona. We need not follow the army through all the stages of its progress until it occupied the Eternal City itself, and the Supreme Pontiff was a prisoner in their hands, because our readers will be already familiar with the main outlines of the history, and will at once have recognised from this brief allusion to it the merciful purpose which miracles wrought at such a moment may have been intended to serve. The similar miracle which we have spoken of at Brescia in 1524 was in like manner contemporary with terrible wars and rumours of wars throughout the whole of Italy, that did not cease until after the sacking of Rome by the Constable Bourbon in 1527. The miracle in the painting of Santa Maria presso S. Celso at Milan happened in the midst of a time of pestilence, which, as readers of history too well know, is always a time of a great increase of sin and wickedness in some, as of goodness in others. There are other instances also besides these which need not be enumerated; for surely these are sufficient to justify us in drawing a probable conclusion, that in miracles of this kind it may have been the merciful purpose of God to strengthen and encourage the faith and hope of Christians at a moment when they were about to be subjected to a very severe trial.

\* Wisdom ix. 13.

† Psalm cvi. 8.



Our Lord bid his disciples, when they should hear of wars and seditions, not be terrified, but lift up their heads, because their redemption was at hand; nevertheless He has also told us, among the signs of "the end," that men's hearts shall fail and wither away for fear and for expectation of what shall come upon the whole world; and experience has shewn that in times of great public calamity (which, after all, are only faint shadows, as it were, of "the distress of nations" that shall be when the end comes) men's hearts often *do* fail, and the faith of brethren who are weak gives way to despair, and their love waxes cold and is extinguished. This is what happens naturally: Almighty God, therefore, as a most merciful and compassionate Father, does not suffer us to be tempted above that which we are able; with extraordinary trials He sends also extraordinary assistance, that so we may be able to bear them. Who can doubt but that many a wavering heart was comforted, many a feeble spirit strengthened, during the terrible events of the close of the last century, by a recollection of those signs and wonders that had been so abundantly vouchsafed in the metropolis of the Christian world? In like manner, who shall know until the day of judgment, when the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed, in how many souls the spark of Christian faith and hope has been just now rekindled by the similar prodigies which it has pleased God to manifest in Rimini, Frosinone, and other towns of Italy?

9. We come now to the last question that was asked. Do you know, or have you heard, of any body who was present at these prodigies, and saw them, yet does not account them miraculous? Who is he? and what are the grounds of his opinion?

This was uniformly answered in the negative. There were some who had never seen the prodigies at all, who had never succeeded in getting sufficiently near to any of the paintings to satisfy themselves that there was a real movement of the eyes; or who, if they succeeded in gaining an advantageous position, had not the patience to retain it very long; but these acknowledged that during the time they occupied this position neither did the people profess to see any movement; they continued their prayers without interruption. There are a few, a very few exceptions to be made to this statement, of persons who believed themselves to be sufficiently near at a time when the people *did* profess to see the miracle, and yet did not themselves see it, just as happened at first to the priest who was so hard to be persuaded; but even these confessed that they were perfectly satisfied both of the reality of the phenomenon and of its supernatural

character by the concurrent testimony of hundreds of others whom they could trust as competent witnesses.

If any of our readers should be disposed to trust the bodily senses of these individuals, but to mistrust their judgment, to think them foolish for being persuaded by others against, or at least without, the evidence of their own senses, but to insist upon the fact, that they were present on certain occasions when others professed to see the miracle, yet themselves did not see it, although (humanly speaking) they had the same opportunities of seeing as their neighbours had; if any, I say, should be tempted to lay great stress upon this negative argument, they should bear in mind a very obvious consideration, namely (to use the language of Sir Philip Sydney), that a wonder is no wonder in a wonderful subject; we mean, that the whole history which we have been engaged in describing is not natural, but supernatural; and that as it pleased God to supersede or reverse the ordinary laws of nature in one part of it, so it may have pleased Him to reverse or supersede them also in another part. There is no inconsistency in supposing that God may have wrought a public miracle, yet for his own wise and inscrutable purposes vouchsafed a clear and intimate sight of it to some persons, while He withheld it from others, as in the Resurrection, for example; or, still more appositely, the conversion of Saul. Anyhow, whatever may be the true explanation of the circumstance that these few (for they were *very* few) did not see the miracle, it cannot by any fair and candid mind be considered as an equivalent set-off against the evidence of the hundreds of persons who *did* see it. Had the phenomenon in question been seen only once and in a single picture, and fifty persons that were present had sworn that they saw it, and fifty others that they did not see it, would the evidence of these last have disproved the evidence of the first? How much less, then, when the witnesses on the one side so infinitely outnumber those on the other, without in any way differing from them either in age, rank, ability, judgment, or any other quality, which would have entitled their testimony to a superior degree of consideration! Surely both justice and charity require that as we do not misdoubt the veracity of the one class, so neither should we misdoubt that of the other.

We have now fulfilled our engagement of giving a copy of the questions that were proposed, together with a general abstract of the replies that were made in the judicial examination of these most interesting miracles, which was instituted in Rome by order of the Cardinal Vicar, on the 1st of



October, 1796; and we feel confident that our readers will at once recognise the justice of the sentence, which was formally pronounced on the 28th of February, 1797, after a most careful examination by his Eminence himself of the whole body of the evidence, viz. that their truth was most abundantly established (*satis superabundèque comprobata fuisse veritatem antedicti mirabilis prodigiosique eventus*). It only remains to be mentioned, that the Cardinal ordered a succinct account of the facts to be at once drawn up for publication; that he took the trouble of examining this also from beginning to end; and that he signed with his own hand every copy that was printed, that so every body might be well assured of the authenticity of the narrative. It is from one of these copies that our statement has been abridged; and should it fall into the hands of any who are strangers to the Catholic Church, we would only ask them, whether it has not been supported by such a body of evidence as they would themselves on any other subject admit to be irresistible; and if, as indeed they must, they should answer this question in the affirmative, yet should still refuse to believe the statement, because it is inconsistent with the doctrines of their religion, because it seems to sanction the due honour and veneration of images, which they refuse, and the *cultus* of the Blessed Virgin, whose intercession they will not acknowledge,—we would go on to ask them one other question, proposed more than ten years ago, and not yet answered by many whom it most deeply concerns: “Which alternative shall the Protestant accept? Shall he retreat, or shall he advance? Shall he relapse into scepticism upon all subjects, or sacrifice his deep-rooted prejudices? Shall he give up his knowledge of times past altogether, or endure to gain a knowledge which he thinks he fully has already, the knowledge of divine truth?”

N.



## Passion, Love, and Rest ;

OR,

### THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BASIL MORLEY.

#### CHAPTER I.—*Home.*

MY earliest recollections are of the period when I was between seven and eight years old. At this day I have but to close my eyes, and strive to picture to myself the home of my childish memories, and the scene is before me, as brightly as though I was recalling the events of yesterday. I see the large old chamber, half nursery, half schoolroom, in a side wing of Morley Court, where the truths of life first began to open upon my growing mind. Dark panelling covers its walls; two vast beams, quaintly carved with heraldic devices, stretch across its ceiling; a wide bay-window admits as much light as the heavy stone mullions and thickly-leaded panes of venerable glass permit; in front of the window a vast cedar spreads abroad its ancient arms, and shelters the favourite spot of my summer gambols. In one portion of the oaken panelling is a door, never opened, but the subject of frequent questionings and curiosity on my part. My nurse, as she is still called, though I am quickly advancing in boyhood, tells me that it leads "nowhere;" but the frequent gusts of wind that enter through its chinks convince me that she either conceals or is ignorant of its real nature.

With this unopened door is connected the first distinct incident in my life that memory retains. The weather for some days past had been stormy, and had confined me to the house. Neither my health nor my temper were the better for the want of my accustomed out-of-door exercise, and I had made myself more than ordinarily disagreeable to Mrs. Winterslow, my old nurse. The room which I have described, and where I still passed much of my time, was littered with the innumerable toys of an only child, who possessed a father, a mother, an aunt, and a grandmother, who vied with one another in their prodigal gifts. The dolls of my infancy, and the horses and carts which rewarded my first efforts in spelling, were mixed in inimitable confusion with the picture-books, story-books, and school-books, which were now becoming my delight and annoyance. In the midst of this wilderness of sport and literature Mrs. Winterslow was wont to sigh, mourning over my inbred untidiness, and lamenting the absence of additional closets for the stowing away of my treasures.



On the day I speak of, my special disagreeableness had wound her up to more than common complaining, when my father and mother entered the room. My father looked grave, and my mother flushed and vexed. What had passed between them, I know not; but I can well remember noting, for the first time in my life, that they were not perfectly kind and affectionate in their manner to one another. Scarcely had they entered, when my nurse began:

"If you please, sir, Master Basil's playthings and books make a sad litter here. There's no comfort or peace in the place; and I'm sure if we had a good large closet for stowing them away, he'd value them more, and not break and destroy half so much as he does."

"I'm afraid there's no place of the kind near this part of the house, nurse," said my father, kindly.

What could have induced my mother to take up the subject in the tone she did, I have never learnt; but she instantly rejoined, with an odd, strange, angry look: "I'm sure, Henry, there's no reason why the boy should not put his books into the closet at the foot of that staircase." And as she spoke, she pointed to the door I have described.

My father's face lowered in a moment. "Winifred," he replied, speaking slowly and in a voice I shall never forget, "beware! Remember our agreement and your solemn promise. I have asked few things of you; but what I have asked and you have promised to give, as I live I will see fulfilled.—Basil, my boy, come here," he continued. Then taking me in his arms, he kissed me tenderly but seriously, and told me that the door in question must never be opened; and whispering a word or two to my mother, he left the room. When he was gone, my mother sat silent for what appeared to me an endless space of time. I see her now, with her eyes fixed on the door at which my father had gone out, without moving a feature of her fair, pale face, with her hands clasped on her lap, while my nurse vainly attempted to amuse me and call off my attention. At length I crept up to her, for I had been so much astonished that I had forgotten all my usual signs of delight at her presence, and had stood apart gazing. I laid my hand upon hers, and looked steadily in her countenance. I saw the tears stealing from her eyelids, and could hear her murmuring such words as these: "O God! forgive me! My God! have mercy on me and help me!" A flood of weeping followed, as she clasped me in her arms, and laid her burning cheek upon my head. I cried for very sympathy, though not knowing why. At last I said, "Why does papa make you cry, mamma?"

"Because I have done wrong, my dear child; no, not wrong, but something foolish. But don't ask me, Basil, and go and play."

"Foolish? mamma," I rejoined; "I thought you and papa were never foolish, and never did wrong. You always tell me to do what papa bids me, because it pleases God; and papa tells me to do what you bid me. Why did papa scold you just now?"

At this she broke forth into fresh tears, so violent that I was frightened, while Mrs. Winterslow tried to comfort her with words inexplicable to me. By degrees she grew calm, kissed me affectionately, and left the room. From that hour I was an altered child.

Time, however, flew on imperceptibly. Many things took place, which, as a child, I could not understand, though they annoyed me. At length, about two years after the incident I have related, I was rejoicing in one of those superb English summer days which rival, if they do not excel, in mingled warmth and softness, the brightest days of fairer climes. I wandered from orchard to shrubbery, from shrubbery to woodland, and at length, tired out with pleasant fatigue, fell asleep in a kind of garden-house that opened out of a large conservatory, where my mother was in the habit of spending an occasional hour in a summer afternoon. It was a charming little room, and the paintings on its walls were long my delight and wonder. It had been originally a wedding gift from my father to my mother; and there was scarcely a spot on the walls that was not decorated with well-painted birds and flowers and hanging fruits. There I used to sit and dream, as I grew older, and wonder why every thing outside the little room was not as sunny and unchangingly pleasant as all within. Low long sofas ran round the apartment, and invited the slumbers which were cherished by the plashing of a sparkling fountain within the conservatory. On one of these I lay and slept; and when I woke and opened my eyes, there sat my mother by my side, bending over me and watching me with one of those sad and loving looks which many a time afterwards I learnt to observe in her countenance, and which soon became indelibly printed on my memory. She took one of my hands in her own, kissed it, and then kissed my forehead, and whispered, "Basil dearest, you will always love me, will you not?"

"Love you, mamma?" I cried, astonished; and springing up, I threw my arms around her, and was locked in her embrace, as only a mother and child can embrace one another."

"Ah! my dear boy," she soon continued, "things change



wonderfully in this world. Perhaps you may be taught to dislike your mother; perhaps to hate her. We may be separated, Basil; and people will tell you things about me which will seem strange and shocking, and perhaps you will believe them, and learn never to love me more."

"I will *never* believe them," I replied eagerly. "But who will tell me these things, mamma? Papa will stop it, I am sure."

I was going on to say more, when the sound of voices in the conservatory made my mother start. She bade me be silent; and as she clasped me to her breast, I can even now recollect how I felt the beating of her heart, and was astonished at seeing her hands tremble with alarm. The door into the conservatory was closed, but it was impossible to avoid hearing all that was said on the other side.

"It's uncle George and papa," I whispered to my mother, catching the infection of her fear, which indeed was easy with me, from a strong dislike I already entertained to this uncle of mine. At the time I speak of, he was simply disagreeable to me; and it was of course not till years afterwards that I understood what it was that so grated on my childish feelings. If I now describe him and others of my relations more fully, it is by the aid of reflections and observations made at a subsequent period.

Colonel Morley was my father's only brother, unlike him in most things, except that he was, I fully believe, a gentleman and a man of honour and good feeling, though his peculiar views at times induced him to adopt a line of conduct as ungentlemanly as it was harsh and cruel. My father, as I have learnt from various sources, from his boyhood had possessed one of those upright, manly, and correct minds, which in the world are regarded as the highest type of human perfection. Many a time have I heard my grandmother say of him, that he never caused his parents an hour's serious uneasiness in his life. And this I can readily believe. He came fully up to their standard of worth; while the tendency to obstinate prejudice, which was his chief natural defect, rarely came in contact with those to whom he paid the most sincere filial respect. Tried by a different standard, he was somewhat hard and stiff, though at heart warm in feeling. His suspicions, once aroused, were never, or scarcely ever, allayed. He *could* not take any view of a question different from that which he had been accustomed to hold the right one. And like many men, honourable and just in intention, he was in consequence at times unfair in his judgments and severe in his actions, to an extent which would have awakened his loudest

indignation in any case in which he was not blinded by his misconceptions. No man was more respected in the society around Morley Court. He was reputed the very model of a noble-minded English country gentleman; and the Whigs of the neighbourhood, who hated his politics, and the Evangelicals, who mourned over his "legal" views and his patronage of balls and horse-racing, agreed in admitting that Mr. Morley was faultless in all the relations of domestic life.

That he might one day be converted to the opinions of the latter class, was at length expected by some among them, from the influence which my uncle, Colonel George Morley, was supposed to possess over him. The Colonel in his youth had been the *mauvais sujet* of the family. He went into the army from a sheer love of dissipation and contempt for the decencies of civil life, which he imagined might be cast aside with impunity in a regiment of dragoons. After long absence from home, and when many years had elapsed without a line of correspondence passing between the brothers, my father was one morning astonished at breakfast-time by receiving a letter directed in my uncle's handwriting. This was about a month before the day I am now speaking of. I well remember my father's look of grave surprise at the sight of the superscription, and the expression of unfeigned amazement with which he completed the perusal of the contents.

"You never saw my brother George, Winifred," he said to my mother. "You know why I so seldom mention his name. Well, what do you think he has turned now?"

My mother guessed many probable and many improbable contingencies; but all were wrong.

"There," cried my father, tossing the letter across the cups and saucers. "Read it aloud, and say whether he is joking or in earnest."

My mother then read the following epistle:—

Gibraltar, May 1st, 18—.

"My dear Brother,—It has pleased the Lord at length to direct my steps homeward to England. I look forward with sincere pleasure to seeing you again, and being introduced to your beloved wife and child. If my mother and sister are staying with you, assure them of my tenderest affection, and of the happiness which I anticipate in meeting them once more. If it please God, I trust, under divine grace, to be made useful to them. Oh! my dear brother, all that is in the world is vanity; the regenerate heart alone has peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ. May you be found faithful, and a protester against the dissipations and vanities of the worldly society in which you were formerly enthralled.



"I shall rejoice to set my foot in a free Protestant country once more, and to cast the dust off my feet in leaving the neighbourhood of the superstitious and bloodthirsty cruelties of antichristian Spain. There are but few likeminded with myself in the garrison here; and since my conversion my old friends have treated me as an enemy. Our spiritual privileges also are but few; and the commanding officer of the fortress has forbidden my trips into the mainland for the purpose of dispersing Bibles among the priest-ridden population. May God—to whom be all the glory—bless the efforts of a converted profligate to the good of you and your estimable household.

"I am, dear brother,

"Your affectionate brother in the Lord,

"GEORGE MORLEY."

Having perused this strange composition, which I afterwards found in my father's papers, and which is still in my possession, my mother laid it down with a sigh.

"Well, my dear," said my father, "what do you say to this? Is George mad, drunk, or jesting? Or is he really a sinner turned saint?"

"I foresee endless trouble from his return," replied my mother. "He will never tolerate me; he will make mischief amongst us. May God grant me strength to bear it!"

"Come, come, Winifred," rejoined my father, "that's not fair either to George or to me. Do you think I'm a fool, to be led by the nose by a canting fellow who is either a knave or has lost his wits? If you are"—and then suddenly he paused, as his eye caught mine, watching him with unmixed bewilderment.

"Yes, Henry," interposed my mother, "*there* will be the source of the misery I foresee. If it were not for Basil, your brother might bring his zeal to any market he liked, and I should fear nothing for his influence over you. But I know the sort of man he is too well not to tremble. I see it all already. My peace in this world is gone for ever."

"Now, really, Winifred, this is too bad," cried my father. "Have you no regard for me, no confidence in me? Has not a certain fixed agreement been made between us, and did you not make it voluntarily? Have I ever broken it in word, or deed, or even in look?"

"No, no, dear Henry," exclaimed my mother, "you are all honour and uprightness. O my God! why was not I always as honourable and open as you have been? But you have some prejudices, which this Colonel will work upon as

surely as he sets foot in this house; and the boon I have been trying for years to gain from you will be lost to me without hope; and then—oh, my child, my child!”

“Basil my dear, go out into the garden and take a run,” exclaimed my father to me, in a voice I dared not disobey; and unwillingly, and utterly confounded, I left the breakfast-room.

My curiosity respecting the secret attached to my mother was now become unbounded. How the secret had been preserved so long I can hardly conceive; for she was a person with a certain weakness and impulsiveness of character united with many excellent qualities, which must again and again have led her to the very point of betraying herself before me. The way in which she had received my uncle's letter sufficiently shewed the suddenness with which she formed her conclusions, and her impetuosity in expressing them. Indeed, I can hardly account for the mingled strength and weakness of her character, without imputing much of the latter to the presence in her bosom of a ceaseless source of sorrow, which rendered her at times more painfully sensitive, and more suspicious of harm, than appearances seemed to warrant.

When I returned from my enforced stroll, all was quiet between my father and mother, and they were making arrangements for my uncle's reception. From what dropped from my father, I found that he would not hear of any proposal for declining his brother's visit. His honour was roused; and with his usual sense of justice, he determined to give the Colonel credit for at least sincerity in his new character. My mother seemed reconciled; and as it was not her way to assume a look of injured innocence when constrained to act against her wishes, she prepared for the dreaded visitor with very tolerable cheerfulness and alacrity. What kind of an impression Colonel Morley made upon me and others on his first arrival, I cannot vouch for with any certainty. I *never* liked him, I am sure; and as I look back I seem to myself to have formed precisely the very opinion I now entertain respecting him immediately on his presenting himself at Morley Court. This feeling is of course fallacious, though natural enough to most persons. If the memory of the past colours the present, most assuredly, with many minds, not only does the present tinge the past with its own hues of gloom or joy, but it is difficult to separate our actual knowledge of past events, such as it was when they really took place, from that final and complete idea which has been the result of perhaps many years of increasing information. Thus it is that, boy as I was when I first became acquainted with my uncle, I seem to myself to remem-



ber every feeling that he produced in my young mind. I fancy I see him seated at the breakfast-table, with his gentlemanly and military air, and somewhat subdued tone of voice, studiously polite to my mother, brotherly and slightly subservient to my father, courteous to the servants, patronising and gentle, but not affectionate, to myself. I can imagine I hear him suggesting to my father the duty of summoning his household to family prayer, while my father dexterously avoids the subject, and my mother looks uncomfortable. I can recall his questions respecting the clergy of the neighbourhood; his expressions of dissatisfaction with my father's evident dislike to those of the Calvinistic school; his astonishment at finding that my mother knew little or nothing about them; and my own bewilderment at the whole subject, which never in my life had I before heard touched upon. One afternoon in particular I remember with especial dislike, when he made me take a walk with him, and questioned me as to my knowledge of Scripture texts, and told me that I ought to pray for my conversion, and that I might no longer be a child of the devil, but have a new heart and become a child of Jesus. His words seemed to me an incomprehensible jargon; and though his manner was kind, I recollect the excessive sense of disgust with which all that he said on religious subjects inspired me; a disgust which I never felt at the spiritual instruction I received either from my father or mother.

To return, however, to the incident of the garden-house. My father and uncle had scarcely entered the adjoining conservatory, when it was plain that they were engaged in a very animated discussion; for they spoke loudly and warmly, and were evidently somewhat excited. The substance of their conversation I shall never forget; for I soon perceived that I myself formed its subject.

"After the dreadful news you have told me," we heard Colonel Morley say, "there appears ten times as much reason as ever for placing your son under the care of some pious clergyman. Be assured he will imbibe his mother's awful principles, and be a curse to his father's house."

At these words my mother started as if stung by a serpent.

"No, George; be just at any rate," replied my father; "Winifred is incapable of breaking her promise."

"Promise!" echoed my uncle; "what is *her* promise, when she is under such an influence, and to one like you, whom she is bound to hate? Ay!—you are surprised; but I say it again,—to hate, and to persecute, and to destroy!"

"Nonsense, George," my father replied in derision; "your sanctified friends have driven you mad."

"My friends," rejoined the Colonel, "have their eyes opened to love the truth; and we must bear testimony to the truth, at the cost of our dearest affections."

"Well, well," cried my father, "we'll not speak of this at present, but come back to Basil. His mother, I must confess, cannot bear the idea of his going to school, or to a tutor, or to our having a tutor at home. She wants me to teach him what she cannot teach him herself; and she is now beginning to learn Greek on purpose to be able to instruct him in it when he is a little older."

"The snares of the devil, my dear brother!" responded the Colonel; "carnal learning employed for a carnal purpose, for the ruining an immortal soul."

"Upon my word, George, you are too bad," interrupted my father. "Winifred has her faults, I don't deny; but she is a Christian after all."

"A Christian!" ejaculated my uncle, in a tone of mockery. "But your own eyes, my dear brother, are, I fear, not yet fully enlightened; and—"

"I tell you what, George," again interrupted my father, "there's one thing you are not changed in. You are as cool a rascal as when you shot old Mrs. Wilkins' donkey, and then went in and told her a long story about the jackass being killed by her neighbour's son across the road."

"I was then in my unregenerate state," solemnly retorted the Colonel; "and now—to God be all the glory—I am—"

"Now you're a saint of the first water; and, I don't doubt, believe that there is no common identity between young George Morley, the greatest scapegrace in the county, and Lieutenant-Colonel Morley, the most pious dragoon officer in his Majesty's service. However, I do begin to think it's high time to send Basil to school somewhere, if it's only to get him well flogged if he should turn out such a young scoundrel as his uncle used to be. It's my opinion, George, that if *you* had been well scourged occasionally, it would have mightily hastened what you call your conversion."

And with these words all that we could hear of the conversation ended. The brothers left the conservatory, and my mother burst into the most violent passion of grief I ever remember to have seen her give way to. Often have I talked over this conversation with her in after years; and it is by the aid of her recollections more than my own that I can now record it. Certainly it burnt its way into her heart; and I believe that not a word she then heard ever passed away from her remembrance. She has again and again told me, that in



those few minutes she felt as if she was punished for all the sins of her life past.

What took place between her and my father in consequence of my uncle's advice to him, I know not. The result was, that it was one day announced to me by my father that I was very shortly to go to the large public school of —, and that my annoyance at the announcement was half cured by the vexation of my uncle at the selection of so worldly a place of education for his nephew.

"Who ever heard of vital religion in *any* of these public schools?" he used to exclaim, until even my poor mother seemed to be amused at his outbreaks. "They are all nurseries of ungodliness," he frequently repeated; "Eton, and Westminster, and Winchester, and Harrow, and the Charter-House, and Shrewsbury, and the rest of them. I don't believe there is a pious man in the whole list of their masters; and you are drawing down the judgments of God upon your head, Henry, in placing your son in a situation so unfavourable for the growth of godliness."

However, all the Colonel's remonstrances were vain, and to — I was despatched in due course of time. My mother's look of agony when, with my father, I entered the carriage which took me from home, will remain with me till I die. Long after my boyish sorrows at leaving home had melted away, this look continued to haunt me whenever I found myself alone; and it gave me a sense of the reality of *suffering* to which all my own troubles seemed a passing trifle too slight to be spoken of.

## CHAPTER II.—*School.*

The journey to — was sad enough. My father tried to comfort me, but with little success, and I saw that his own cheerfulness was feigned for my consolation. As we drove up to the door of the boarding-house where I was to live when not engaged in the school-room common to all the scholars, half a dozen boys were lounging about, and greeted us with a bold stare; and as we entered, the words "a new boy" passed from one to the other, and made me feel more keenly than hitherto how novel was the life into which I was about to be introduced. A polite reception was accorded us by the master who had the care of the boys in this house; but the cold business-like air which pervaded all the ceremonies of my introduction to the mistress, to my sleeping-room, and to my companions, struck me with the terrible chill which I suppose is felt by almost all boys when they first enter on the realities of school existence. I stood by the door while my

father, after wringing my hand, and a "God bless you, my boy," scarcely audible from his emotion, drove rapidly away. Whatever might have been my own inclinations to give way to my grief, they were soon interfered with by my new school-fellows.

"Hallo, you sir!" cried one of them, a boy of some sixteen or seventeen, as I turned to enter the house, "what's your name?"

"Morley," said I respectfully.

"Where do you live?"

"In ——shire."

"What's your father?"

"I don't know what you mean," said I, not being aware whether he wanted to know my father's occupation, religion, temper, or what not.

"Is he a gentleman or a tailor?" responded my questioner, whose name was Huntingdon, "to give you such a pair of trousers as those?"

I stared with astonishment, and began to be seriously frightened.

"Come, you young dog," continued my tormentor, seizing hold of one of my ears, and pulling me nearer to him; "why don't you answer? Answer my question, or I'll make you."

I omit the various oaths with which I soon found that my companions freely seasoned their conversation. These, and much else unfit for repetition, I must pass by for decency's sake, premising that scarcely one boy out of every half-dozen was guiltless of the frequent use of language as gross as it was profane. At first much of it was incomprehensible to my innocent ears; but there was sufficient that was intelligible to fill my young heart with horror and disgust; and the contrast to all I had heard at home was so great, that for some time I was so bewildered as scarcely to comprehend any thing about me. To Huntingdon's query I now replied, in an angry tone,

"My father's a gentleman, and you have no right to say he is not."

With an oath Huntingdon instantly struck me in the face, and said, "Take that for your impudence;" and as I fell to weeping, the party moved off; and soon after the bell rang for dinner. A universal staring greeted me on all sides; and after dinner, which was good and abundant, though I had no heart for touching it, the substance of Huntingdon's questions was repeated by dozens of other boys, generally with rudeness, sometimes with cruelty, and almost always without a sign of kindness.

That day there was no more schooling; so that I was not



subjected to any ordeal of examination, in order to my being placed in the class for which my previous studies fitted me. On the whole, I managed to escape with a small share of bullying, and was speedily mixed up in the undistinguishing, reckless, hard-handed, and hard-spoken crowd of boys. I believe I passed generally for a gentleman, though the expressions of scorn at my softness and simple talk were pretty frequent in all quarters.

I was assigned a room in common with five other boys about my own age. This chamber served us for bedroom and sitting-room, the beds being all turned up in the day-time, and a kind of bookcase with drawers being appropriated for the separate use of each one among us. The contrast which all around me presented to the objects I had been accustomed to was not a little disagreeable; and I suspect it is this physical contrast with the comforts of home, which, in the hearts of most boys, makes the first entrance into school-life so exquisitely painful. Born and brought up, as I had been, in luxury, the wretchedness of my dingy-looking bed, of the dirty and carpetless floor, with almost every available piece of wood in the room carved and hacked with knives, filled up my sense of desolation; and I could scarcely believe that so entire a change had come over my existence. I went stupidly through what I was bid to do during my first evening, and was sitting listening to my companions' strange talk, when a boy quickly entered the room, and calling out "Sparring-time!" as quickly departed.

"What's that?" I asked, surprised at the novel phrase.

"To-night's sparring-night," replied one of my comrades. "Come, look alive," he continued, as I shewed no signs of moving with the rest; "you'll be licked if you're not there in time."

"Why, where are we going?" I said.

"Only upstairs into the sparring-room at the top of the house."

"But I don't want to go; I'm tired and sleepy."

"Don't you?" was the reply, with a laugh. "I can tell you, Huntingdon will break half your bones for you, if you tell *him* that."

"But I don't know what it is," I continued, trembling at the very name of Huntingdon, who I had already learnt was the senior boy in the boarding-house, and who exercised a species of recognised dictatorship within its walls, and that with no gentle rule.

"Well, you'll soon see, and feel too; but don't be afraid. I used to hate it at first, but now I like it immensely."

Upstairs we went, I much marvelling what was to befall me. We found a large room, with what little furniture it contained stowed away in a corner; a few candles placed on the mantel-shelf, and some thirty or forty boys standing about in groups and gossiping. Two or three of them were busy examining what I soon learnt were boxing-gloves, and giving learned opinions in slang language as to their merits, with reminiscences of notorious prize-fighters. A tall and good-looking boy, whose name was Edward Churchill, singled me out on my entrance, and in a friendly voice, which awoke the first sensation of pleasure I had felt since my arrival, asked me if I was used to sparring. I confessed my ignorance; and Churchill took me into a vacant corner, and gave me a few hints how to manage the gloves when my turn should come.

"Watch the fellow's eye you're put to fight with," said he; "hit straight; and never mind getting a little hurt. It's not in earnest, you know, though you get a little roughly handled."

I promised to do my best, and the boxing began. Two of the smallest boys were pitted against one another, and a ring made round them. They pommelled one another a little while, and were then bid to put off the gloves, which they did somewhat unwillingly, puffing and hot with the blows given and taken. Then two more did the same; and though the sport looked very fierce to my unpractised eye, the combatants seemed to enjoy it so much, that I was almost glad when my turn came. Being a fresh hand, I was pitted against a boy rather shorter than myself, but whose determined look made me feel uncomfortable, as he put up his guard, and bade me lose no time.

"Now then, Morley!—now then, Wilson, in with you!" shouted a dozen voices; and while I was trying to watch my opponent's face, forgetting that the movements of his hands would follow instantly on the movements of his eyes, he planted a blow on my nose, which made me reel again. As I prepared to return the blow, a similar salute struck first one eye, and then the other, till the lights danced before me; and if Churchill had not caught me, I should have measured my length on the floor.

"Come, come!" cried Huntingdon, "no blubbering there!" as I shewed signs of tears, not from weeping, but from the force of the blows on my eyes; and with a kick he sent me spinning forward against my antagonist. Some of the boys backed me, and some Wilson; and with good will we battered one another for what seemed to me a good hour's space, but which was probably no more than three or four minutes. At



length I was laid low, and with a bleeding nose, and my face generally in most uncomfortable plight, I could scarcely believe my ears when I received praise for my dexterity as a fresh hand. Churchill's kindness again consoled me. He pointed to a basin and water prepared for the ablution of the bloody noses of the evening, which were not unfrequent, and bade me wash. I obeyed; and though my face tingled with the blows which had been rained upon it, I soon recovered enough to look on at the rest of the matches. All were arranged by Huntingdon, with autocratic power; and the whole wound up by a more scientific display between himself and Churchill, in which few blows were actually given, but loud applause elicited from the bystanders. At length a bell sounded, and we went to bed.

Then came my sorest trial. As I had ever done at home, I knelt down at my bedside to say my prayers. The moment I did this, silence reigned amongst my talking comrades; then followed a burst of laughter and a volley of mocking words, which filled my young heart with horror. What was said and done I cannot call to mind in detail. I was literally overwhelmed with terror, shame, and amazement; and hurrying through my undressing as fast as I could, I buried myself beneath the bed-clothes, and lay trembling till my comrades were all silent. Then in my childish way I poured out my miseries in prayer, and cried to my father and mother to come and take me from such a hell as I began to think I had got into.

The next day I was examined as to my proficiency, and placed in the school accordingly; and by degrees I grew accustomed to my new circumstances, and often enjoyed myself. Still, the whole system and spirit of the place jarred incessantly upon the principles I had learnt from my father and mother; and I felt that the latter especially would have been plunged into misery had she known the real character of my every-day companions. Of course at the time I was too young to theorise very much, and events struck upon my attention, one by one, pretty much as so many isolated incidents; but one with another, they left upon my memory a most exact and complete picture, and I can now see into the secret life of those school-days with as much clearness as if I were at this very moment absorbed in it. At the time, I was frequently extremely puzzled at what seemed the contradictions of the place and the principles that ruled it; but I have learnt that it was only a kingdom in miniature. The morals—so to call them—of the boys were the morals of the grown-up world; with this single difference, that they were not veiled by that cloak of hypocrisy, nor accompanied with that cant of language,

which confer so decent and honourable an exterior on the selfishness and worthlessness of adult society. The real standard of right and wrong in the school was in all respects that of ordinary men of no religious principle. Certain things, few in number, were denounced and punished with the severest rigour; but beyond these, every thing was tolerated, if not enforced, save religion and propriety. I do not believe that there is a possible moral enormity on earth with which I did not become acquainted, so far as knowledge goes, during the years I passed at school. Abhorring them, and loathing them, and taking no share in them, and enduring much persecution for my firmness, I still could not help witnessing them; and the words I have repeatedly heard, and the deeds I have repeatedly seen done, remain to this hour a hateful plague-spot in my memory, which at times breaks forth in all its original foulness, till I shudder to think what I have gone through, and strive to tear off the horrible images which cleave to me as a poisoned garment that I cannot cast away. Would to God that all they who have the guidance of childhood and boyhood could bear in mind the irremediable mischief that is inflicted on the young soul by even passing rapidly through the scenes of vice, though itself untainted! Would to God that they knew that when once the words of vice have passed through the ears, though without leaving stain of real sin at the moment, times will arrive when the hateful sounds will vibrate again upon the brain, and agonise the purest heart with their hideous temptations.

Two or three sins only were proscribed by the public opinion of — school. Lying towards one another, but not towards the masters; and thieving, except of such objects as boys usually consider to be fair game, were marked with a stigma which could scarcely ever be wiped out. To cowardice no mercy was shewn. And in these three particulars were comprised nearly the whole of the religion and morality of the place in which I passed the momentous period of life during which the boy gradually develops into the man, and the passions begin to rage with all the fire of untamed youth. I should add, that gentlemanliness, both of birth and dress, was viewed as the first of all virtues. Some of the boys were certainly better than the rest, and a very few were apparently conscientious as well as observers of propriety; but the prevailing and nearly universal aspect of the school was what I have described.

An instance will shew the rigour with which the recognised code was enforced by public opinion. Soon after my arrival I could not help noticing that there was one boy, named Head-

ley, who seemed to live singularly apart from the rest. Though nearly at the head of the school in seniority, and strong and stout beyond almost all others, nobody ever spoke to him. He shared in no games; if he entered one of the shops frequented by the boys, he made his purchases, and ate and drank, without an attempt at conversation; nobody took any liberties with him, and his name was scarcely ever mentioned. He once asked me a question or two; but as I stood answering him, one or two others, much younger than himself, pulled me away with a coolness which they would not have dared to display to any other boy of Headley's size and standing; and yet he took no notice of their conduct. Everybody seemed to ignore his existence, as by a kind of natural law; so that in some way or other it never occurred to me to make any inquiries respecting him. At length, one day a question was being discussed relative to the making-up of the sides of a game of cricket, and I suggested Headley's name for enrolment.

"Headley?" cried a little boy at my side; "why nobody *speaks* to Headley."

"Why not?" said I.

"What, don't you know about him?" asked another.

"Not I," I replied.

"Why he stole a five-pound note from one of the fellows in his room, and so he's been cut ever since."

"How long ago was that?" I asked.

"Oh, I don't know," responded the same boy. "It was before I came; but I think it was three or four years ago."

I mused upon the severity of this justice, inflicted by a society which made it its boast to scorn almost every law of God and man, and where, in fact, nearly every one of the Ten Commandments was broken every day in the week; and shortly after I witnessed a proof of the unpardonable character of Headley's offence.

The boys and the lowest of the townspeople were in the habit of fighting one another at not very distant intervals. The masters tried, apparently, to put the practice down, but really cared so little for the matter, that the slight punishments they inflicted rather tended to foster than to crush the evil. I was returning home with one or two companions from a short stroll, when, just as we reached an open piece of waste ground, not far from our boarding-house, we saw a crowd gathered together, and the school-boys running towards it from all directions. The crowd itself consisted of as raffish-looking a set as could well be seen in the streets of any large English town; and they were eagerly watching what was going



on. We pushed our way through to a ring formed in the middle of the throng, and there, to my astonishment, was Churchill, with his hat off, kneeling on one knee, and on the other supporting no other than the obnoxious Headley himself, who sat, pale with excitement and panting for breath, with his head and neck bare, and in his shirt-sleeves, which were tucked up above the elbows, and displayed his stout and sinewy arms. Opposite him sat, similarly on the knee of a comrade, an immense heavy-looking coalheaver, with the blood trickling from a wound beneath his eye, while two or three of the bystanders had watches in their hands, and were counting the time. Churchill was speaking to Headley and encouraging him, while he vigorously chafed one of his hands between his own. The coalheaver (as it was afterwards ascertained) had insulted Headley as he walked along. Headley had struck him, the passers-by shouted "A fight! a fight!" and, Churchill, who came up at the moment, overlooking Headley's personal offence in the "honour" of the school, instantly acted as his second, and two or three rounds had passed when I arrived at the scene of action. "Time" was soon "called," and the combatants again stood up. It was the first scene of the kind I had ever witnessed, and my disgust, though mingled with boyish party-spirit in favour of my schoolfellows, was proportionate. The crashing of the heavy blows on the heads and faces of the fighters, the blood that flowed in streams, and the hideous disfigurement which soon began to spread over their countenances, gave me a sensation of sickness; while the look of steady diabolical fury, which no disfigurements could obliterate, and which I saw reflected even in the open good-humoured face of Churchill, struck on my conscience with a mixture of terror and fear indescribable.

However, I had little time for reflection, for my schoolfellows began to come up in large numbers, and the fortune of the fight going against the coalheaver, who fell to the ground repeatedly beneath the well-aimed blows of Headley's powerful arm, the mob grew savage, and commenced hustling my companions, and provoking them with insulting language. In an incredibly short space the *mêlée* became general. The girls and women in the crowd screamed and ran off; the more decently dressed among the men slowly followed their example; and the ground was left to the combatants alone, the schoolboys being still far inferior in numbers to their opponents. I was involved in the very thick of the fight, and though I hated the whole thing, was forced to join in self-defence. In a few minutes I was beginning to feel a sensation of stunning, and

one of my arms was nearly broken with the blow of a stick, when a cry was raised that the police and the master of the school were coming, and the mob and the boys together took to their heels. A wild savage-looking man, who had been specially mauled in the conflict, shouted aloud that he would have a prisoner; and as I was one of the slowest to fly, he seized me by the collar, dragged me along in spite of my struggles, and whirled me through several narrow back streets, calling out to the fugitives who ran near him to look and see what he had caught.

At length we stopped before the door of a dilapidated-looking, low-storied house, at the end of a narrow alley. By this time we had parted company with the rest of the mob, and I stood alone by the side of my captor, who still held me in his grasp. As I shewed signs of wishing to fly, he swore that he would murder me if I attempted escape. Terrified beyond description, I could only submit. The man then rang a bell, which sounded loudly from within, and immediately after, taking a whistle from his pocket, he applied it to the key-hole, and whistled shrilly. The door was opened by a woman, who stared and looked frightened when she saw me dragged violently into the passage. The door was shut; not a word passed between the man and woman; and I was taken down stairs to the basement-floor. We entered the front kitchen, and the man then called for meat and drink, which the woman brought timidly, and served him while he ate and drank. I sat down on a broken chair, wondering what was to be done with me, and listening to the whinings of what seemed a large crowd of dogs shut up in the back room of the same house. When the man had finished his meal, he got up and went out, the woman following. Before he went, he pointed out to me that it was impossible for me to escape by the window, which was protected by thick iron bars, and locking the room-door, he left me to my reflections. In a little while I heard steps above, the street-door was opened and shut, and I felt sure that the man had gone out. Presently the woman returned alone, pale and trembling, and sitting down by my side, she addressed me:

"Oh, sir," she said, "this is not my doing. If you'll believe me, I'd let you out this moment, if I dare, but it's as much as my life's worth not to mind what my husband says."

"But what is he going to do with me?" I asked, gaining a little courage.

"Why, sir, he means to keep you here till he can get some money from your friends for telling where you are, and

he'll make you swear before you go that you'll never say who it was that had you."

"And how long am I to be kept, then?" said I.

"Till he can find some way or other for letting your friends know that you are to be got at by paying for it, without giving out where the secret comes from."

"And when will he do this?" I asked.

"Why I can't say that. Perhaps to-morrow, perhaps a week, perhaps a month. There was a child he once kept here for three months, before he could get at its father and mother without betraying himself."

"Oh, save me! save me!" I cried, as the terrible prospect of such a captivity opened on my thoughts. And I went on to work on the poor woman's feelings with all my boyish powers. But all in vain; she was willing enough, but she dared do nothing but comfort me in her rude way. She told me about her husband's mode of getting a livelihood, by way of interesting me. He was a dog-stealer; and the whelping which every now and then was heard from the adjoining room proceeded from the dogs now in his possession, which he kept half-starved, until he could either sell them, or obtain rewards from their lawful owners for giving them up. Again I tried to induce the woman to let me escape, but to no purpose. She wanted me to eat and drink, which I refused, and then left me alone, locking me in. Overpowered with dismay and fatigue, I then cried myself to sleep, but was soon awakened by a violent ringing of the bell, and the noise as of feet kicking against the house-door, with voices shouting to be let in. I started up and ran to the window, and could just see that there was a crowd of people up above, among whom I fancied I detected several of my schoolfellows. While I was striving to open the window to call out to them, the man himself dashed into the room, struck me violently on the head, and dragged me into a large cellar, which opened out of the room, and ran underneath the very spot where the people out of doors were standing and shouting. Then shutting the cellar-door, he went away, but almost immediately returned, driving before him eight or ten dogs, large and small, chiefly spaniels and poodles, and with frightful threats of what he would do to me if I tried to escape, he turned the lock and left me to my terrors. The cellar was not quite dark, for a small grating admitted light from the open air above. I cried out with my loudest voice to the crowd above, but the noise they made prevented me from being heard, especially as the grating was some feet above my own height. The dogs lay scared and silent around me, cowering up to my side, as if they thought



I could afford them protection. In the midst of the confusion of sounds above I detected the voices of many of my school-fellows, that of Churchill among the number. As I afterwards learnt, their names had been called over immediately after the fight was over, and as I was missing, inquiries were made for me. One of the boys had seen me in the hands of my captor, whose name and occupation were well known to some of them, and without waiting for legal authority to search for me (which the masters were slowly obtaining), the moment the rules of the boarding-houses permitted, a large body of the boys came in quest of me. They had found little difficulty in tracking out my prison, and the siege they were now laying to the house was the result.

The battering at the door continued for some minutes, not a word being given in reply from within. Presently silence prevailed, and I could distinctly hear a conversation between Churchill and the man who had captured me, who, I supposed, was speaking from one of the upper windows. He warned the crowd off, declaring that he had nobody but himself in the house, and that he would fire at the first person that broke in. A parley ensued among the boys, and then sudden silence was again enforced. I seized the moment, and cried aloud, "Churchill, I'm here!" with all my strength. A wild cry of satisfaction from my schoolfellows was the response; and I heard them proceed to batter down the door. They seemed ill provided with instruments for overcoming its strong fastenings; but at length it seemed to me to be giving way. At that moment I detected a faint smell of smoke in the cellar, which rapidly grew stronger; and as I was wondering where it came from, I heard the street-door fall in with a crash, and the boys streamed into the house. As they rushed along they were stopped, as they afterwards told me, by a second door, while a cloud of stifling smoke further impeded their passage. From the broken sentences which reached me in my prison, I soon learnt that the house was on fire, and that my deliverers were unable to burst the new barrier in their path. Every instant the smoke poured more densely into the cellar; a violent coughing fit seized me; the dogs were terrified, yelled, and sprang into the air, and dashed themselves against the cellar-walls; my brain grew dizzy; I thought I was on the verge of eternity, and strove to pray for pardon for my sins. As a last resource, I thought I might as well try whether I could break through the cellar-door itself; and I threw myself against it with all the force I could command. It gave signs of yielding; and, with the strength of despair, I flung myself upon it a second time. It flew open with a bound, and I fell head-

long upon the floor, now utterly overpowered with the smoke and exhaustion, and unable to rise. As my senses gradually sank into oblivion, I could detect a change in the movements above. New comers had plainly arrived; rapid blows were struck upon the pavement; the grating was driven in, with a portion of the cellar-roof; they were about to liberate me there. But I thought it was too late; consciousness scarcely remained; I murmured, "My God, have mercy on me! my God, have mercy on me!" and neither saw, heard, or felt more.

[To be continued.]

## COLLECTIONS ILLUSTRATING THE HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH BENEDICTINE CONGREGATION.

### CHAPTER IV.

#### *St. Edmund's Convent at Paris.*

WE regret our inability of seeing a manuscript history of this establishment compiled by Dom William Hewlet, a professed member of the house, who died 27th January, 1747. With a collection of old books, it came into the possession of Mr. William Andrews, bookseller, in 1845; and his catalogue stated that it consisted of 190 quarto pages, besides several slips of paper inserted, and that his price was 21*l.* 10*s.*

From F. Weldon's Chronological Notes we discover, that the abbess of the Royal Nunnery of Chelles, near Paris, anxious to reform her community, applied to F. Austin Bradshaw to send some of his subjects to assist her in accomplishing this commendable work. In 1611, he deputed F. Francis Walgrave, and in the ensuing year rejoined him for that purpose. The abbess was so much edified with their zeal and charity, that she determined to have a little community of his subjects to minister to her religious. In 1615, she obtained from Dieulwart a reinforcement of six others, viz. FF. Clement Reyner, Nicholas Curry, George Sayer, Alban Roe, Placid Gascoigne, and Dunstan Pottinger. These she placed in the Hotel of St. Andrew, in the suburbs of St. James, and until the union continued to treat them with favour and liberality (p. 65). Their first Superior was the said F. Walgrave; F. Bradshaw governed a short time before his removal to Longueville. F. Thomas Monnington, who had been professed in 1610, was nominated prior at the first general

chapter held in their house of St. Andrew, 2d June, 1617. F. Matthew Sandeford was shortly after called to replace him; but Bishop Gifford requiring his services at Rheims as domestic chaplain, the president, F. Leander, of St. Martin, on 15th May, 1619, appointed F. Bernard Berrington to take the reins of superiority (p. 113). In the meanwhile, F. Walgrave and his associate, F. John Barnes, at Chelles, conceiving themselves to be overlooked in these appointments, and manifesting a great dislike and opposition to the union, had recourse to such unjustifiable means as to bring upon themselves the condemnation of their general, Alvarus de Soto (*Apostolatus*, part ii. p. 216). Good Bishop Gifford having now the command of funds, "thinking it derogatory to the prosperity of the union to have the monks engaged in it at Paris to depend any longer on F. Walgrave and his at Chelles, at his own expense placed them in another house. This was the beginning of the Convent at Paris, now intitled to St. Edmund, King of the East Angles and Martyr" (*Weldon*, p. 114). F. Berrington carefully presided over his little flock during the short period of his government. At the next chapter he was appointed procurator of his brethren at Paris, and died Vice-President of France, 2d Nov. 1639 (p. 161).

In Anne of Austria, the queen-mother of Louis XIV., the community experienced a friend and protectress. Their *new* church was blessed on Shrove Tuesday, 28th Feb. 1677. The foundation-stone had been laid on 29th May, 1674, by the Princess Mary Louisa, daughter of Philip Duke of Orleans, niece of Louis XIV., and afterwards Queen of Spain. His Majesty Louis XIV. gave the convent special marks of his favourable consideration; granted them letters of naturalisation 9th Sept. 1674; and confirmed to them the estate of La Celle, about a day's journey from Paris, in the province of Brie. The exiled King James II. loved this house. In the Holy Week of 1694 he made here his spiritual retreat; he repeated it in Sept. 1696. F. Joseph Aprice (who died here 25th July, 1703), was his bosom friend and counsellor. When his Majesty expired at St. Germaines-en-Laye, 16th Sept. 1701, his body was brought to St. Edmund's the next day; and, after lying in state for forty days, was solemnly interred in a vault therein prepared for the purpose. There it reposed until the early part of the French Revolution. A Mr. Fitz-Simons, an Irish gentleman, was witness to its exhumation, and related, in September 1840, the following circumstances attending it to my friend Pitman Jones:

"I was a prisoner in Paris, in the convent of the English Benedictines, in the Rue St. Jacques, during part of the Re-



volution. In the year 1793 or 1794 the body of King James II. of England was in one of the chapels there, where it had been deposited some time, under the expectation that it would one day be sent to England for interment in Westminster Abbey. It had never been buried. The body was in a wooden coffin, enclosed in a leaden one, and that again enclosed in a second wooden one, covered with black velvet. While I was so a prisoner, the sansculottes broke open the coffin to get at the lead to cast into bullets. The body lay exposed nearly a whole day. It was swaddled like a mummy, bound tight with garters. The sansculottes took out the body, which had been embalmed. There was a strong smell of vinegar and camphor. The corpse was beautiful and perfect; the hands and nails were very fine; I moved and bent every finger. I never saw so fine a set of teeth in my life. A young lady, a fellow-prisoner, wished much to have a tooth; I tried to get one out for her, but could not, they were so firmly fixed. The feet also were very beautiful. The face and cheeks were just as if he were alive. I rolled his eyes; and the eyeballs were perfectly firm under my finger. The French and English prisoners gave money to the sansculottes for shewing the body. They said he was a good sansculotte, and they were going to put him into a hole in the public churchyard, like other sansculottes; and he was carried away, but where the body was thrown I never heard. King George IV. tried all in his power to get tidings of the body, but could not. Around the chapel were several wax moulds of the face hung up, made probably at the time of the king's death, and the corpse was very like them. The body had been originally kept at the palace of St. Germain's, whence it was brought to the convent of the Benedictines. Mr. Porter, the prior, was a prisoner at the time in his own convent."

Mr. Banks, in his *Dormant and Extinct Peerage*, vol. iv. p. 450, quotes the Paris papers, affirming that the royal remains were discovered, and transferred to the church of St. Germain-en-Laye, conformably, as it is said, to orders given by King George IV. to his ambassador at Paris; that this interesting ceremony took place on 10th September, 1824; and that the ambassador was represented by Mr. Sheldon, a Catholic gentleman, the Bishop of Edinburgh performing the ceremony.\*

\* Several of our gentry dying at Paris selected St. Edmund's for their last resting-place, viz.: Sir Henry Gifford, of Burstall, Bart., ob. 27th Sept. 1664; Sir Francis Anderton, of Lostock, Bart., ob. 2d February, 1678, æt. 51, to whom his relict, Lady Elizabeth (Somerset), erected a monument; Charles Penruddock, Esq., who died 1st March, 1679, æt. 28; Lord Lauderdale in 1695; Francis Stafford, son of William Viscount Stafford, ob. 4th March, 1700.

## Priors.

SIGEBERT BAGSHAW was elected at Douay, at the second general chapter after the renovation of the old Benedictine body in England, on 2d July, 1621. He had previously resided several years at Rome as procurator or agent. After governing the house for eight years, he died 19th August, 1633, having obtained a decree the day before, that every deceased president should be prayed for in every convent of the congregation (p. 149). He was buried in the centre of St. Gregory's church, Douay, "with a *short* account of who he was, and when he died." What a pity F. Weldon had not copied the epitaph!

PLACID GASCOIGN succeeded in July 1629, of whom we shall treat in the account of Lambspring.

GABRIEL BRETT, elected 1st August, 1633, and continued to preside for eight years. We have mentioned him under St. Malo's.

FRANCIS (of St. Joseph) CAPE, elected 9th August, 1641, and also remained in office for eight years. He was re-elected in 1657, and continued prior until the eleventh general chapter, held in London on 1st May, 1666. He died at Paris in Feb. 1668, aged about 66. "A very regular, abstemious, and exemplary man" (p. 187). It is remarkable that his brother, Dom Michael, died also at Paris within a day of him.

AUSTIN LATHAM (nephew to Doms Swibert, Thomas Torquatus, and Joseph Latham) was appointed at the eleventh chapter in 1653; but soon giving it up, was replaced by B. Bennet Nelson (p. 171). He was re-elected, however, in 1673; but declined. At the seventeenth general chapter in 1677 he was again chosen; but had hardly been installed, "when he died, 13th November that year, to the great grief of his house and the congregation, about the age of 56. He had been chosen one of Queen Catharine's chaplains, and performed the duty with great edification, till by the persecution he was forced to retire into France. What money he had been able to spare from his allowance at the Royal Chapel he left to St. Edmund's; and which, if he had lived, he would have put into a very flourishing state, both as to temporals and spirituals. He was the second person interred at the new burying-place. The first was Brother Adrian Coppens, who had died 16th October, 1676." (*Weldon*, p. 196.)

BENNET NELSON. We have seen how he supplied for his predecessor. Again he was called to preside, in 1681, for

another quadriennium. We have already mentioned him under St. Malo's.

MICHAEL CAPE, brother of Francis. He served the office from May 1666 till his death in February 1668, aged about 58: "very zealous in his duty" (p. 187).

JOSEPH SHIREBURN, elected at the fifteenth general chapter, holden in London, on the refusal of Thomas Anderton to accept the office. For eight years he continued superior; he died president of the congregation at Paris, on 9th April, 1697, æt. 69, rel. 46, of a dead palsy. "Industriously he reared up the new church and dormitory of St. Edmund's, and adorned the sacristy with church plate and ornaments, got the benefice of Choisy annexed to the house as a perpetual rent, and procured that the religious might be capable of benefices; by which means, and the charitable piety of the faithful, the said convent of Paris subsists. He was so acceptable to the late King James that, by his Majesty's means, he once brought Cardinal Bovillon into favour again with his most Christian Majesty" (p. 217).

JAMES NELSON, elected in 1685. He served for one quadriennium; ob. 19th January, 1707.

FRANCIS FENWICK, D.D. elected in 1689. He was an eloquent preacher, in great repute with King James II., who sent him to Rome as his agent at that court. There he died, 30th October, 1694.

PLACID NELSON succeeded in 1693, of whom I can glean no further details.

WILLIAM HITCHCOCK, who had been admitted into the English College at Rome in 1644, which he left at the end of three years to join the order, was elected in 1697, on F. Joseph Johnston's declining the office. We have mentioned this prior under the account of St. Gregory's. He survived till 11th August, 1711.

ANTHONY TURBEVILLE followed in 1701; ob. 10th February, 1721.

F. JOSEPH JOHNSTON, elected in 1705, on F. William Phillipson's refusing to serve. Ob. 9th July, 1723.

(Here we are at default.)

FRANCIS MORE, elected in 1721, ob. 5th March, 1740.

LAURENCE YORK, D.D. was elected in 1729. Of this right rev. divine we have spoken under St. Gregory's.

EDWARD SHIREBURN, I think, followed.

JOHN STOURTON; ob. 3d October, 1748.



HENRY WYBURN occurs prior in 1737-1741.

MAURUS COPE, elected in 1745, died 14th March, 1753.

CHARLES WALMESLEY, D.D. elected in 1749, of whom we shall treat at large in chapter the seventh.

WILFRID CONSTABLE, ob. 27th December, 1764.

GEORGE (AUGUSTINE) WALKER occurs prior in the autumn of 1756, again 4th November, 1761; of whom we shall have to speak in the seventh chapter. He died at Compeigne, 13th January, 1794.

JAMES (BERNARD) PRICE was prior from 1762 to 1765, as I am informed. But there was a father of this name, said to have been prior of St. Edmund's, who arrived at Ugbrooke in the autumn of 1757 to serve as my Lord Clifford's chaplain. There he died three months later, and was buried in the chancel of Chudleigh church, on 4th January, 1758.

THOMAS WELSH was prior late in 1765; ob. 20th August, 1790.

WILLIAM (GREGORY) COWLEY. This amiable prior filled the office for many years—of whom more in the ninth and last chapter.

HENRY PARKER (*not* PORTER) was the last prior of St. Edmund's at Paris. He ended his days in that city on 8th July, 1817; and in the following chapter, 1818, Dr. Marsh was appointed administrator.

During the quadriennium from 1822 to 1826, the president, Dr. Marsh, succeeded in resuscitating St. Edmund's convent, on a portion of the old site of St. Gregory's, at Douay. When this active superior had made his arrangements, he obtained Dr. William Collier to be the first prior. Dr. Collier continued in office till 1834, when he retired to the mission of Little Crosby, near Liverpool. After a year's apostolic labour there, he was sent to Rome as agent for the congregation. He was present at the general chapter in 1838; and returning to Rome in the month of May 1840, was consecrated Bishop of Milevis, with the charge of the faithful in the Mauritius, by Cardinal Fransoni. In 1848, when Port Louis, the capital of the Mauritius, was erected into an episcopal see, Dr. Collier became its first Bishop. On his resigning the priorship of St. Edmund's at Douay, Dr. Francis Appleton was declared his successor, but in 1841 was transferred to the incumbency of St. Peter's chapel, Seel Street, Liverpool. There he caught, in the exercise of his ministry, that dreadful fever which ravaged Liverpool in 1847, and which tested the heroic

zeal and charity of so many priestly victims. Recommended to try a change of air at Stanbrook convent, near Worcester, he breathed his last in the arms of his dear friend the president, Dr. Barber, at four of the morning, 26th May, 1847.

F. RICHARD (PAULINUS) BURCHALL has presided at St. Edmund's since the resignation of Dr. Appleton; and from our hearts we say, "Crescas in mille millia." (Gen. xxiv. 60.)

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## Reviews.

### RISE, PROGRESS, AND RESULTS OF PUSEYISM.

*Lectures on certain Difficulties felt by Anglicans in submitting to the Catholic Church.* By John Henry Newman, Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri. Burns and Lambert.

[Second article.]

IN three brief years, as we have seen, the Tractarian movement attained a vigorous youth. Starting with undoubting faith in the Established Church, and without a suspicion of the real tendency of its principles, it spent its early years in developing what it conceived to be the *bona fide* spirit of Anglicanism. For these three years its progress was precisely that of the first epochs in a man's natural existence. It was maturing and educating its powers, rather than using them in the realities of actual life. Its passing thoughts were a romance, a dream of future achievements, based on an undoubting and loving confidence in the friends of its infancy and childhood, and a belief that in all the wide world around there was no place like its own home.

But this life of ours is not all childhood and boyhood. Whatever be the business of manhood, it is *not* that which was dreamed of by our young imaginations. The powers that we have sharpened in our early conventional struggles are speedily called to hard and painful toils, un hoped for and unanticipated. And such was the rapid issue of what all out of Oxford called Puseyism. Three summers and winters brought it almost into the very presence of the Catholic Church; and the energies which its followers thought to devote solely to the destruction of Ultra-Protestantism, and to the development of the mystic life of Anglicanism, were summoned to do battle against the terrible array of the hosts of Rome, and to wage a secret warfare against all authority in the Establishment itself.

And the remarkable though very natural circumstance in this change was this, that it was the agitators' own work that the controversy with Rome became so urgent. Catholic controversialists as yet meddled with them not, or hardly at all. They were borne along on the tide of their own ill-understood principles. Ultra-Protestantism, indeed, imputed a secret Romanising to them from the very first; and so far they were forced upon Anticatholic demonstrations in self-defence. But scorning, as they did, their petty assailants from the Evangelical and Establishmentarian quarters, it was not from fear of Protestants that they began to take up a new ground against the Church of Rome. Within their own inmost souls unwonted yearnings rose. The writings of the Fathers, which they sincerely loved, cherished these aspirations, and suggested ideas which hurried their thoughts onwards into forbidden regions of truth and delight. Prayer, and fasting, and frequent communions, and veneration for saints, and the desire for a practical episcopal superintendence, and the realising of the sacramental principle, could not become habitual subjects of *thought* without moulding the mind of many a devoted Anglican into a shape which fitted ill into the daily routine of Church-of-England formalism. Spite of themselves, their hearts burned within them when they recollected the undying powers of Rome. Living truth they saw to be her undeniable heritage, even though overlaid (as they felt confident) with modern corruptions. To a new phase of duty, therefore, they addressed themselves. We shall watch them steadily persevering in an attempt to appropriate the doctrines, the practices, and the discipline of Rome, and gradually opening their eyes to the inherent—though long thought not incurable—Protestantism of the Establishment. Meanwhile, foes from every quarter thicken around them, and difficulties multiply. The Bishops disown them; controversialists expose their weak points; injudicious friends give needless scandal; “weak-minded” and “impatient” followers straggle Romewards. Fresh efforts, therefore, are made to fortify their ever-moving position. It must be proved possible to be a Catholic in heart and a Protestant in body; the Church of England must be unprotestantised, and her children must not desert her. And thus the course of Puseyism's manhood is run, and the accomplishment of her work is at hand. From 1836 to 1841 Catholic doctrines spread and develope to the very verge of the territory of Rome. In 1841 the Tract No. 90 is published, and the foundations of the fabric begin to totter. In 1845, Mr. Ward, having defied the enemy to eject him from the border-fortress he has constructed, is bombarded and driven forth into the



plains; and, in the course of the same year, England sees the natural results of the movement, and the columns of the newspapers teem with histories of "Secessions to Rome." Then follows the season of decadence. While many become Catholics, many retreat to the pleasant places of Establishmentarianism, many fly to German unbelief, and many redouble their efforts to propagate "Catholic views" under the shade of the Thirty-nine Articles. Still, old age comes on apace. Dr. Hampden mounts the episcopal bench; Dr. Sumner ascends the throne of St. Thomas of Canterbury; Dr. Philpotts is defeated by the Rev. George Cornelius Gorham; and Puseyism relapses into second childhood. Such is the strange history which yet remains for us to tell.

Early in 1837, then, Mr. Newman took a step of a kind extremely unusual with him, and entered into controversy with one of his most popular opponents. The *Christian Observer* was, and still is, the monthly magazine of the Evangelical party in the Church of England. It was originally established in the golden days of the Clapham Sect. Wilberforce, Macaulay, Thornton, and the other chief votaries of gentlemanly Calvinism, were its founders and chief supporters. At one time its circulation was very large, and its influence proportionate. In 1837 its editor was the Rev. S. C. Wilks, an Evangelical of the anti-dissent school, a clever but interminable writer; ordinarily courteous in his polemics, but fierce in the extreme in antitractarian zeal. Some person among his subscribers having given him a fresh occasion for dilating at large on Tractarian iniquities, the editor wound up the remarks thus called forth with the following words: "We ask Professor Pusey how, as a conscientious man, he retains any office in a Church which requires him to subscribe all the Thirty-nine Articles, and to acknowledge as scriptural the doctrines set forth in the Homilies. Will any one of the writers or approvers of the Oxford Tracts venture to say that he does really believe all the doctrines of the Articles and Homilies of our Church? He may construe some of the *Offices* of the Church after his own manner, but what does he do with the Articles and Homilies? We have often asked this question in private, but could never get an answer. Will any approver of the Oxford Tracts answer it in print?"

The challenge thus given was speedily met; and the result was as pretty a specimen of editorial "management" as any to which the whole movement gave occasion. Mr. Newman's letters to the magazine cut up the Evangelical system root and branch; and so far as Tractarianism followed in the real doctrines of the Fathers, they made good the cause they

defended. The editor, however, contrived so to print his opponent's communications, and to flood them with such a miry stream of his own remarks, that the profitless discussion was speedily terminated, and all that resulted was an increase in embittered feelings. Mr. Newman's letters were reprinted in the fourth volume of the Tracts, with the omission (said the advertisement) of one or two "expressions which were, perhaps, more discourteous towards the magazine than the occasion required."

A Tract followed in the course of the same year, which, perhaps more than any publication yet issued, served to arouse the fears, and, what is worse, the suspicions, of many of the cautious and candid "friends" of the movement. A long and elaborate essay from the pen of the Rev. Isaac Williams, of Trinity College, advocated what it called "Reserve in communicating religious knowledge." To this Tract it would be unfair to deny the praise of much study and thought, while it contained just so much of soundness of principle, and unquestionable harmony with the words of Scripture and with primitive practice, as to make it seem a positive revelation of forgotten truths in the eyes of admiring disciples of the school. It shews that Almighty God has ever taught that it is right to inculcate different measures of truth on different minds, according to their capacities and vocations, and their advance in the spiritual life;—a doctrine familiar enough to every Catholic, and accordant to the common sense of all mankind. The writer then proved briefly that a system of "economy" was practised by the early Church, under the term *disciplina arcani*; and he then proceeded to his practical conclusion. What this was, it is not easy to ascertain; and we question whether Mr. Williams himself ever knew distinctly what he meant. He seemed, however, to assert that the doctrine of the Atonement ought not to be brought prominently forward in public sermons to mixed congregations. In a subsequent Tract he continued the subject, entered more at length into the statements of the Fathers, and asserted that the system of "the Church" is one of reserve. The whole was a singular proof of the utterly unpractical character of the writer's mind, and of the general impotence of Tractarianism to take the great doctrines of primitive Christianity and apply them with living force to the realities of modern times.

The storm of indignation which followed was but natural. The Evangelicals saw their favourite dogma of 'justification by faith only' imperilled more fatally than ever under the plausibilities of a modern *disciplina arcani*. Sober and serious men were astounded at being told that "the doctrine of the

Atonement might be taught in all its fulness, without being brought out from the context of Holy Scripture into prominent and explicit mention." A deep sentiment of suspicion was created in all but determined Tractarians; and the indiscriminating multitude began to believe that there was some truth in the vulgar tales about Jesuits lurking in disguise in Oxford, and even holding Establishment preferment under the title of Protestant clergymen. The hesitating lameness of Mr. Williams's conclusions served but to make his theory more odious; and the more vague were his assertions, the subtler was the poison thought to be hidden beneath them. From this Tract, indeed, we may date the systematising, as a matter of principle, of that habit of concealment which became one of the most intolerable features of Tractarianism in the eyes of the English world. Fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, friends and associates, could not endure the mysterious hints and cautiously unmoved countenances which now began to chill many a fireside, and break the bonds of ancient affection. Henceforth concealment became not only a necessity, but a virtue. Secret Romanising grew easy when it was cloaked under the garb of the "economy;" and the initiated believed themselves the most primitive Christians on earth when they concealed their unpopular practices, and uttered mysterious formularies, intelligible only to those who possessed the key.

The alarms thus created were not dispelled by the publication (about this time) of a volume of lectures by Mr. Newman on *Romanism and Popular Protestantism*. This work originated in some controversial papers which the author had written in 1834 against the Abbé Jager, and which were now systematised and completed from a course of evening lectures delivered in 1836 in Adam de Brome's Chapel, a species of chantry attached to St. Mary's Church, Oxford. Vigorous, subtle, and learned, they entirely failed in mastering the difficulties of their subject, from the writer's defective knowledge of the facts of Catholicism. Still they betrayed the workings of a mind silently and gladly yielding an ever-deepening homage to the glorious truths which he conceived that Rome had overlaid with corruptions. Of "Popular Protestantism," as might be expected, Mr. Newman made short work; and notwithstanding all the "cursing and swearing," as Froude called it, with which he uttered his testimony against Rome, the book was intensely disliked by the Evangelicals, and viewed with suspicion by the old-fashioned High Churchmen.

Clouds now began to gather around the episcopal thrones



of the Establishment. The bench was little conciliated by that ascription of supernatural powers to their order which it had been the first work of the Tracts to proclaim. A more unwelcome piece of information could scarcely have been offered to a class of men who knew themselves to be the well-paid creatures of a Prime Minister, than this tidings that they were successors to the Apostles, and therefore—as was implied—bound to live an apostolic life. Here and there a polemical Philpotts, or a gentlemanly and kind-hearted Bagot, or a candid and reflecting Thirlwall, might be struck with the tokens of power and vitality which the writings of the new school presented, and might treat its leaders with tenderness, if not with distinction. But on the whole, unmixed dislike took possession of the episcopal mind, and one by one they proceeded to deliver their testimony, more or less hostile, against the new opinions. After a few ominous drops and uncomfortable gusts, the tempest broke upon the heads of the bewildered “Apostolics,” and for seven or eight years the storm of “Charges” rained on; and the English nation was assured by its chief spiritual advisers, that the doctrines of the Tracts were at the least erroneous and exaggerated, if not radically anti-Protestant and abominable. In the year 1842 the tempest was heaviest, when the popular feeling had been wound up to its highest pitch of excitement by the various demonstrations whose chronological succession we have not yet reached, and after the publication of the Tract No. 90 had undeceived the most confiding. A passage in Father Newman’s fifth Lecture on Anglican Difficulties paints the amazement of the party thus attacked so brilliantly and amusingly that we give it entire :

“The idea, then, of the so-called Anglo-Catholic divines was, simply and absolutely, submission to an external authority; to it they appealed, to it they betook themselves; there they found a haven of rest; thence they looked out upon the troubled surge of human opinion, and upon the crazy vessels which were labouring, without chart or compass, upon it. Judge, then, of their dismay, when, according to the Arabian tale, on their striking their anchors into the supposed soil, lighting their fires on it, and fixing in it the poles of their tents, suddenly their island began to move, to heave, to splash, to frisk to and fro, to dive, and at last to swim away, spouting out inhospitable jets of water upon the credulous mariners who had made it their home. And such, I suppose, was the undeniable fact: I mean, the time at length came, when, first of all turning their minds (some of them at least) more carefully to the doctrinal controversies of the early Church, they saw distinctly that in the reasonings of the Fathers, elicited by means of them, and in the decisions of authority, in which they issued, were contained the rudiments at least, the anticipations, the justification, of what they had been accus-

tomed to consider the corruptions of Rome. And if only one, or a few of them, were visited with this conviction, still one was sufficient, of course, to destroy that cardinal point of their whole system, the objective perspicuity and distinctness of the teaching of the Fathers. But time went on, and there was no mistaking or denying the misfortune which was impending over them. They had reared a goodly house, but their foundations were falling in. The soil and the masonry both were bad. The Fathers would protect 'Romanists' as well as extinguish Dissenters. The Anglican divines would misquote the Fathers, and shrink from the very doctors to whom they appealed. The Bishops of the seventeenth century were shy of the Bishops of the fourth; and the Bishops of the nineteenth were shy of the Bishops of the seventeenth. The ecclesiastical courts upheld the sixteenth century against the seventeenth, and, unconscious of the flagrant irregularities of Protestant clergymen, chastised the mild misdemeanours of Anglo-Catholics. Soon the living rulers of the Establishment began to move. There are those who, reversing the Roman's maxim,\* are wont to shrink from the contumacious, and to be valiant towards the submissive; and the authorities in question gladly availed themselves of the power conferred on them by the movement against the movement itself. They fearlessly handselled their Apostolic weapons upon the Apostolical party. One after another, in long succession, they took up their song and their parable against it. It was a solemn war-dance, which they executed round victims who by their very principles were bound hand and foot, and could only eye, with disgust and perplexity, this most unaccountable movement on the part of their 'holy Fathers, the representatives of the Apostles, and the Angels of the Churches.' It was the beginning of the end."

The same year saw the publication of the first two volumes of Froude's *Remains*. On the whole, this was perhaps the most unpalatable dose which the Tract-writers administered to the Protestant public. Words more subtle may have been uttered, and things more audacious may have been done; but the genuine Protestant palate revolted with its most unconquerable abhorrence from the medicine which Mr. Froude's letters and journals presented to its taste. We have already described their writer's character, and given sufficient extracts from the *Remains* to enable our readers to judge of their quality. They are unquestionably a most interesting series of records of the workings of a mind struggling for freedom; and the mingled wit, gentle feelings, and good sense which they displayed, ensured their perusal in many quarters where not a moment would have been given to a dry theological essay. As it was, the Protestant world was literally astounded. Some sneered at Froude's mortifications, others groaned over his ap-

\* "Parcere subjectis, et debellare superbos."



parent recklessness; the "safe" men shrugged their shoulders at his onslaughts on the Reformers, and marvelled at the zeal with which he sympathised with spiritual resistance to state tyranny; while the Evangelicals and quasi-Evangelicals pointed to his rare mention of the name of our blessed Lord, or the doctrine of the Atonement, or of our need of the aid of the Holy Ghost, as indubitable proofs of the Pharisaism of devotees to fasting and believers in baptismal regeneration. His sermons—which formed part of the *Remains*—they scouted as unevangelical moral essays; his treatise on the Eucharist as jesuitical quibbling. Still the influence of the book was immense. For the first time in its history, Tractarianism spoke in thoroughly plain language. There was no longer possibility of mistaking its tendency. It *must* hate the Reformation, and the reverence due to abstract episcopacy *must* merge in opposition to the concrete prelates of Anglicanism. The younger disciples of the movement, hitherto standing in awe of the cautious and sedate aspect which their leaders for the most part assumed, now revelled in Froude's keen sayings, and, under the shelter of the *imprimatur* of his honoured editors, began to speak out, and to look forward, and to wonder when the beginning of the end would really come.

On Sunday the 20th of May, a few months after the publication of Froude's *Remains*, an explosion took place in the University pulpit. It was on a small scale: but as a pistol-shot reverberates like the voice of a cannon when magnified by a multiplied echo, so did Dr. Faussett's sermon on "The Revival of Popery," aided by the commentaries it called forth, create a considerable hubbub for some space of time after its delivery. The individual thus brought into temporary notoriety held what is called "The Margaret Professorship of Divinity" in Oxford, to which he had been elected by certain of the University authorities. He was a person of small abilities, but much indignation against the Tracts; and when Froude's *Remains* appeared, and were largely read, he could contain himself no longer, but delivered his testimony in a long, dull, prejudiced, and blundering discourse. On the publication of the sermon, Mr. Newman almost instantly published a reply. Considering the cause he was defending, and the marvellous rapidity\* with which this answer was prepared, the "Letter to Dr. Faussett" was a most able piece of controversy. As an *argumentum ad hominem* to one who professed to hold firmly to the "venerated" Establishment, it

\* It appeared within twenty-four hours after the publication of Dr. Faussett's sermon.



was unanswerable; and the delight with which the Tractarians hailed this proof of the prowess of one of their chief captains was proportionate and exulting. On a subsequent occasion a further and more entertaining but less powerful response to Dr. Faussett's attacks was sent forth by the *British Critic*, which about this time became the quarterly organ of the movement, and whose demonstrations in the Antiprotestant line henceforward excited no small stir in the ecclesiastical world of Protestantism. The reviewer—who was not Mr. Newman—castigated the Professor with a severity only equalled by the gusto with which he laid on the lash. Every body read the article; many shook their heads at its somewhat unscrupulous personality, but few could resist a smile; and the poor Professor was laughed at even by his own friends.

While the conflict thus thickened within the shades of Oxford, no little disturbance was raised by another small sermon, preached in the presence of royalty, far away from the academic groves. Dr. Hook, whom an indiscriminating public for some time classed with the genuine Oxford school, being appointed Chaplain in Ordinary to Queen Victoria, delivered in the chapel at St. James's Palace a discourse, which was printed, and ran in an inconceivably short space to some twenty or thirty editions. "Hear the Church," was its text and title; "the Church," according to Dr. Hook, meaning the English Establishment, and all Dissenters, therefore, being heretics and sinners. The sermon was shallow enough, and no better than Dr. Hook's usual commonplaces. Still it had all his characteristic impudence of assertion, and that coolness of hypothesis and plausibility of statement which still, we believe, make some persons esteem the Doctor as an eminent theologian. "Hear the Church," however, had been literally preached before the Queen, *i. e.* the head of the Church, and the Queen had not remonstrated; nay, gossip asserted that she was moved, if not convinced. All the world, therefore, bought the sermon, as all the world recently bought Dr. Philpotts' letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury. Its delivery became a great fact for newspaper critics; and the more sanguine and unreflecting Puseyites trusted that henceforth "Church-principles" would prevail in the Church, through the patronage of its supreme head.

The last work of the movement which gained public notoriety during the year 1838 was another University sermon. On the 5th of November, Dr. Pusey preached an exposition of the High-Church theory of passive obedience to the civil power, with reflections on the massacre of St. Bartholomew, which he attributed to the Catholic Church, and on the ini-

quities of the English Revolution of 1688. In those days Dr. Pusey's sermons were always great events, and frequently enunciated some new point, not yet fully enforced. The 5th of November sermon accordingly attracted general attention; and the *Edinburgh Review*, which now began to take up the subject of Tractarianism with no little ability and ill-will, vouchsafed it a rejoinder in language more temperate than it was wont to employ. At this period Puseyism in general was Tory to the heart's core. The royal supremacy had not yet laid a finger on its advance. The Jerusalem bishopric and the Gorham case were yet in the womb of time; and it was only such keen-eyed men as Froude who instinctively felt that the Church of England has not merely a Pope in the temporal sovereign, but a Pope more despotic than any spiritual successor of St. Peter. The party were, for the most part, haters of democracy in every shape; and if they could not fall down and worship the head of the Church in the person of a young lady a little more than twenty years old, they satisfied their consciences by a canonisation of King Charles, and by a reverent honour paid to the very name of George the Third. Dr. Pusey's 5th of November sermon, accordingly, was received as a fresh decision of doctrine. Whigs replied, Radicals laughed, Conservatives thought he was going too far; but youthful Oxford was edified, and even the Dons almost conciliated.

Three numbers of the *Tracts for the Times* were issued in 1838. The first consisted of four sermons on Antichrist by Mr. Newman. Though clouded by his yet undetermined ideas respecting Rome, they contained many acute remarks, and some striking arguments in favour of the view that lawlessness is to be the spirit of *the* Antichrist, whenever and wherever it appears. The second was a compilation of extracts from Anglican divines, asserting that it is the duty of every clergyman in the Establishment to have morning and evening public prayers in his church. At the end of the Tract was reprinted a curious paper from an old work, *Pietas Londinensis*, published in the beginning of the eighteenth century, shewing how general these daily services were in the London churches at that period. The third Tract was one of the ablest of the whole series. It also consisted of a course of sermons by Mr. Newman, which were preached before they were published. They were called "Lectures on the Scripture Proof of the Doctrines of the Church;" and as a reply to the *Protestant* objections to Tractarianism, were unanswerable. A large portion of what they urge is perfectly applicable to the controversy between the Catholic Church and



all shades of Protestantism; and it is impossible not to see that intellectually, though manifestly unconsciously, the writer was rapidly approaching the boundary which divides Rome from Anglicanism, as well as from all other heresies. The outline of its argument was to the effect that whatever difficulties ultra-Protestants urged against the doctrines of baptism, the holy eucharist, apostolical succession, absolution, and other like dogmas, on the ground of the insufficiency of Scripture proof, might be urged with equal force against the canon and inspiration of Scripture itself. Either, said the author, reject Scripture as an uninspired book, or receive the Church doctrines; for whether they stand or fall, they must go together. Mr. Newman was not yet prepared to see that in setting up "unauthoritative tradition" as a satisfactory guide where Scripture failed, he was following a teacher at once unintelligible to the enormous majority of men, and confessedly uninspired. He foresaw, and loudly proclaimed, that a knowledge of the Scripture difficulties must drive *many* to Rome; but he would take his own stand upon the quicksands of unwritten tradition, unsanctioned by any living infallible authority. The Tract, nevertheless, was eminently calculated to point the way to the Catholic Church; and we know of one case at least in which, in converting a reader from Erastianism to Puseyism, it lodged him at the very threshold of the temple where the living and infallible guide decides on doctrines and teaches the anxious soul.

Other Tracts, which with the three just mentioned completed the fifth volume, were issued in the two following years, but may as well be noticed at once. Mr. Williams added the sequel to his essay on Reserve, and issued a singular Tract, with the title, *Indications of a Superintending Providence in the preservation of the Prayer-book, and in the changes which it has undergone*. This composition was the first specimen furnished of a theory which has been most amazingly brought forward on different subsequent occasions, to lull the consciences of troubled Anglicans under the miseries inflicted on them. This theory is to the effect that every misfortune which befalls Anglo-Catholics is a *sign of life*! They are signs of life, because if the Anglican body were not a living branch of the true Church, it must inevitably have been crushed by such terrible visitations! In this spirit Mr. Williams felt convinced that the havoc which the Reformers had made in the old liturgies in adapting them to the necessities of Protestantism was a providential dispensation, divinely intended, not to lead Anglicans back to the Catholic Church, but to foster a penitential and eminently spiritual life in the



Established Church itself. That the Breviary and the Missal had been deprived by the Reformers of every Christian element short of absolute annihilation, was indeed true enough; and, as chance would have it, in their zeal for "evangelical" religion, they had contrived almost utterly to destroy the more jubilant portions of the old offices. But it was reserved for the *Tracts for the Times*, unconscious of the self-condemnation they proclaimed, to point to the lugubrious aspect of the Book of Common Prayer, at the very moment that they were upholding Anglicanism as the purest branch of the Christian Church yet existent upon earth. A translation of Bishop Andrewes's devotions concluded the fifth volume.

In 1838 also the *Library of the Fathers* was commenced. This was a publication edited by Dr. Pusey, Mr. Keble, and Mr. Newman, whose object was to make the writings of the early Christian writers more generally known, as an antidote to ultra-Protestantism, and a preservative (it was supposed) against Romanism. It comprised both translations and the original text of many of the greatest works of the Fathers of the Church. A prospectus was issued, stating twelve distinct reasons for the publication; two of which are sufficiently curious—the one as amusing, the other as instructive. The former ran thus: "The great danger in which Romanists are of lapsing into secret infidelity, not seeing how to escape from the palpable errors of their own Church, without falling into the opposite errors of ultra-Protestantism. It appeared an especial act of charity to point out to such of them as are dissatisfied with the state of their own Church a body of ancient Catholic truth, free from the errors alike of modern Rome and of ultra-Protestantism." The latter is as follows: "The great comfort of being able to produce out of Christian antiquity refutations of heresy (such as the different shades of the Arian); thereby avoiding the necessity of discussing ourselves profane errors, which, on so high mysteries, cannot be handled without pain, and *rarely without injury to our own minds.*" Such was the confessed inability to cope with error of men who, at the very moment when they then wrote, were holding up the Anglican Church as a light to Christendom. We say of *men*; though the whole prospectus bears striking marks of being the composition of Dr. Pusey. The series commenced with about 700 subscribers; and its intrinsic merit was such (notwithstanding the scraps of Anglicanism tacked on to the royal purple of Christian antiquity), that to this day, though nearly every other Tractarian publication has become a drug in the market, the *Library of the Fathers* still finds a ready sale.

During 1839 and 1840 the movement went on its way victoriously. Its leaders were still full of hope; for the towers of the Eternal City had not yet risen on the horizon of their contemplations,—a point to awake the aspirations of some, and the forebodings of others. The two concluding volumes of Froude's *Remains* were sent forth, with a preface from the editors, partly in apology, but chiefly in defence, of the former volumes. Less personal in interest than the former portion, they awakened comparatively little attention; though thoughtful minds felt the force of Froude's keen remarks on Rationalism, and pondered over, if they did not sympathise with, his elaborate and triumphant vindication of St. Thomas of Canterbury.

About this time Mr. Newman published a series of Lectures on Justification, which constitutes one of the most learned and complete dogmatic treatises that Anglicanism, little enough inclined to scientific theology, has ever produced. Here, as in his volume on "Romanism and Popular Protestantism," the writer was astray in his conceptions of the facts of the Catholic Church. The doctrines which he condemned as existing in certain schools in the Roman communion, had no existence save in his own misunderstanding of Catholic theological language, and in his ignorance of that spirit which at once vivifies and expounds the teaching of Catholic doctors. In many respects, however, the Lectures on Justification is a book of great power, and abounds in striking passages, notwithstanding its tendency to over-refinement of distinction. Its most remarkable feature lies in its exposition of Luther's doctrine, which is unsurpassed in the history of controversy as a detailed view of a religious doctrine drawn by an opponent. Rarely, if ever, has Lutheranism been made to look so like the Gospel as in the opening lectures of this most candid book. Such of the Evangelicals as deigned to read it, and retained any free use of their faculties in criticising a Tractarian production, were amazed to find their favourite dogma set forth in guise more lovely than any with which they themselves had been able to invest it. It was only when they passed on to the writer's ruthless demolition of the fair fabric that they could persuade themselves that Mr. Newman was not, after all, a godly and enlightened man; and they marvelled much at the obstinacy of the corrupt heart of man, which could thus comprehend, expound, and gaze at the loveliness of Lutheranism, and yet abstain from clasping it to his heart. The book never became generally popular, even among the Puseyites themselves. It was too subtle, too learned, too scientific in language, and too hesitating in its practical conclusions, to at-



tract the regards of the great unthinking crowd. Its influence may have been considerable with a few, but it was little in comparison with the power exerted by the same writer's *Parochial Sermons*, which in successive volumes were now issuing almost yearly from the press. As they increased in numbers, so further they progressed in doctrinal fulness; while Mr. Newman's singular faculty for suggesting conclusions while he stated his premises only, filled many and many a conscience with thoughts never to be satisfied till the final bound was taken, and the anxious Puseyite found himself a Catholic indeed.

On the whole, the course of these two years was marked with less disturbance than any others in its history; but the lull was temporary, and the growing antitractarian tone of the Bishops' Charges united with the suspicious looks of the cautious men of the old school to tempt Dr. Pusey into the publication of a long *Letter to the Bishop of Oxford on the tendency to Romanism imputed to Doctrines held of old, as now, in the English Church*. Dr. Pusey himself being guiltless of the slightest tendency towards Rome, and strong in his patristic Protestantism, resolutely, and in all good faith, repelled the charge of Romanising. At this period, too, the *Dublin Review* was commencing its series of able articles on the Anglo-Catholic movement; and the anti-Roman zeal of Dr. Pusey was quickened by the sympathies which Catholics felt for Puseyism, not as such, but as leading to the true faith. Argumentatively his letter was poor enough, and it adopted the usual silly stories of the entrance of disguised Jesuits in past times into the ministry of the Establishment. Still it served the purpose of blinding the eyes of Dr. Pusey's followers to the real tendency of their principles, and so led them gently along a path from whose end they would at this period have shrunk with dismay. As to the purely Protestant public, it remained unconvinced by Dr. Pusey's special pleading.

It was during these two years that the *British Critic* matured that influence over its party which it afterwards employed with so much effect in a more openly Roman direction. Its tone was still heartily and thoroughly Anglican, the aim of Mr. Newman and his coadjutors being to prove that the Church of England was a pure and genuine representative of the Primitive Church, and to develope her hidden Catholicity. The beauty of the true Catholic Church had as yet not dawned upon their eyes. Their regard for Rome was rather a love for certain noble and ancient ideas which they saw still existing in her communion, while towards herself, as a living body, and the actual channel of Divine grace, they had little yearning. Be-



sides Mr. Newman, the principal writers in the review during the time we speak of were, Thomas Mozley and his brother James, Oakeley, Bowden, Rogers, Henry Wilberforce, Keble, Roundell Palmer, J. B. Morris, Isaac Williams, and Bowyer; so that about half of its chief contributors have since submitted to the Catholic Church. Two of Mr. Newman's articles, one on Private Judgment, and another on the Prophecies relating to Antichrist, betrayed perhaps as distinctly as any others the ultimate issue of all the clear-headed and sincere followers of the school. The former of these set forth the singular force of the many Scripture passages in which the individual is directed to use his private judgment solely for the purpose of finding *a teacher*. The latter, with all its defects and errors, was a powerful vindication of the Church of Rome from the character of Antichrist. From this last article we shall quote a passage, notwithstanding the coolness of its assumptions, partly as shewing how miserable is the appearance of any thing like a Protestantising of the true faith on the part of temporising Catholics in the eyes of a keen Protestant observer; and partly as an example of the species of arguments with which Anglicanism was destroying itself in its own citadel.

“What is the real place of the Church of the middle ages in the Divine scheme, need not be discussed here. If we have been defending it, this has been from no love—let our readers be assured—of the Roman party among us at this day. That party, as exhibited by its acts, is a low-minded, double-dealing, worldly-minded set; and the less we have to do with it the better. Nothing but a clear command from above could make a member of our Church recognise it in any way. We are not speaking against the Church of Rome,—it is a sister Church; we are not speaking against individual members of it,—far from it,—it is our delight to think that God has many saints among them; it ought to be our prayer that among us may be as great saints as have been among them. But what we protest against and shrink from is, that secular and political spirit which in this day has developed itself among them into a party, and at least in this country is their motive principle, organ, and ostensible head. *We have no sympathy at all with men who are afraid to own the doctrines of their religion*; who try to hoodwink the incautious and ignorant, and ungenerously cast off their and our ancestors, the Church's great champions in former times; who take part in political intrigue; who play the sycophant to great men; who flatter the base passions of the multitude; who join with those who are farther from them to attack those who are nearer to them; who imitate the low ways of the popular religion; who have

music parties in their chapels, and festivals aboard steamers, and harangue at public meetings. Such was not Borromeo; such was not Pascal; such was not Becket, Innocent, Anselm, Bernard, Hildebrand, Gregory; such were not the men of holy and humble heart whom Rome commemorates in her services. With such we wish to be 'better strangers' the longer we live; and not a word of what we have said or are about to say against the notion of Rome being apostate is spoken for the sake of the like of them. Dismissing them, then, with this protest, we proceed to our proposed remark.

"We take it, then, for granted, as being beyond doubt, that one main reason why Protestants are suspicious, both of the early Church and of our own more orthodox divines, is the dread that the doctrine and system which they teach is *denounced in prophecy* as the element of Antichrist, and savours of the predicted apostacy. When pressed with arguments from Scripture or reason, they cannot perhaps answer them; but they see, as they consider, the *end* to which the Catholic system tends. They judge that the teaching recommended to them is of Antichrist because they see that it has before now resulted in Popery; and wisely, under such an impression, they say to themselves that somewhere there must be a fallacy in the reasoning, for that the fruit is the proof of the tree. Their dread of what is really apostolical doctrine, mainly, nay, often solely, rests upon a religious apprehension that the *prophecies* have denounced it. To persons in this state of mind we propose the following question: If we must go by prophecy, *which set of prophecies* is more exactly fulfilled in the Church of the middle ages; those of Isaiah, which speak of the evangelical kingdom, or those of St. Paul and St. John, which speak of the Antichristian corruptions? If the history of Christian Rome corresponds to the denouncements of the Apocalypse, does it not more closely and literally correspond to the promises of Isaiah? If there is a chance of our taking part with Antichrist, considering the Apocalypse, is there not a greater chance of our 'speaking against the Holy Ghost,' considering the book of Isaiah?

"To take a broad view of the subject, two traits of Antichrist, we suppose, will be particularly fixed upon as attaching to the see of Rome, pride and luxury; the one seen in its extravagant temporal power, the other in its splendour. For instance, St. Paul speaks of Antichrist as 'exalting himself above all that is called God, or that is worshipped;' sitting 'as God in the temple of God, shewing himself that he is God.' Again, the Beast is said to have *seven heads* and *ten crowned horns*; and the dragon gives him *power*. And



Babylon is called 'that *great city*;' and she has power over other cities, and over kings, because she is said to have 'made all nations drink of the wine of' her 'wrath,' and 'the kings of the earth had committed fornication with' her. And the Beast 'opened his mouth in blasphemy,' and the woman was on a scarlet-coloured beast, 'full of names of blasphemy.' All this, it is urged, is fulfilled in the mediæval Church's proclaiming herself (as the early Church did before her) to be Christ's vicar, in her assumption of power over kings, and her claim to define and maintain the faith, and to confer spiritual gifts. Now, as to the *mode* in which her functionaries did this, their *motives*, their *characters*, their individual *knowledge* of the faith, with all this we are not here concerned; but as to the *ultimate facts* in which the whole system *resulted*, surely they far more literally correspond to the inspired prophecy of Isaiah than to that of St. John. 'The sons of the stranger shall build up thy walls, and their *kings shall minister to thee*. The nation and kingdom that will not *serve thee* shall perish; yea, those nations shall be utterly wasted. The sons of them that afflicted thee *shall bow themselves down at the soles of thy feet*.' 'Kings shall be thy nursing fathers, and their queens thy nursing mothers; they shall *bow down to thee with their faces towards the earth, and lick up the dust of thy feet*.' 'Fear not that worm Jacob, and the men of Israel. Behold, I will make thee a *new threshing instrument having teeth*; and thou shalt *thresh the mountains* and beat them small, and shalt make the hills as chaff. Thou shalt fan them, and *the wind shall carry them away*, and the whirlwind shall scatter them.' Surely if the correspondence, whatever it is, of the prophecies of Antichrist with the history of the mediæval Church should frighten us from that Church, much more should that of the prophecies concerning Christ's kingdom with her history draw us to her.

"The other point commonly insisted on is the mediæval Church's wealth and splendour, the rich embellishment of her temples, the jewelled dress of her ministers, the offerings, shrines, pageants, and processions, which were parts of her religious service. All these are supposed to be denoted by 'the purple and scarlet colour, and gold, and precious stones, and pearls,' with the which the sorceress in the Apocalypse is arrayed; where mention is also made of 'the merchandise of gold and silver, precious stones, and of pearls, and fine linen, and purple, and silk, and scarlet, and all thyine wood, and all manner of vessels of ivory, and precious wood, and brass, and iron, and marble, and cinnamon, and odours, and ointment, and frankincense, and wine, and oil, and fine flour, and wheat,



and beasts, and horses, and chariots, and slaves, and souls of men, and the voice of harpers and musicians, and of pipers and trumpeters.' All such magnificence would of course, in itself, as little prove that the Church is Antichrist as that any king's court is Antichrist, where it is also found. But whatever cogency be assigned to the correspondence, still let a candid mind decide whether it can be made to tell more strongly against the Church than the following account of the evangelical kingdom tells in her behalf: 'I will lay thy stones with fair colours and thy foundations with *sapphires*, and I will make thy windows of *agates*, and thy gates of *carbuncles*, and all thy borders of *precious stones*;' 'the multitude of camels shall cover thee, the dromedaries of Midian and Ephah; all they from Sheba shall come; they shall bring *gold and incense*, and they shall shew forth the practices of the Lord. The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee, the fir-tree, the pine-tree, and the box together, to *beautify the place of my sanctuary*. For *brass* I will bring *gold*, and for iron I will bring silver, and for wood brass, and for stones iron.' Passages such as these at least shew that precious stones are no peculiar mark of Antichrist; which is sufficiently clear even from a later chapter of the Apocalypse, in which jaspers, sapphires, and other jewels are mentioned among the treasures of the New Jerusalem." (*British Critic*, vol. xxviii. pp. 437-440.)

How the writer of these striking paragraphs soon afterwards felt his ground tottering beneath him, while a voice came forth to his soul from within that temple whose glories he already loved, though he misunderstood and maligned the worshippers within, a passage from the twelfth of his Lectures on Anglican Difficulties points out. Speaking of his second study of the Fathers, he says:

"I had set myself the study of them, with almost the single view of pursuing the series of controversies connected with our Lord's person; and to the examination of these controversies I devoted two summers, with the interval of some years between them. And now at length I was reading them for myself; for no Anglican writer had specially and minutely treated the subjects on which I was engaged. On my first introduction to them I had read them as a Protestant; and next I had read them pretty much as an Anglican, though it is observable that whatever I gained on either visit I paid them, over and above the theory or system with which I started, was in a Catholic direction. In the former of the two summers I speak of, my reading was almost entirely confined to strictly doctrinal subjects, to the exclusion of history, and I believe it left me pretty much where I was on the question of the Catholic Church;

but in the latter of the two seasons it was principally occupied with the public course of the Monophysite controversy, and the circumstances and transactions of the Council of Chalcedon, in the fifth century, and at once and irrevocably I found my faith gone in the tenableness of the fundamental principle of Anglicanism, and a doubt of it implanted in my mind which never disappeared. I thought I saw in the controversy I have named, and in the Eumenical Council connected with it, a clear interpretation of the present state of Christendom, and a key to the different parties and personages who have figured on the Catholic or the Protestant side during the period of the Reformation. During the autumn of the same year, a paper I fell in with upon the schism of the Donatists deepened the impression which the history of the Monophysites had made; and I felt dazzled and excited by the new view of things which was thus opened upon me. Distrusting my judgment, and that I might be a better judge of the subject, I determined for a time to put it away from my mind; nor did I return to it till I gave myself to the translation of the doctrinal treatises of St. Athanasius. This occupation brought up again before me the whole question of the Arian controversy and the Nicene Council; and I clearly saw in that history, what I had not perceived on the first study of it, the same phenomenon which I had already found in the history of St. Leo and the Monophysites. From that time, what delayed my conviction of the claims of the Catholic Church upon me was not any confidence in Anglicanism as a system of doctrine, but particular objections which as yet I saw no way of reducing, and the fear that, since I found others against me, I might, in some way or other, be involved in a delusion.

"And now you will ask me, what it is I saw in the history of primitive controversies and councils which was so fatal to the pretensions of the Anglican Church? I saw that the general theory and position of Anglicanism was no novelty in ancient history, but had a distinct place in it, and a series of prototypes, and that these prototypes had ever been heretics or the patrons of heresy. The very badge of Anglicanism, as a system, is that it is a *via media*; this is its life; it is this, or it is nothing: deny this, and it forthwith dissolves into Catholicism or Protestantism. \* \* \*

"Moreover, though it may be unwilling to allow it, it is, from the nature of the case, but a particular form of Protestantism. I do not say that in secondary principles it may not agree with the Catholic Church; but, its essential idea being that she has gone too far, whereas the essential idea of Catholicism is the Church's infallibility, the *via media* is really nothing else than Protestant. Not simply to submit to the Church is to oppose her, and to side with the heretical party; for medium there is none. The *via media* assumes that Protestantism is right in its protest against Catholic doctrine, only that it needs correcting, limiting, perfecting. This surely is but a matter of fact; for it has adopted all the great Protestant doctrines, as its most strenuous upholder and the highest of



Anglo-Catholics will be obliged to allow: the mutilated canon, the defective rule of faith, justification by faith only, putative righteousness, the infection of nature in the regenerate, the denial of the five sacraments, the relation of faith to the Sacramental Presence, and the like; its aim being nothing else than to moderate, with Melancthon, the extreme statements of Luther, to keep them from shocking the feelings of human nature, to protect them from the criticism of common sense, and from the pressure and urgency of controversial attack. Thus we have three parties on the historical stage: the see and communion of Rome; the original pure Protestant, violent, daring, offensive, fanatical in his doctrines; and a cautious middle party, quite as heretical in principle and in doctrinal elements as Protestantism itself, but having an eye to the necessities of controversy, sensible in its ideas, sober in its tastes, safe in its statements, conservative in its aims, and practical in its measures. Such a *via media* has been represented by the line of Archbishops of Canterbury from Tillotson downwards, as by Cranmer before them. Such in their theology, though not in their persons or their histories, were Laud and Bull, Taylor and Hammond, and I may say nearly all the great authorities of the Established Church. This distinctive character has often been noticed, especially by Mr. Alexander Knox, and much might be said upon it; and, as I have already observed, it ever receives the special countenance of the civil magistrate, who, if he could, would take up with a religion without any doctrines whatever, as Warburton well understands, but who, in the case of a necessary evil, admires the sobriety of Tillotson, and the piety of Patrick, and the elegance of Jortin, and the literary merits of Lowth, and the shrewd sense of Paley.

“Now this sketch of the relative positions of the See of Rome, Protestantism, the *via media*, and the State, which we see in the history of the last three centuries, is, I repeat, no novelty in history; it is almost its rule, certainly its rule during the long period when relations existed between the Byzantine Court and the Holy See; and it is impossible to resist the conclusion, which the actual inspection of the history in detail forces upon us, that what the See of Rome was then, such is it now; that what Arius, Nestorius, or Eutyches were then, such are Luther and Calvin now; what the Eusebians or Monophysites then, such the Anglican hierarchy now; what the Byzantine Court then, such is now the Government of England, and such would have been many a Catholic Court had it had its way. That ancient history is not dead, it lives; it prophesies of what passes before our eyes; it is founded in the nature of things; we see ourselves in it as in a glass; and if the *via media* was heretical then, it is heretical now.”

Among the chief anti-Protestant demonstrations of the *British Critic*, during the first period of its Tractarianism, some of the most amusing and influential were its architectural essays. About this time the revival of Gothic archi-



itecture was beginning to become popular. In the Catholic Church and the Establishment simultaneously, a strong feeling of disgust rose up against the miserable structures and devices of the past century; the result, among Catholics, chiefly of poverty, among Protestants, of an heretical disregard of the externals of religion. Into the *mêlée* which the revival occasioned, the *British Critic* entered heart and hand. In Mr. Thomas Mozley, an architectural critic of considerable ability, the revivalists found a champion as witty as he was doughty. He cut up the abortions in church-building which were the objects of complacent delight among Evangelicals and architects; discoursed in glowing terms of the glories of "open roofs;" set the mouths of ardent church-builders watering; tilted with Mr. Pugin; and without a doubt materially helped onwards that study of Gothic art which has now become a fashion with every Protestant sect in the kingdom. Now, too, architectural societies sprung up in Oxford and Cambridge, soon to be aided by coadjutors in the provinces. The land swarmed with Anglican youths and maidens, and men of mature age, visiting old churches, sketching windows, rubbing "brasses," reviling pews, picking off whitewash, and anticipating the gradual "Catholicising" of Protestant England by virtue of pointed arches, encaustic tiles, painted windows, and lecterns from which the clergymen read the prayers with their backs to the people. A clever and caustic writer, Mr. Paget, chaplain to the Bishop of Oxford, helped on the work by a few laughable squibs against cheap churches, charity balls, and the rest of the devices of an age desirous of cheating itself into charity. Architectural publications, some of them of considerable merit, were multiplied; and many, who had no more real sympathy with the mediæval Church than with Mahometanism (if as much), were fancied, and even fancied themselves, at the very gates of Rome, because they spent their days in talking about mouldings and arches and rood-screens, and were learned in all the details of Catholic vestments and Catholic church-furniture.

They who thus identified Gothic architecture with "Catholic principles" were not a little mortified, nevertheless, at a structure which arose in one of the best sites of Oxford itself. The Protestant party determined to have a demonstration of their own, and erected a large cross (after the pattern of the old "Eleanor" crosses, as they are called) in honour of the heroes of the Reformation. A tall "Protestant memorial," with images in stone of Cranmer, Latimer, and Ridley, delighted the eyes of the anti-Tractarians, and to this day remains among the best, if not absolutely the best, of all the

Gothic erections, whether Catholic or Protestant, which the present architectural revival has created.

We have now reached the year of hottest warfare, when the movement suddenly shewed itself before the world in its true colours, and—without exaggeration—the noise it made reverberated even to the Eternal City. How strange and unexpected had been its progress up to 1841, was proved by a singular step taken in its regard by a no less acute observer than the proprietor of the *Times* newspaper. Another acute observer of the signs of the age, the late Sir Robert Peel, had just issued a manifesto of his opinions on the influence of secular knowledge on the wellbeing of man. The “Address,” delivered by Sir Robert Peel on the establishment of the Tamworth Reading-room, exhibited the great baronet as a patron of principles hitherto supposed peculiar to the school of Brougham, of the Whigs and the Radicals. With all his characteristic complacency, Sir Robert announced his adhesion to the system which advocates mental cultivation apart from religion; or, as he would have stated it, in connexion with such comprehensive ideas on religion as would embrace alike the Catholic and the Socinian, the Anglican and the Quaker. The liberal press of the day was fairly thrown into ecstasy at the conversion of so illustrious an individual; Tories and High Churchmen looked askance, or frowned severe; and the Address was read and commented on with no little marvel as to the ultimate development of its author’s views.

Among other journalists, the late Mr. Walter, chief proprietor and manager of the *Times*, considered that the time was come for “taking up” Puseyism, and for striking a heavy blow at the latitudinarian Peel in the columns of his paper. Little foreseeing what a manifestation of the tendencies of the movement was on the eve of appearing, and still less anticipating that a day was at hand when he would treat the outward marks and works of Puseyism as a personal insult to himself, Mr. Walter visited Mr. Newman at Oriel College, and urged him again and again to write against Peel’s Address in the *Times* newspaper. This was in the month of February, and but one month before the publication of Tract 90, and supplies perhaps as curious an instance as could be named of the miscalculations into which the most accomplished watchers of public opinion are frequently betrayed. At length Mr. Newman consented to the request, and a series of letters speedily appeared, with the signature of “*Catholicus*,” which set the *quidnuncs* gossiping throughout the kingdom, and handled Sir Robert with a delicacy and severity

of satire and argumentative dissection, compared to which the ruder attacks of which he had been the frequent subject in the House of Commons were as a game of play. Some few knew the authorship of the letters; others guessed it, for it was difficult indeed not to detect the well-known style; but of the innumerable readers of the *Times*, on the whole, comparatively few ever learnt whose was the hand that inflicted the scourging.

A very entertaining and clever critique, both of the "Address" and of the letters of Catholicus, appeared shortly afterwards in the *British Critic*, which no one could suppose to proceed from any other pen than that of Mr. T. Mozley. From this article we cannot forbear quoting a paragraph, in which a speech is put into the philosophical baronet's mouth, which puts, in a light not more ludicrous than literally true, the audacious mockery of consolation and support with which the advocates of non-dogmatic mental culture delude their victims.

"'Come to me,' Sir Robert seems to say," (says the reviewer) "'you whose spirits are straitened by poverty and debased by toil, who wish for pleasure without unlawful stimulus, and advancement in the scale of beings without selfishness. For an hour or two, when your daily task is done, frequent the calm retreats of holy science. Leave behind you at these gates the angry controversies which lacerate the world about the right principles of social order and the true way of salvation. Leave demagogues and fanatics to spend their rage on one another. As rational men, you need no longer concern yourselves with such exploded follies. Listen now to what I can offer in exchange. I will teach you to exalt your minds with entomological researches, to learn magnanimity by decimal fractions, to tranquillise your tempers with the study of chemical affinities, and to refresh your daily lassitude by calculating the planetary revolutions. When you fancy yourselves oppressed by your rulers, you shall learn patience from the Siberian mammoth imbedded 18,000 years in a mountain of ice, and when discovered, as fresh as ever. When you are hungry, you shall hear your sensations fully accounted for, and have your cravings at the same time considerably abated, by a lecture on the process of digestion, with diagrams of the organs thereof, the gullet, and the alimentary canal; and if that prove insufficient, you will be informed how the camel crosses whole deserts without drinking, the bear lives throughout winter on its own fat, and the toad has existed for thousands of years with no other nourishment than the moisture distilled through the pores of the rock. If your domestic



peace is disturbed by conjugal broils or filial disobedience, you shall make experiments on the composition of forces. Should your conscience be distressed, or your superstitious fears awakened with respect to a future world, we will direct your attention to the series of changes this planet has already gone through. Your unfailing nepenthe in the hour of pain shall be to find the square root of surds; and in the last awful scene, when your wife and children are weeping round your bed, and your soul is about to wing its flight into eternity, you will feel an inexpressible comfort either in calculating the attraction of a particle placed in the vertex of a paraboloid, or in observing the scientific principles on which beavers construct their dams, or perhaps in following up the series of experiments which led to the new and beautiful process for refining sugar by which such large fortunes have been made. Nay more—I beg pardon for introducing the much-controverted idea of a future state; yet supposing for a moment that when the body returns to the dust, the animating principle should still survive, and the noble intelligence of a Watt or a Davy should linger near the loved scenes of their intellectual triumphs; it becomes then at least a most delightful and encouraging speculation, that the vast extension and improvement of railroads, the penny post, and the wonderful applications of electricity to distant communication and the working of metals, may even enlighten and solace the drear darkness of the tomb.”—*British Critic*, vol. xxx. pp. 57-59.

Early in March, then, Oxford awoke one morning to find in the booksellers' shops an essay, being No. 90 of the *Tracts for the Times*, calmly maintaining that a man may sign the Thirty-nine Articles of the Anglican Church, while he holds all the doctrines of the Council of Trent. The writer, who seemed unconscious of the startling character of his announcements, avowed the opinion that Anglicans owed no duties towards the framers of the Articles, but that they are *bound* to interpret the Articles in the most Catholic sense they will admit. To shew that they do not absolutely *exclude* a Catholic sense was the professed object of the Tract, which was published with the view of satisfying the consciences of a class of minds, daily becoming less uncommon, who, while they scrupled not to disobey the command of the Catholic Church to enter her fold, were tempted to desert the Establishment on the ground of the Protestantism of its formularies. In a moment the ecclesiastical world rose up astonished. Ultra-Puseyites rejoiced to find that so much could be said in behalf of that Church to which they still desired to cleave; the moderate

school for the most part cast off the Tractarians with indignation; the Evangelicals resolved not to lose so precious an opportunity for crushing their formidable foes; and the University authorities determined that "something must be done." The writer's theory that the anti-Roman declarations of the Articles are directed against certain gross practical corruptions, and not against the guarded dogmatic statements of the Church of Rome, was treated as a disingenuous quibble; and though many of the old supporters of the Tracts still refused to condemn him, a formidable tempest was soon stirred up. A Tract on the Mysticism of the Early Fathers, by the Rev. John Keble, which had immediately preceded the publication of No. 90, was overlooked in the agitation; all lesser iniquities being forgotten in the enormities of the crowning act of Tractarian audacity. Four college-tutors took the lead in the new crusade. Messrs. Churton, Wilson, Griffiths, and Tait, wrote and published a letter to the editor of the *Tracts*, calling upon him, in not uncourteous terms, to give up the name of the author of Tract 90. Within a week afterwards the local governing body of the University, consisting of the Vice-Chancellor, Heads of Houses, and Proctors, passed the following resolution in condemnation of the Tract: "Resolved, That the modes of interpretation, such as are suggested in the said Tract, evading rather than explaining the sense of the Thirty-nine Articles, and reconciling subscription to them with the adoption of errors which they were designed to counteract, defeats the object and are inconsistent with the due observance of" certain University statutes. On the following day (March 16th) Mr. Newman addressed the following letter to the Vice-Chancellor:

"Mr. Vice-Chancellor,—I write this respectfully to inform you that I am the author, and have the sole responsibility, of the Tract on which the Hebdomadal Board has just now expressed an opinion; and that I have not given my name hitherto, under the belief that it was desired that I should not. I hope it will not surprise you if I say that my opinion remains unchanged of the truth and honesty of the principle maintained in the Tract, and of the necessity of putting it forth. At the same time I am prompted by my feelings to add my deep consciousness that every thing I attempt might be done in a better spirit and in a better way; and while I am sincerely sorry for the trouble and anxiety I have given to the members of the Board, I beg leave to return my thanks to them for an act which, even though founded on misappre-

hension, may be made as profitable to myself as it is religiously and charitably intended.

“ I say all this with great sincerity, and am,

“ Mr. Vice-Chancellor,

“ Your obedient servant,

“ JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

“ Oriel College, March 16th, 1841.”

Already Mr. Newman had published an explanation and vindication of the Tract in a “ Letter to Dr. Jelf, by the Author.” He there stated in the strongest terms his antipathy to the (supposed) existing Roman system, asserting that he thought that “ the present authoritative teaching of the Church of Rome, to judge by what we see of it in public, went very far indeed to substitute another Gospel for the true one.” His object in writing the Tract he declared to be “ the quieting the consciences of persons who considered that the Articles prevented them holding views found in the Primitive Church.”

Within a few days Mr. Newman received a message from the Bishop of Oxford, who had always shewn him great kindness, advising him to give up the series of the *Tracts for the Times*, and stating that he considered No. 90 to be objectionable, and tending to disturb the peace and tranquillity of the Church. To this message Mr. Newman replied by a published letter, instantly acquiescing in the Bishop’s advice, and at the same time re-stating, in another way, his repeatedly asserted opinion, that Tractarianism was opposed to, and did not logically lead to, submission to the Church of Rome. He further vindicated his conduct as Vicar of St. Mary’s from various aspersions, and thus concluded: “ And now, my Lord, suffer me to thank your Lordship for your most abundant and extraordinary kindness towards me in the midst of the exercise of your authority. I have nothing to be sorry for, except having made your Lordship anxious, and others whom I am bound to revere. I have nothing to be sorry for, but every thing to rejoice in and be thankful for. I have never taken pleasure in seeming to be able to move a party; and whatever influence I have had has been found, not sought after. I have acted because others did not act, and have sacrificed a quiet which I prized. May God be with me in time to come, as He has been hitherto! and He will be, if I can but keep my hand clean and my heart pure. I think I can bear, or at least will try to bear, any personal humiliation, so that I am preserved from betraying sacred interests, which the Lord of grace and power has given into my charge.”



Of the many other pamphlets which No. 90 called into existence, little need be said. One of the most important was Dr. Pusey's letter to Dr. Jelf, from which we quote a foot-note, as shewing the almost incredible gift of misapprehension of the language of Catholics which we find among nearly all Protestants. "One who had gone over to Romanism," says Dr. Pusey, "stated to the author that he had never met with any other doctrine as to purgatory" (than that its pains do *not* consist of "sensible suffering") "among Romanists, though he had spoken with very many. The pain, according to him, consisted in an intense longing for the Divine Presence; so that, instead of being a state of 'greater suffering than any thing in this life,' it would be a state of higher joy than is vouchsafed to most Christians, corresponding to that spoken of in the Canticles!"

By this time the attention of English Catholics was directed more and more closely to the progress of the movement, and a series of controversial articles appeared in the *Dublin Review*, not to speak of various published letters and single pamphlets. The practical influence of these was, nevertheless, but extremely limited; at least in its *direct* bearings. Anglicans avoid with so much terror the very touch of aught that comes from Rome, that few could bring themselves to read the remarks of "Romanists;" and those who did read them, for the most part treated their arguments as specimens of sophistical pleading. With a very few, indeed, the case was different; and Dr. Wiseman's writings unquestionably exercised no little power on certain minds, and those not the least influential. Still, the striking fact remains, that the movement towards the old faith and its final issue (whose *ultimate* magnitude can scarcely be overrated) arose as it were spontaneously within the Establishment itself, and has been fostered and in almost all individual cases matured, through the study, under Divine grace, of the writings of the Fathers and of the controversial and devotional works of certain Catholic theologians and Saints, and not by intercourse with living Catholics in this country. If the question were to be put to all those converts whose position has brought their names before the public, it would be found that, in the immense majority of cases, they had never spoken to a Catholic on any religious subject, save when old friendship may have led them to converse with those who had preceded them, until they presented themselves for actual admission into the Catholic Church.

Thus, then, matters stood after the publication of Tract 90. The *Tracts for the Times* had come to an end; many an

apparent sympathiser was discouraged and driven back, and many a zealous Romaniser believed himself now firmly established in his allegiance to Anglicanism. To pause, however, was impossible. No men in earnest were ever stayed by such subtleties as No. 90 put forward. They in whose hearts Catholic *doctrine* had taken root were forced either to water it until it germinated and gave forth its flowers and fruit, or to tear it from their breasts and cast it from them. Nobody, in fact, believed that things could go on as before. Already not a few were "straggling to Rome," and the Protestant public would have been little surprised to read the names of Newman, Pusey, Keble, and every supporter or even palliator of No. 90, as having been received at the Catholic College of St. Mary's, Oscott. Nor were such expectations unnatural in those who came across a certain letter written by "A Young Member of the University of Oxford" to the editor of the *Univers* newspaper. In this epistle, which was well known to be from the pen of Mr. Dalgairns of Exeter College, the prospects of Tractarianism as leading to the re-uniting of England with Rome were painted in the most glowing colours. The French Catholics—as was natural—were astonished and overjoyed to behold the rapturous terms in which the writer, who dated his letter, "*Passion Sunday, 1841*," expressed his veneration and love for the see of St. Peter, and earnestly besought that the Crypto-Catholics of Oxford might be permitted to remain in the bosom of the Establishment, that they might familiarise the English people with the name of Rome, and so gently lead them to the portals of the true Church. That this letter had no inconsiderable influence in the ultimate conversion of the writer and of many others, we cannot doubt. The prayers of the French Catholics were quickened by its ardent zeal and manifest sincerity; and though the day of grace was delayed yet for some years to most of those who in the end submitted, unquestionably the silent work never ceased within, till the eyes were opened, and the heart strengthened for the first step. On Mr. Dalgairns himself the publication of the letter had one immediate result. He was refused college-testimonials for orders in the Anglican Church, and thus was never seduced into those professional ties which ensnare so many souls who are brought within sight of the towers of the Eternal City.

Meanwhile a novel and unwelcome portent arose to view almost beneath the very shadow of the towers of Oxford. Some three or four miles from the city is a little village, until then not known to fame, to which the eyes of the gossips were speedily directed, and whence mysterious tidings

began to spread throughout the land. It was whispered that Mr. Newman was establishing a monastery at Littlemore, where also he had built a small church, to serve as a chapel of ease to St. Mary's Church in Oxford, Littlemore being an outlying hamlet of the parish. The Lents of 1840 and 1841 he had already passed there in religious seclusion; and in the middle of the latter year he purchased the shell of some half-finished cottages, and proceeded to finish them as a house for a "community." Many were the walks of dons and undergraduates to inspect the progress of the mysterious building; many the shrugs of the enemy, and many the exulting anticipations of the friend. In Lent 1842 Mr. Newman went to reside permanently at Littlemore, accompanied by a few much attached companions. There they went gently along the path which God led them, erring in certain things for want of guidance, and feeling their trembling way in the slowly brightening gloom. "When," cries the author of the Lectures before us, "when shall I not feel the soothing recollection of those dear years which I spent in retirement, in preparation for my deliverance from Egypt, asking for light, and by degrees gaining it, with less of temptation in my heart and sin on my conscience than ever before?" And thus they prepared for the great change to come.

Meanwhile it was reserved for the Government of the day to bring this memorable year to a close with an event well fitted to strengthen the convictions of those who felt with Mr. Newman, that the Anglican Church is but a house of bondage to the children of God. For certain purposes, which now appear even more contemptible than they were deemed at the time by men of many parties, it was resolved that the English and Prussian nations conjointly should erect a Protestant bishopric at Jerusalem. The Chevalier Bunsen, the adviser and instrument of the Prussian sovereign in his ecclesiastical experiments, was the chief promoter of a scheme which had slight fascinations for the most genuine of English Protestants; and had it not been for the knowledge that the measure was intolerable to the Tractarian party, the device would have found few English supporters indeed. The more consistent High Churchmen of course joined in the cry which Oxford raised, and denounced it as a twofold sin, in that it assumed a right in the British Government to parcel out the whole world into bishoprics, and in that it placed on the new episcopal throne Prussian Protestants unprepared by any Anglican consecration. The feeling of the movement party against this truly "National Church" scheme was intense and loudly expressed. Vague threats of secession were held out in case the measure



should be carried; and it is probable that its accomplishment, in the teeth of all remonstrance, materially shook the faith of many in the "Catholic" character of the Church of England. No one, however, we believe, actually left the Establishment when a Protestantised Jew entered the sacred city with his domestic train, and claimed to rule where an Apostle had first governed the Church of God.

And thus ended 1841. Tractarianism was still unshaken in its sway. The converts from its ranks to Rome were regarded as youthful, unstable minds, seduced by the spells of her whose character it is to deceive the nations. The *Times* newspaper, which had rashly taken up the cause, still laboured to persuade Protestants that Anglo-Catholicism was the only true religion, and as far from Popery as from ultra-Calvinism. Few but the Evangelicals had irrevocably broken with the new school; and it was sincerely believed by innumerable staunch Protestants, that Mr. Newman was too good and too humble a man ever to forsake the Church of England. And thus we quit the movement for the present, trusting in two more Numbers to bring our story to an end.

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#### SHORT NOTICES.

THE columns of the newspapers overflow with advertisements of "No Popery" publications of every size and grade; but Catholics, for the most part, have kept silence. The Cardinal's *Appeal* has had an immense circulation, exclusive of that given to it by the Protestant journals, which for the most part have published it at length. Any thing more advantageous to us could scarcely have been devised. Among other Catholic publications on the same question, there have appeared the Bishop of Birmingham's truly episcopal discourse on *the Office of a Bishop*, and Father Newman's most striking sermon, *Christ upon the Waters*, both delivered at the enthronement of the Bishop at Birmingham. Dr. Errington is publishing a very useful series of *Four Lectures on the Hierarchy*, preached at St. John's, Salford. Mr. Bowyer's pamphlet treats the question under its legal aspect unanswerably.

With views peculiar to himself, the author of *Proposals for Christian Union* has issued the concluding essay of his series, in the form of a sketch on *the Greek Church*, not inopportunistically at the present moment. Like its predecessors, it is a work of care and love, agreeably and amiably written, and containing a good deal of information (trustworthy and the reverse), but visionary to the last degree.

Archbishop Talbot's *Protestant Bishops proved to be no real Bishops*

(Dolman) is a reprint of a work first published in 1662; but as applicable to the Anglo-Catholic pretensions now as it was 200 years ago. Some valuable additions have been made by the editor.

Mrs. Jameson's *Legends of the Monastic Orders* (Longmans) is a continuation of her book on *Sacred and Legendary Art*, already reviewed in the *Rambler*. It is not less interesting and beautiful than its predecessor. The authoress is a Protestant of the liberal cast, who disbelieves the histories of Catholic miracles as records of *facts*, but views them with interest as mythical representations of great Christian virtues. A kind-hearted spirit pervades the book, and as we know what it is at the beginning, we do not expect a Catholic treatment of the subject. It is a merit also in Mrs. Jameson's pages, that she seldom uses those needlessly offensive phrases respecting the Saints which are so painful in ordinary Protestant writings; "the Virgin" in Mrs. Jameson's writings is not the invariable designation of her of whom Almighty God taught herself to prophesy that all generations should call her "blessed." As a work of artistic criticisms, the *Legends of the Monastic Orders* is full of interest and value. Few living authors write better on subjects of art than Mrs. Jameson. The volume abounds with woodcuts and etchings, the latter by the accomplished authoress herself. It may fairly be recommended as a manual to Catholic artists, whether sculptors or painters. The authoress promises a subsequent volume on "The Legends of the Madonna," to which we look forward with much interest.

Those who love *real* Saints' lives will not be disappointed with those last issued in the Oratorian series. The lives of the *Venerable Mother Margaret Alacoque* and *St. Catherine of Bologna* form two volumes; that of the Venerable Mother Margaret is especially interesting; as shewing the early difficulties and progress of the Devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, the propagation of which was the favourite object of Mother Margaret's life. The lives of *St. Joseph Calasanctius* and the *Blessed Ippolito Galantini* fill another volume. We shall hope to return to them on another occasion.

The Rev. J. Perry's *Voice of God to the Heart of his Servants* (Richardson) has reached a third edition, and most deservedly. A more *pregnant* book for daily meditation has seldom appeared from an English writer. The meditations follow the plan of St. Ignatius's *Spiritual Exercises*, and are in part taken from a small Latin work by the Jesuit Father Pawlowski.

*Hoosoo, or the Temple profaned, and other Poems* (Richardson), is a small collection of verses by Mr. Raby, of Munich. They are published for the sake of renewing the pleasure his friends have felt in reading them in manuscript. The versification is smooth and flowing, and we wish the author all the success he deserves in a prosaic age. Some of the poems are translations from Uhland, Freiligrath, and Novalis.

# The Rambler.

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## PART XXXVIII.

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### To Correspondents.

Correspondents who require answers in private are requested to send their complete address, a precaution not always observed.

We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

All communications must be *postpaid*. Communications respecting *Advertisements* must be addressed to the publishers, Messrs. BURNS and LAMBERT.

# The Rambler,

A CATHOLIC JOURNAL AND REVIEW.

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VOL. VII.

FEBRUARY 1851.

PART XXXVIII.

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## THE MIRACLE OF ST. JANUARIUS.

*(To the Editor of the Rambler.)*

SIR,—When I acceded to your request that I would furnish you with some written account of what I saw and learnt about the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius in Naples, and of any thing else that might have come to my knowledge, either there or elsewhere, of a similar character, I had no idea that my remarks would have run to so great a length as I find that they have done. But there did not seem to be any object in merely repeating what hundreds had said before, in adding the insignificant unit of one's own observation to the testimony of centuries, unless at the same time one made some attempt, however feeble,—not indeed to account for the miracle, for this of course would be as presumptuous as it is impossible, but—to remove, if it might be, some of those antecedent difficulties which at present hinder some from examining into it at all: it did not seem wise, in writing for a journal which there is reason to believe falls into the hands of not a few who are aliens from the Church, to omit those considerations which might be of service in the way of obtaining a fair hearing for one's tale.

I trust, Sir, that your Catholic readers will accept this apology for whatever in the following history may be unnecessary or unsuited to themselves; some few facts at least, I think I may venture to hope, they will find both new and interesting.

St. Januarius was born in the city of Naples at some time during the latter half of the third century, and at the beginning of the fourth he was Bishop of Benevento. He was a great friend of one Sosius, a deacon in the church of Misenum, and used not unfrequently to visit him; for he had conceived a high opinion of his sanctity, and had long ago foretold his martyrdom. When, therefore, he heard that Sosius was thrown into prison, he set out in company with Festus

his deacon, and Desiderius his reader, to pay him a visit; and this visit ended, as might have been expected, in his own imprisonment as well as that of his fellow-travellers. By and by they were all brought before the judge; and finally (whatever tortures they may first have undergone, and whatever kinds of death they may first have been miraculously delivered from,—a *vexata quæstio* by no means relevant to our history), they were condemned to be beheaded. On their way to the place of execution, they were met and saluted by Proculus, deacon of Puteoli, and by two Christian laymen, Eutyches and Acutius, who were made to join in the procession; and thus this little band of seven all suffered martyrdom together, either on the 21st of April or the 19th of September, A.D. 305. At night, or after the lapse of a night or two, the Christians came and carried off the dead bodies, that they might give them decent burial; the Christians of Misenum took possession of the body of their deacon, Sosius; to the church of Puteoli belonged the bodies of Proculus, Acutius, and Eutyches; those of Desiderius and Festus to the church of Benevento; and lastly, St. Januarius was claimed by his fellow-citizens, the Neapolitans, and by them secretly buried at no great distance from the spot where he had suffered. Here the body lay for about a hundred years, more or less, certainly until many years after the conversion of Constantine, when it was translated with very great solemnity to the city of Naples, or at least to the suburban basilica of San Gennaro *fuori le mura*.

Thus far the acts of his martyrdom and the records of history; it is added by tradition, that amongst the faithful who were present at the martyrdom there had been one who gathered up some portion of the Bishop's blood and carried it home, and that on the occasion of this translation, a woman presented herself to the Bishop and gave him a small vessel of glass, containing, as she professed, the blood which had been thus collected; and that as soon as it was brought into the presence of the other portion of his relics it liquefied and bubbled up, as if it were then flowing fresh from the martyr's veins; as an old hymn\* expresses it:

Exultat mulier, Sabâ opulentior  
 Reginâ; et veniens protinus obviam  
 Gestato capiti, percita gaudio  
 Servatum promit sanguinem.  
 Qui statim facie Martyris agnitâ,  
 (Fit stupor omnibus) marmore durior,  
 Ceu solis radio sub cane fervido  
 Tactus liquor, ebulliit.

\* Dissertazioni di A. N. Rossi. Diss. v. vol. i. p. 286.



It is this miracle, thus first wrought 1400 years ago, which Catholics believe still continues to be wrought whenever there are the same outward circumstances, that is, whenever the vessel which contains the blood is brought near to the reliquary that contains the head. Before entering, however, on the grounds of this belief, and examining its truth or falsehood, we wish to make a few observations upon the probability of the tradition itself.

The fact that the early Christians did what they could to collect the blood of those who had laid down their lives for the faith is most clearly attested by ancient writers; they did not hesitate to expose themselves even to great danger for the attainment of this object; and the same feeling has always been manifested in the Church, whenever an opportunity has been offered. Thus we read in the hymns of Prudentius, that when St. Hippolytus was torn to pieces by being dragged at the tails of wild horses through thick woods and over sharp and rugged rocks, many followed in the bloody track of his terrible martyrdom to collect the several portions of his mangled corpse. One picked up a hand, another an arm, another a leg; and besides these, there were others also who gathered up, as well as they were able, with linen rags and with sponges, any blood that had soaked into the thirsty sand, or that still hung in crimson drops from the thorns and briers through which he had been drawn. In like manner we read in the *Annals of the Propagation of the Faith*,\* that when two priests were about to be beheaded in some city of Western Tong King ten years ago, the pagan magistrate expressly prohibited the Christians from coming near to the place of execution, that they should not dip their rags in the blood of the martyrs; and yet, in spite of this prohibition, the faithful threw themselves upon the straw where the heads of the triumphant victims had fallen, and gathered up with most religious zeal every drop of blood that could be found. Thus the hymn of the Christian poet of the end of the fourth century, and the letter of the Christian missionary of the middle of the nineteenth, relate as it were the same facts, certainly breathe the same spirit, attest the same religious instinct.

Then, again, as to the purpose of this instinct: what was it? When the blood had been obtained, what was to be done with it? We will seek our answer at the mouths of the same instructors. The modern missionary tells us, that each of the faithful wished to have for himself some portion of the martyrs' relics as a private treasure of his own; the ancient poet tells us, that many stained their linen garments with the blood

\* *Annali della Fede*, vol. xiv. pp. 30, 425.

of St. Vincent, that they might have a sacred safeguard against all evil (*sacrum tutamen*), to reserve at home for the benefit of themselves and of their children after them; and again, in the case of St. Fructuosus and his deacons, who had been put to death by fire, that each one eagerly appropriated something of their ashes, either to carry it about with them on their own persons or to lay it up in their homes.

There is clearly, then, a strong antecedent probability in favour of the Neapolitan tradition or legend about their patron Saint, both as to the collecting of his blood in the first instance, and its preservation in the family of those who had so collected it afterwards. Does this probability cease here? or may it be extended to what follows—to the miraculous portion of the same legend?

There are some, even among those who acknowledge the miracle, who yet do not accept this particular account of the time and manner of its commencement, do not believe that it began so many hundred years ago; and the reason of their disbelief is, that they cannot find any mention of it in very ancient writings. They object that it is nowhere spoken of before the middle of the fifteenth century, in a work of Pope Pius II., more commonly known to the literary world by the name of Æneas Sylvius; or, it may be, in the *Chronicon* of Maraldus the Carthusian, in the record of an event belonging to the middle of the twelfth century; and they urge that if this miraculous liquefaction really took place in the first translation of the relics, somewhere about the year 400, and has really continued ever since, it is inconceivable there should be no earlier and more frequent record of it. In answer to this, some writers have alleged an earlier testimony from a ms. life of St. Peregrinus at the close of the eleventh century; but this is too uncertain to be depended on, neither is it much gain to be able to shew a single reference but fifty or a hundred years earlier. It seems more to the purpose, perhaps, to observe, that though the most ancient records of the translation certainly make no mention of the liquefaction, yet they do mention a circumstance which may be supposed to allude to it; they mention the presence of members of the martyr's family. Now it was only natural and to be expected that they should be present; just as we are not surprised to hear, or rather should have been surprised not to hear, that relations of St. Alfonso Liguori, for instance, were present at his canonisation in Rome ten years ago; we are not surprised, I say, at the mention of such a particular as this in a modern life of St. Alfonso, because a canonisation is an event which not every generation has an opportunity of witnessing, and



every detail which gives life and reality to the scene is interesting and valuable, particularly to English readers. But the case is altogether different in those terse records of ancient days; in them the enumeration of facts is generally meagre enough, by no means dressed up with a view to *effect* and the picturesque; we naturally suspect, therefore, that there must have been something special in the presence of these relatives of St. Januarius, something which fixed the public attention upon them in a very marked way, and made the old chronicler think it worth his while to mention them. Of course it may be that his words mean nothing more than they say; but we should understand them better if the Neapolitan tradition were true. It should be borne in mind also that there are certain women who at this day enjoy the privilege of occupying the foremost rank outside the altar-rails whenever the relic is exposed, on the plea that they are lineally descended from, and are the representatives of, the woman who first gave the relic out of her own private possession into the custody of the Church. Now though I should be very sorry to have to establish the pedigree of these good women, to be required to exhibit the genealogical tree of these *founder's kin* through the whole of the last fourteen hundred years, still I cannot help looking upon the fact that such a claim is made, and not only made, but allowed by the ecclesiastics and by the rest of the people, who would have an interest in resisting it, and that a right, founded upon this claim, has been undoubtedly enjoyed from time immemorial,—I cannot help looking upon this fact, I say, as a corroboration of the popular belief; I apprehend that in matters of this world such a continued exercise of privilege would not be without weight, that an English jury would require some very clear evidence before they determined to disallow a prescriptive right of this kind and to declare it based upon nothing. On the other hand, it was only natural that some such privilege as this should have been conceded to one who had voluntarily surrendered a private treasure for the public good of the Church; neither is there any thing strange in supposing the privilege to have been continued by tacit consent to her children after her. If the popular tradition is true, the practice in question is accounted for; if it is false, how did such a practice begin?

I confess that to me this fact seems of immense weight, and almost a proof of the point in dispute; but if my readers should think otherwise, there is yet one more argument which I would urge upon their consideration, which is this; that whatever epoch they may choose to assign for the first liquefaction, or, if they will, for the first discovery of the liquefac-



tion, it is at least certain that they can produce no sort of voucher for their statement. Let the life of St. Peregrinus be spurious, and the Chronicon of Maraldus interpolated; reject even the commentaries of Æneas Sylvius; and let the earliest testimony which you admit be the dedicatory letter of Angelus Cato, in his edition of the *Pandectæ Medicinales* of Silvaticus in 1474—for this not even the most hardened scepticism can refuse to admit;—and after all, what have you gained by this rash severity of criticism? A clear historical account of the first liquefaction of the blood, and of the amazement of the bystanders when they beheld it? Not at all; the language of Angelus Cato upon the subject is just like the language of earlier and of later writers; he alludes to it; he challenges the world to produce a more striking or a more manifest miracle; but he never for a moment insinuates that it was a thing of recent origin. The same must be said of the testimony of Fulgosio, a Genoese refugee, in 1484; of Gaguin, the French chronicler, in 1495; and of course of Ribadeneira, Baronius, and all succeeding writers; they all express their wonder at it, some more, some less; but there is not one who does not seem to treat it as an historical fact that had been in existence at least long before his time. And which is the more probable then? that the liquefaction first took place, as the Neapolitan tradition affirms that it did, on a very natural occasion (if I may so speak) more than 1400 years ago, and that writers in later generations should always have alluded to it, as we have seen that they do, not as a recent novelty, but as an established and notorious fact? or, that it should have first happened on some unknown and inconceivable occasion in the fourteenth or fifteenth century, and yet all contemporaneous record of it utterly have perished, and writers of the very next generation substituted a false history in its stead?

We shall assume, then, that the Neapolitan tradition is true, as far at least as the epoch is concerned to which the first liquefaction is assigned; and now we may resume the inquiry, which this digression had interrupted, as to whether there is any thing in the character of the alleged fact sufficiently improbable to destroy, or even materially to weaken, any evidence we may be able to adduce in its behalf. We have seen that the first part of the tradition is probable; must the latter portion be rejected as improbable?

A relic is publicly offered to the Church *without authentication* (to translate the story into modern phraseology); those who brought it could give no proof beyond their own assertion that it really was what it professed to be; they could

only say, "*fert vetustas conscia*, such is the tradition in our family." Would the Bishop have been justified in acknowledging, upon this authority, the genuineness of the relic, and in exposing it to the veneration of the people?

This question is proposed, not to Catholics, who accept or reject every miraculous statement that comes before them according to the evidence which can be alleged in its behalf and the authority which proposes it to their belief, and who therefore firmly believe that the miracle we are now inquiring about really did and does take place, but to Protestants, who are in the habit of trying such statements by a very different rule, by certain tests of their own devising, such as experience, the probable objects of the Divine agency, and the like, and who think themselves justified, therefore, in refusing even to examine into the miraculous history before us, because it involves, they say, a most strange and unnecessary manifestation of Divine power. They look upon the story of a miracle which does not carry its own explanation with it as though it must necessarily be false, and are only ready to allow an extraordinary interposition of Divine power to be possible where they can recognise some definite end to be attained by it. Now, it is true that such persons are not likely *a priori* to acknowledge the authentication of doubtful relics as a *dignum vindice nodum*; still, unless they are prepared to discredit all the records of ecclesiastical history, to "accuse the holy Ambrose of imposture, and the keen, practised, and experienced intellect of St. Augustine of abject credulity," they cannot deny but that God *has* so interposed at other times, and therefore that there is nothing extravagant or unreasonable in supposing that He interfered here also; for, as has been well observed, "such events are not isolated acts, but the symptoms of the presence of an agency."\* When St. Ambrose discovered in Milan the bodies of the martyrs Gervasius and Protasius, of whose sanctity and martyrdom all records had been lost, not only were many miraculously healed by them who had before been vexed by unclean spirits, but also a blind man, very well known to the whole city, received his sight; "he ran, he caused himself to be led, that he might touch the bier of God's saints, whose death is precious in His sight; he returned without a guide:" and for this fact we have the word both of St. Ambrose and of St. Augustine, who were present at the time. So again, at the discovery of the Holy Cross, and in innumerable other instances, God set His seal upon certain relics as authentic, which had before been doubt-

\* Newman's Essay on Miracles.



ful, by visible signs and wonders: why should He not have done the same, therefore, at the invention (so to call it) of the blood of St. Januarius?

Of course, we are well aware that this argument is far from offering an adequate explanation, or indeed any explanation at all, of the present continuance of the miracle; but if we have succeeded in establishing the probability, or at least in destroying the supposed improbability, of its ever having taken place at all,—of its having taken place once, some hundred years ago, when first the blood was publicly produced by those who had heretofore kept it in private,—I hope that Protestants may be induced to go and see for themselves whether it be really true, as so many thousands and thousands of persons assert, that it still continues; for surely they must themselves acknowledge, that what has happened once *may* happen again; that “what never has happened is improbable in a sense quite distinct from that in which a thing is improbable which has before now happened;” that what has begun, or was first wrought, for one purpose, may be repeated or continued for other purposes, especially since we are in no wise judges of what God’s purposes really are; “facts come before us, the all-wise mind is hidden from us.” What, then, in this particular instance, are the facts which do come before us? How are they recorded in books? How have we seen them ourselves?

The Church describes them, in her office for the Saint’s festival, in these words: “His blood is preserved in a vessel of glass in a concrete state; but when it is placed before the head of this same martyr, it liquefies and boils up in a wonderful manner, as if it were but just now shed: and this may be seen at the present day.” Giovanni Pico della Mirandola, a learned philosopher in the sixteenth century, repeats the same\* in a work dedicated to Pope Julius II., A.D. 1504, with this addition, that it does not happen uniformly, he says, for that “the people have observed, by long experience, that when any evil is impending over the kingdom, any disturbance threatening it, the change does not take place.” He adds: “I have seen the blood with my own eyes thick and black, yet when brought near to the head, grow red, liquefy, and as it were boil, just as though it had but then issued from the veins; I have seen it, I say, with my own eyes, and my reason has made me to understand that this could not be merely an effect of nature.”

Baronius, in his Notes on the Roman Martyrology, repeats

\* Apud Storia di S. Gennaro, dal P. F. G. di S. Anna, lib. ii. c. 7. Napoli, 1707.



what is said in the Breviary, and adds, "this wonderful and perpetual miracle is not of such a kind as that it depends upon the testimony of this man or of that, but it is manifest to all, so that the blood of the martyr may be said, by this perpetual working of miracles, to cry aloud like the blood of Abel, and to thunder throughout the whole Christian world;" and again he affirms the same in his Annals, and alleges the whole of Christendom as a witness of the fact.

Silvestro Petrasancta, a learned Jesuit in the middle of the seventeenth century, published a valuable and interesting work, entitled *Thaumasia veræ Religionis contra Perfidiam Sectarum*. After having compared the miracles of the Old Testament with those of the New, and having related numerous miraculous histories in confirmation of the different rites and ceremonies of the Catholic Church, he devotes his third and last volume to an enumeration of those miracles which are perpetual, amongst which the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius is of course one of the most famous. In order to obtain accurate information, he wrote to another Father of the same Company, who had been resident at one time in Naples. Father Rho's reply is too long for insertion here, but I must give you the substance and some of his most striking observations. He tells us that he had witnessed the miracle twice, and had most diligently inspected it; he calls God to witness that his narration shall not contain one iota more than what he knows to be true. He first saw it in the month of May, A.D. 1628, on which occasion two Turks, servants of a Neapolitan prince, were brought close to the altar that they might have an opportunity of witnessing it most satisfactorily, and might be persuaded by it to abjure Mahometanism and embrace Christianity. Both, he says, saw the change, and acknowledged it to be miraculous; the one was converted, the other not; "the one was taken, the other left." Sixteen years afterwards, he saw it again; but this time it was not on one of the ordinary occasions for exposing the relic, but a private exposition granted to himself and some of his companions by the kindness of the Cardinal Archbishop. He was even allowed to take the place of the canon, and to expose the relic himself. When first he took it out of the reliquary, he says, it was not perfectly hard, but in that coagulated state which blood naturally assumes some time after it has been drawn from the veins; it would move, but altogether, as a solid mass, not liquid. Having placed it on the altar, where the head was already exposed, they knelt down and said a few prayers: the blood began to liquefy; and after another short interval he looked at it again, and it was not

only perfectly liquid, but bubbling, and as it were boiling, so that a little fragment of a straw, or something of the kind, which was on the surface, visibly rose and fell as it would on boiling water. That these things really happened, simply as he narrates them, and that he is not consciously deceiving any one, he most solemnly swears (*sancte juratus affirmo*); and he adds, "if any one thinks that, spite of the careful diligence with which I investigated the matter, I was yet deceived, and that I am blind, let him come and see for himself; for those who daily throng in such numbers to see the ruins of ancient Roman magnificence in this city and neighbourhood,—to see the wonders of nature at Pozzuoli and at Baiæ,—why will they not come to see this wonder of God,—to see the relics of the friends of God, which He by his marvellous and hidden power thus vouchsafes to honour?"

Seventeen years later, March 10, 1661, there is the testimony of the Bollandists Henschenius and Papebroch, who went all the way from Belgium to Naples on purpose to satisfy themselves, or rather to make themselves better able to satisfy others, and were allowed in the same way the privilege of a private exposition. But there is no use in multiplying testimonies of this kind; we would rather repeat the invitation of Father Rho, and beg of all those—if indeed there are such—who doubt the reality of the change, to go and see for themselves. It does not require any special introduction, the habit of a Jesuit or of some other religious order, not even the profession of Catholicism, to gain admission to the very best place for witnessing the miracle. I do not, of course, mean that it would be easy for a stranger, or indeed for any one else, excepting crowned heads, princes of the Church, or others for very special purposes, to have the relic exposed for his own particular benefit at an extraordinary time; but on the ordinary expositions,—that is, on the first Sunday in May and daily throughout the octave, the anniversary of the translation of the relics; on the 19th of September, the Saint's festival, and daily throughout its octave; and again on the 16th of December, in commemoration of the deliverance of the city from a terrible eruption of Vesuvius,—any person who chooses to go into the sacristy half an hour before the appointed time, and to introduce himself as a stranger anxious to have an opportunity of seeing the liquefaction as closely as possible, is sure to be kindly received by the canons, and to be placed in as advantageous a position as can be procured for him. Their courtesy to strangers on these occasions is notorious; indeed, it is sometimes complained of, that they are almost too indulgent in this particular,—indulgent, to the prejudice of their



own fellow-citizens. The first time I went myself, I arrived rather late; Prince Borghese and his family had preceded me; and they too being strangers, I could not get within the altar-rails. The next morning I returned at an earlier hour, and now nobody had precedence of me excepting a French Canadian Bishop and his chaplain; these knelt on the highest altar-step, quite at the end, on the epistle side, and I was placed next to them. The head of the Saint, in a large silver-gilt bust, bearing a mitre, and covered with a handsome cape richly ornamented with precious stones, had been already placed on the gospel side. By and by the canon came from the sacristy, bringing the *ampulla*. I found it exactly as Mabillon had described it, of the same dull, darkish glass as the *ampullæ* of the Roman catacombs; it was enclosed, together with another of the same kind, but of smaller dimensions, in a round silver reliquary, with flat sides of glass. The greatest width of the reliquary was about four inches; at one end it had a silver handle less than four inches in length, and at the other end it was surmounted by a silver crown and cross. A green cord was either passed through the handle or fastened round it (I cannot at this moment recollect which), and thrown round the neck of the canon: he held it, however, by the handle, and in an upright position, as he brought it to the altar; and as soon as he had knelt there for a moment, he turned round and exhibited it to the people in the same position, an assistant priest holding a candle behind it, that they might see its solid congealed state.

The women stationed in the foremost rank, without the altar-rails, of whom I have already spoken, immediately began with most loud and discordant voices to scream forth the *Credo*, the *Ave Maria*, and the *Gloria Patri*; whilst the canon, accompanied by the other priest bearing the candle, came round to give a nearer view of it to those who were within the rails: there may have been eight or ten of us kneeling on the top-most step, perfectly close to the canon,—so close, that those in the centre must have been touching his robes, even when he stood with his face to the altar to recite the prayers. He began with the Bishop on the epistle side, so that I was the third person to whom it was brought. It was first held steadily before me, then turned upside down two or three times, so that, the candle being immediately behind it, it was impossible that any symptom of motion within the glass could have escaped my observation: about two-thirds of the vessel seemed to be of a dull, dark-red colour; and the remaining portion, though far from being so transparent as our modern glass, was evidently free from any sort of stain, and quite as



clear as any glass of that age that I have ever seen. The canon passed it round to all who were kneeling on the step; after which, his assistant having with some difficulty silenced the vociferous old women, he turned to the altar, and recited aloud the Litany of Loretto, the people repeating the alternate petitions in the ordinary way. Having read the prayers also at the end of the Litany, he again brought round the reliquary, and exhibited it to us as before. The women saw at once that the liquefaction had not taken place, and continued therefore, in the same harsh, unmusical tones, but with increased vehemence, to repeat the *Credo, Gloria, &c.* There certainly was not yet the slightest appearance of a change; and when the canon had completed his round, I saw him look at it very carefully himself and shake his head, to denote that it had not commenced. \* As the women, however, were *au beau milieu* of the Creed, he seemed to think it better not to resume the public prayers immediately, but to wait for a convenient pause. Accordingly, he once more exhibited the relic to the Bishop on my right; he may have held it before him for a minute perhaps, certainly not more, when I saw the colour rush into the good Bishop's face, and the tears into his eyes, and guessed immediately that he had detected some change. The canon saw it also; just looked at the relic for a moment to certify himself that it was so, and then motioned to the choir to begin the *Te Deum*. In less than a minute I was looking at it myself, and could distinctly recognise the solid mass slowly moving downwards towards the empty part of the vessel, but it seemed thick and heavy, not unlike the consistency of treacle. In about five or six minutes it had gone the round of the semicircle, and returned to the Bishop again; and by this time it was liquid as water: it passed from one side of the vessel to the other freely and immediately as water might do, leaving the other part of the vessel perfectly empty; it no longer seemed to be either thick or heavy, but was in every respect like natural fresh blood.

This, then, is what thousands and tens of thousands have witnessed during the last four or five centuries, if not during the last fourteen; and until some good cause can be assigned wherefore all these should have suffered some extraordinary ocular delusion, we are justified in concluding that at least the appearance is real; that the blood really was hard and solid at first, and really did liquefy afterwards. It only remains to inquire how this change is effected: and I think there are but three causes which it is possible to assign. Either it is wrought by the artifice of man; or it happens according to the ordinary laws of nature; or it is the effect of a direct

and extraordinary interposition of the power of God. We must say a few words upon each.

And first, as to the theory of deceit and contrivance. Addison, in his remarks upon Naples, tells us that he had twice an opportunity of seeing the operation of this pretended miracle, and "I must confess," he says, "I think it so far from being a real miracle, that I look upon it as one of the most bungling tricks I ever saw." With a strange forgetfulness, however, he entirely omits to expose the method whereby the fraud was effected; for we cannot suppose that the machinery was so admirably concealed as to baffle his keen-sightedness; in that case, it would have been not one of the most bungling tricks he ever saw, but one of the most clever. And this careless omission is the more blameable, inasmuch as he himself acknowledges that "this miracle makes as great a noise as any in the Roman Church, and M. Paschal has hinted at it, among the rest, in his marks of the true religion;" so that he was under a positive obligation, for the sake of all who had any interest in the discovery of the true religion, that is, for the sake of all mankind, to expose the fallacy of this pretended *mark*, to silence once for all this *great noise*. However, it is too late now to lament the silence of Addison, or to attempt to elicit from him the interesting and important secret; neither shall we be more successful if we turn to any other English Protestant, of those at least whose writings I happen to be acquainted with, who have spoken of this subject: they talk in general terms of priestcraft, jugglery, imposition, sleight of hand, and the like, but they take no pains to shew that imposition is possible, still less do they hazard any positive conjecture as to the mode in which it is practised. One indeed,\* who, though a foreigner by birth, and a Calvinist in creed, yet was educated in Cambridge, and filled a prebendal stall in Canterbury during the reign of James I., confidently asks, "What can be easier than to insinuate a little lime into the vessel, and so to cause the blood to bubble up and to look as though it were liquid?" But if this is the happiest conjecture that heresy can make as to the cause of the "pretended miracle," we are no longer surprised at the cautious silence of its advocates; for, without stopping to inquire whether it is within the range of chymical possibilities that the cause here assigned should produce the effects which we have described, and which so many of our readers have witnessed, it is surely inconceivable that so bungling a trick as this should not have been detected over and over again by some at least amongst those thousands of persons who have been present at it; whereas we will ven-

\* Petrus Molinæus apud Petra Sancta, vol. i. p. 33.



ture to say that there is not one amongst them who ever stood at all near to the altar, where he could see both the relic and the priest, who would not at once reject the notion as simply absurd and impossible. It can scarcely be necessary, however, that we should enter into an elaborate refutation of every assertion of this kind that may have been made by infidels, free-thinkers, or heretics: there is only one statement which I wish to examine, because I once heard much stress laid upon it by an Englishman with whom I conversed on the subject in Naples, and it has since been repeated to me in the same way by others. This gentleman frankly allowed that he could not himself detect the slightest symptom of trick or imposture, he did not see how it was possible; still he maintained that it had been satisfactorily proved that the liquefaction really did, in some hidden manner, depend upon the will and discretion of the clergy; for that, on the recurrence of one of the festivals of St. Januarius at some time or other during the occupation of Naples by the French, the relics of the Saint had been exposed, the prayers recited, and every thing else done that was usual upon these occasions, yet the blood retained its original state, and would not liquefy; that either the French commander was himself present, or that anyhow intelligence of the fact was immediately conveyed to him, in consequence of which a message was sent to the canons, fixing a certain limit, (half an hour, if I remember rightly,) at the expiration of which time, if the change had not taken place, they should be put to death (or the Cathedral blown up and all that were in it,—I have heard the story told in both ways); whereupon, before the expiration of the allotted time, the solid mass of blood liquefied and flowed as usual.

This is the story that has been urged upon me as an irrefragable proof of knavery on the part of the priesthood. And yet, in truth, we need not hesitate for a moment to concede the alleged facts, and yet to deny their supposed logical sequence; though it is only fair to say that I have not been able to find any corroboration of the history, neither could my friend help me to authenticate it, either by reference to any living authority or to published records; it was, he said, a current story, a well-known fact. Be it so; at any rate no Catholic can have the slightest wish to deny it; for myself, I should be very glad that its correctness could be clearly demonstrated, because the one only consequence that can be deduced from it is this, that the change in the blood cannot be considered a mere natural effect of merely natural causes. Here was the same exposition of the relics; the same holding in the hand of the reliquary; the same candles burning on the altar; the same crowd in the



church and in the sanctuary ; the same outward circumstances in every respect, as on other similar occasions ; yet the ordinary result does not follow. Why not ? by a trick of the priests, answers the Protestant ; by the will of God, answers the Catholic ; and both answers are perfectly consistent with the characters of those who make them, and consistent also with every detail of the story. The only answer that is not consistent with it, and must therefore be excluded, is that which I have mentioned, and which few Catholics will care to retain. If the phenomenon of the liquefaction were uniformly produced by human art, and was suspended in this particular instance merely for political purposes, such suspension would of course be withdrawn immediately that there was good reason to apprehend a terrible punishment as its consequence ; but so also, if the liquefaction were a miracle of God, wrought for whatever purpose at the intercession of one of his Saints, might we not look for the very same result ? If it be true, as the Neapolitans have for centuries believed, that the immediate and complete liquefaction of this blood is a token of good, and that any unusual delay or extraordinary variation in the manner of its liquefaction is a token of evil, was not this an occasion on which the evil token might have been expected rather than the good ? and if there be any truth in the Catholic doctrine of patron Saints, and of their power and willingness to help their clients upon earth, and to deliver them out of all their trials and dangers, was it not likely that St. Januarius should interpose for the protection of his servants from the evil threatened by their enemies ? If St. Basil, as Bishop of Cæsarea in the fifth century, could teach that “ the forty martyrs who had taken possession of their land were like so many continuous towers, giving them security against the inroads of their enemies,” why might not the Bishop of Naples in the nineteenth century remind his hearers of this very story which we have been repeating, as a remarkable and consoling instance of the power and tender watchfulness of St. Januarius ? and can that history be worth much as an objection, which might itself form part of a panegyric ? The truth is, that the fact before us, like so many other facts, admits of two interpretations, and that persons will adopt the one or the other according to their previous impressions. A Protestant, strongly prepossessed with the notion that Catholic priests are knaves and Catholic laymen fools, may see in this story a confirmation of his wise and charitable judgment ; whilst a devout Catholic will derive from the same story only fresh food for praise and thanksgiving, fresh occasion to give honour and glory to God, who is “ wonderful in all his Saints.”

We shall say no more, then, upon this first explanation of the phenomenon under consideration, viz. that it is brought about by some artifice of man; for it is an explanation at once too foolish and too wicked; too foolish, inasmuch as it supposes the possibility of a trick having been practised twenty or thirty times a year, year after year, during a period (at the very least) of more than four centuries, practised too in broad daylight in a public church, in the immediate presence of sharp and vigilant enemies or doubtful and curious friends, who were come for the express purpose of instituting a most jealous searching scrutiny, yet never being once detected, never even plausibly accused by any; a trick moreover, in which, from the very nature of the case, there must have been always many accomplices, yet during the whole of 400 years not one has ever revealed the secret, not one has ever repented of his iniquity and declared the imposture: at the same time it is too wicked, inasmuch as the persons engaged in this continual practising upon the credulity of the people, in these repeated outrages against the majesty of God, were no other than Christian priests and bishops. At any rate, if there be persons in the world so weak and credulous as to believe in the possibility of so protracted, yet undetected, a system of fraud, or any whose hearts are so callous as not to shrink from imputing such frightful impiety to several generations of Christian clergy, we are sure that they cannot be among the number of our readers. We pass on, therefore, to the second explanation of the supposed miracle, that it is a mere natural effect produced by natural causes.

It is suggested that the substance contained in the *ampulla* may not perhaps be pure blood, but blood mixed in some way with gums and aromatic spices, such as we know the early Christians sometimes wrapped in the winding-sheets of their dead and buried with them; and that this composition may be in a solid and congealed state as long as it remains in its usual place, and yet when brought out upon the altar, where there are several burning tapers, in a sanctuary crowded with people, and when the reliquary has been held for some time in the hand of the priest, it may become liquid and assume the appearance of fresh blood. It is further urged, in corroboration of this view of the case, that Sir Humphry Davy, who used to witness this phenomenon with peculiar interest, once asked permission to submit the blood to a chymical analysis, and was refused; it is added, however, on the same authority, that he was disposed to look upon the change as something supernatural, quite beyond the powers of any merely physical cause with which he was acquainted.



Upon this we must first observe, that whereas hundreds of *ampullæ* which once contained the blood of martyrs have been found at various times in the Roman catacombs, it has never been recorded in a single instance that there was the slightest symptom of an admixture of gums and spices. Generally there has been nothing more than a dark red sediment, shewing that blood once was there; sometimes (*sæpe sæpius*, Arringhi says) the blood has been found in a liquid state; once or twice the watery portion floated on the surface, the red portion had sunk to the bottom, and both were as fresh as when first the blood was shed; but never once do we read of a mixture of gums or spices with it. And as to the modest request of our countryman, if indeed it ever were made, we should have been much surprised had it met with any other reply than that which popular report (for I can find no better authority for the whole anecdote) has assigned to it. It would have been strange indeed if the authorities of the Church in Naples had surrendered to the crucible of a natural philosopher, however eminent, the relic of one whose body had been the temple of the Holy Spirit, and who was now himself in the presence of God, shewing forth (as they had reason to believe) by His permission continual miracles in this very relic. Shall the children of the Church exhibit less love and reverence towards any portion of the earthly tabernacle of a Saint, than that which the mere instinct of natural affection would prompt the children of this world to exhibit towards the mortal remains of one another?

Let it be granted, however, that the substance which liquefies is not blood, but blood mixed with gum, or pure gum, or some unknown chemical composition: is the change in the degrees of temperature sufficient to account for the change in the condition of the substance, whatever it be? Does the change take place according to fixed and known laws? Is it such that you can reckon upon it with certainty, as sure to follow at a greater or less interval in proportion to the number of persons who are present or the heat of the atmosphere? These questions can only be answered in the negative. The miracle is wrought—or rather, not to assume the point in dispute, the change takes place—at all seasons of the year, and under every conceivable variety of circumstances,—in May, in September, in December; whenever on any solemn occasion the Archbishop allows the blood and the head to be exposed in juxtaposition; sometimes on the passage from the sacristy to the altar; sometimes in the presence of a few private witnesses, a dozen or a score of persons perhaps; sometimes in the midst of an immense congregation; sometimes



after the lapse of a few minutes, sometimes after whole hours; sometimes after so long a delay, that many of the spectators have lost patience and gone away, and the heat might be supposed to have suffered some diminution in consequence.

But, it is objected, at any rate no accurate thermometrical observations have ever been made, so that, spite of the apparent diversity of circumstances, it is at least possible that the liquefaction uniformly takes place at precisely the same degree of external heat, but that the attainment of that degree may be accelerated at one time, or retarded at another, from a variety of causes which have been unfortunately overlooked: thus, the additional caloric generated by an extraordinary concourse of people may have been counterbalanced, perhaps, by an unusually cold wind on one occasion; on another, an imminent thunderstorm may have suddenly so heated the atmosphere, as to supply the place of that heat which was generally produced more gradually by the wax-lights and the congregation; and so on through an indefinite series of imaginary contrasts and combinations which need not be specified. Now, though I cannot pretend to say that either Fahrenheit or Reaumur have ever been called in to settle the question by means of such nice observations as these; yet who will believe that a fact which has excited the wonder and admiration, not only of Popes, Cardinals, and canons, but of keen politicians and wise philosophers, of sober, hard-headed critics, of indifferent spectators, and even of bold misbelieving heretics, so as actually to convert them to the true faith; a fact deemed worthy of being chronicled by martyrologists and ecclesiastical historians, and immortalised in the Office-book of the Church; a fact, finally, which has been within the cognisance of so many, and the opportunities of witnessing which were so indefinitely numerous; who will believe, I ask, that such a fact as this is, after all, one of the simplest and most ordinary things in the world,—a mere instance of one of nature's most notorious laws, the solubility of certain substances under the action of heat? To believe this would indeed be a wonderful instance of "the credulity of the incredulous."

But we may go further, and say that the falsehood of such a supposition has been, in fact, demonstrated by observations which have really been made as to the time and manner of the liquefaction. Ever since the year 1659, a diary has been kept in which the phenomena of each exposition are accurately recorded and attested by the canons and others who were present. Many interesting extracts from this diary have been published by the Bollandists; such as that on one occasion the relic had perfectly liquefied, and then suddenly hardened again,

in the hands of a certain prince; on another, the relic remained hard until certain persons were removed from the church, and then it immediately liquefied; and there are innumerable other tokens, not less distinct than these, of the presence of an agency quite beyond the mere powers of nature. I pass them by, however, that I may have space to allege an argument of another kind; or rather, not an argument at all, but only the confirmatory evidence of parallel cases. For I believe that the real hindrance with many persons in the way of their acknowledging this liquefaction to be supernatural consists in a secret shrinking from its apparently *eccentric* character, if I may be allowed to use such an expression. I do not mean their inability to see any object for such a periodical interposition of Divine power, but their belief that it stands quite alone in the annals of hagiography,—that it is altogether a miracle *sui generis*, without parallel. They would have no difficulty in believing that the relics of St. Januarius had healed the lame or given sight to the blind, because they have heard the same of the relics of St. Vincent Ferrer, St. Vincent of Paul, and of a hundred other Saints; they could even think it possible that his bones exude a marvellous healing oil, because they know that the same is said of St. Andrew, St. Nicolas of Bari, and others; but they have never heard of any other Saint whose blood, ordinarily congealed, on certain extraordinary occasions becomes liquid. It is mainly for the sake of supplying these parallel cases that this letter has been written; for, as I have already said, I could not hope that persons who set at nought the testimony of four centuries, of Baronius, the Bollandists, and a host of others, should begin to change their mind merely because an Englishman in the nineteenth century saw the same which they had seen, and judged of it as they had judged of it. The addition of a single witness, where there have been already thousands, would be worse than useless; but the addition of a parallel case is quite another matter, and, as it seems to me, of the very highest interest and importance; moreover, in this country at least, they are but little known. The liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius is sufficiently notorious; the liquefaction of the blood of other Saints, though equally certain and supernatural, is yet, from whatever cause, not so frequently heard of.

It is stated, then, in books, and repeated by persons who certainly have had opportunities of ascertaining the fact, that a portion of the blood which issued from the side of St. Francis, and is preserved at Rieti, as well as another portion preserved in the church of the SS. Stimmate at Rome, liquefies annually on the 17th of September; and that the same thing happens



on the 27th of July to a portion of the blood of St. Pantaleon, preserved in the Chiesa Nuova at Rome, and to another portion of the same relic in the convent (of Augustinian nuns) of the Incarnation at Madrid; but as I am not able at this moment to get any distinct account from persons who have been eye-witnesses of these supposed miracles, I must be content with this cursory mention of them, and only insist upon other instances, both recorded in history and professedly continuing, which I am able to corroborate by some testimony, be it more or less,—in two cases, at least, by testimony quite irrefragable.

In the church of S. Agostino at Terni, a city within the States of the Church, which was the seat of a Christian Bishopric as long ago as the middle of the second century, there is a relic of the blood of St. Peter that is said to liquefy and boil every year from the first to the second vespers of the Apostle's feast. It is contained in a vessel of thin glass, "apparently similar to the old glass vessels of the catacombs," writes one who was familiar with the Roman cemeteries before he saw this reliquary at Terni; and he goes on to say: "It appears that, in the phenomenon which the priest calls boiling, a separation of the blood into the red matter and the serum takes place. At the end of about a week all appearance of this separation vanishes; the serum and the red matter coalesce into one hard black-looking mass at the bottom. When I saw it (the fourth day within the octave), it bore every appearance of a recent liquefaction. There was a thick, pulpy, dark-red mass at the bottom of the vessel, and what looked like the serum of the blood was adhering in oily globules to the top and sides." This is the testimony of one who saw it in the year 1847; and it has been corroborated to me by another who was present at the same time.

In the same year, other friends of mine, English Catholic priests, saw in the church of Sta. Patrizia in Naples the blood of that Saint in a liquid state, which, they were told, was always solid during every other day in the year, but liquefied regularly on that one day, the day of her feast, the 25th of August. They had been taken on purpose that they might see it, but they arrived after the liquefaction had taken place. The fact of the general solidity of this relic and of its occasional liquefaction is attested also by a writer already quoted, Petrasancta; but he mentions this additional circumstance, that the same thing may be observed whenever the blood is brought into juxtaposition with another relic of the same Saint. Whether this still continues, or whether the second relic has been lost, or whether the relic still remains but the



miracle has ceased, I cannot say; at any rate the miracle is still renewed annually on the 25th of August.

In the Gesù Vecchio in the same city, there is a small portion of the blood of St. Aloysius, preserved in a tabernacle upon the altar of one of the private chapels. I had heard that this also would liquefy if a few prayers were said before it: I went therefore with a French Missionary-Bishop from China, Monsignor de Verolles, and a party of five or six others, French and English, for the express purpose of witnessing it. Whilst the Bishop said Mass, the relic remained in the tabernacle; and it was not until he had finished his *action de graces* that it was taken out. The priest put the reliquary immediately into the Bishop's hands, and desired us to repeat some prayers, saying that the blood never failed to melt sooner or later, though he had once known a party detained for several hours before it did so. I was kneeling immediately at the Bishop's side, in fact at the same faldstool with his Lordship; and as he rested his hand on the cushion, and his fingers relaxed somewhat of their hold of the reliquary, it sometimes declined from the perpendicular position in which he seemed to aim at keeping it, and leaned towards me, so that the ornament at its top was more than once resting on my hand. The shape and manufacture of the reliquary was not unlike that of St. Januarius, only it was very much smaller, and the quantity of blood which it contained scarcely one-twentieth part, perhaps, of that famous relic; such of it as there was, however, lay in a solid mass at the bottom of the vessel; and when we turned the reliquary upside down, to and fro, from one side to the other, after four or five minutes' prayer, placing a candle behind it that we might be enabled to see distinctly, there did not appear the slightest symptom of motion. The assistant priest suggested that it was more usual to recite prayers in common, instead of each one praying by himself, as we had hitherto been doing: we repeated the Litany therefore aloud; still there was no change: next the *Miserere*, and after that the *Veni Creator*; but still the same dull solid mass remained immovable. The Bishop then proposed that we should recite the Rosary: at the end of the second decade, when once more we held the vessel upside down, with the candle behind it, there appeared a slight change at either end of the dark substance; the horizontal line was broken, and there was a decided inclination of a certain portion at least towards the empty part of the glass. "You see the Saint has a particular devotion for the Rosary; he only waited for that," said the Bishop; "let us go on with it." We recited three more decades; and by the time we had finished, the blood was so

completely liquid as to pass freely from one side of the vessel to the other like so much water, without leaving a single particle of matter that I could see in that portion of the glass which had at first been occupied; it was in every respect like fresh blood that had never coagulated at all.

There may have been altogether ten or twelve persons present in the chapel, which was small, about twenty-five feet by fifteen, perhaps; but I did not measure it. I *did* count the number of lighted candles, and they were seven; two on the altar; two before a statue of St. Aloysius, which stood at the side of the altar; two others before a statue of St. Anthony, at the other end of the room, close to the door; and lastly, the *bougie* which had been used during the Bishop's Mass, and which was now held by the assistant priest, and applied, as I have said, from time to time to the back of the reliquary, to shew us whether the change had yet taken place or not. Perhaps I may as well add, that it was on a most bitterly cold morning in the month of December, the very last day of 1849, that I saw what I have just described; that within the chapel itself it was so cold, that I looked with considerable envy on one of my French companions, who was buried up to his nose in furs; and that when we came away from the church, between nine and ten o'clock, snow was lying in the streets,—a most unusual occurrence, as I need hardly say, in that southern clime.

Some apology, perhaps, is due for the tedious minuteness of some of these remarks, more especially as they do not absolutely demonstrate the impossibility of admitting the *natural* hypothesis, so to call it. There may be some who will still choose to refer this change in the blood of St. Aloysius to the heated state of the atmosphere rather than to the power and the will of God; at any rate, they may truly say, there were at least the same outward circumstances here as in the church of St. Januarius, though in a very inferior degree. They may object, also, that in the instances of the blood of St. Peter at Terni, and of Sta. Patrizia in Naples, I have not even satisfactorily proved the fact that the change really did take place at all: in the one case, the blood was seen subsiding, as it were, after liquefaction; in the other, it was seen liquid; but in neither was it seen first in a solid, and then in a liquid state, by any of the witnesses that have been produced: so far, therefore, they are not equal, either in interest or in authenticity, to the instance of St. Januarius. This is true; yet the mere report of parallel cases ought not to be without weight for the correcting of that false impression I have alluded to; and if I am able to shew but one single instance in which the



reality of the change is as clearly established as in that of St. Januarius, yet without the same outward circumstances which could be mistaken for its cause, I think I am fairly entitled to argue from this to the rest; to plead that all should be judged by the same rule; so that, if it can be proved of one that it is impossible to assign any but a supernatural cause, it should at least be allowed of the others, that the same cause is more probable than any other. This, then, is what yet remains for us to do, and then this long letter shall be at once concluded.

A very favourite excursion of all foreigners who find themselves at Naples is to the cathedral town of Amalfi, most beautifully situated on the coast, in a retired part of the bay of Salerno. High up in the mountain above this town, on the north-eastern side of it, and more immediately above the beautiful village of Atrani, is the small town of Ravello. In the Middle Ages this was an episcopal city of considerable importance, with a population of some 35,000 souls: now it has dwindled down to comparative insignificance, and strangers visit it only that they may see the ruins of its ancient grandeur, a few specimens of early Christian art, a handsome Byzantine pulpit, &c. It is to the principal church of this town that I would introduce my readers; and there, above the high altar, they may see a small square aperture in the wall: ordinarily it is closed by a door, but to-day we will suppose it to be opened, so that we can see a strong iron grating let into the wall behind it. Ascend a little staircase at the back of the altar behind this wall, and here again you will find another door and another iron grating behind it, exactly corresponding with those in front. Open the door, and you will see between the two gratings a phial of darkish glass, apparently just like that of the other reliquaries we have spoken of: this, you are told, contains the blood of St. Pantaleon,—the same Pantaleon whose relics we have spoken of at Rome and at Madrid, and whose very existence we have lately seen somewhere boldly called in question, and his name derived from the Venetian war-cry, *Pianta Leone!* Plant the Lion! You are further told that this blood, which you can see for yourself is now in a hard congealed state, becomes liquid during the octave of the Saint's festival; also whenever the Blessed Sacrament is exposed in its presence; also when any relic of the true Cross is brought before it. This is what you read about it in books, and what every body tells you; and when some of my friends came across this mountain in the course of a pedestrian tour in the summer of 1848, and went into the church and saw the relic, they found it in a



liquid state,—for it chanced to be the 3d of August, the very last day of the octave of the feast. What particularly attracted their attention was an incrustation of blood about the eighth of an inch higher than the line which the blood then reached, and which had every appearance of having been attained by the boiling or bubbling up of the blood,—a phenomenon which seems to be common to all these cases. However, these persons can only speak as to the *fact* of the liquefaction, they saw nothing of its *cause*; so that they need not detain us long. But what shall we say to the following testimony, at once distinct and decisive?

A Neapolitan soldier, who was in the Spanish service during the war of Don Carlos and the ecclesiastical troubles of that kingdom, was present one day at the ransacking of one of the churches; and whilst his more worldly-wise companions were breaking up the handsome reliquaries for the sake of the gold and the silver and the precious stones, this good man bethought him of collecting some of the scattered relics, and preserving them from further profanation by carrying them about himself. He brought them home with him to Naples, and there exhibited them as a most precious treasure to Father Costa, who at that time had the spiritual charge of some portion of the Neapolitan troops. Amongst these relics was one which professed to be of the wood of the true Cross; but the seal of this, as well as of the rest, having been broken by those who had sacrilegiously removed it from its case, and there being no means of authenticating it, its value, excepting of course for purposes of private devotion, was entirely gone,—I mean, it could not be exposed in public churches; moreover, there was every probability that in process of time, at the death of its present owner, for example, who valued it because he knew its history as an eye-witness, the tradition might be lost and the precious relic come to be altogether despised. Father Costa, being himself a Neapolitan, was well aware of the wonderful fact we have mentioned about the blood of St. Pantaleon, and being anxious to ascertain whether or not this supposed relic of the Cross was authentic, he took it with him some time afterwards, when in company with a few friends he happened to be going to Ravello. After having seen the phial containing the blood in a solid state, without saying any thing whatever to the assistants, he covered the relic of the Cross with his handkerchief and held the handkerchief close to the iron grating. Immediately the alarmed *custode*, or guardian of the treasure, cried out, “Oh! some one amongst you must have got a relic of the true Cross about him, for the blood is melting;” and so it was. The *custode* went on to say that they ought to have

mentioned this circumstance beforehand, because the Bishop had strictly prohibited the relic to be exposed before any one having a relic of the true Cross, excepting with his express permission, under pain of excommunication. The motive of this prohibition was to prevent all merely curious and irreverent appeals to the miraculous powers of the relic, and I need hardly say that Father Costa was happily not aware of the prohibition. Some of my readers will have heard this story from Father Costa's lips; probably, indeed, very many, for he was once a resident in this country at least for several months, and in Naples his perfect knowledge of our language causes him to be very generally known amongst our countrymen who spend the winter there.

Our second history concerns the same relic, and is of still more recent date. Early in the month of September 1843, an English priest, one of the Monsignori attached to the Papal Court, and at that time resident in Rome, now one of the Congregation of Redemptorists in this country, went to Ravello expressly to see the miracle. He was accompanied by an Italian priest from La Cava; but neither of them was aware that it was necessary to obtain the permission of the Bishop before they could see the relic. When they heard of this, it was a great disappointment to them, for it was very doubtful whether they should be able to return another day. Fortunately, however, the good priest of the church, when he heard the rank which his visitor held in the Pontifical Court, thought himself privileged to make an exception in his favour. They ascended the little staircase behind the wall, and the doors were opened. "In order to see the relic clearly, and to assure yourself of the state of the blood"—I am quoting from a private letter which the reverend Father has been kind enough to send me, in answer to my request for a detailed account of what he saw—"you light a small taper, and pass it through the bars. This I did, and found it quite thick and with no appearance of blood. We then knelt down, and said a few prayers; and in the mean time I took out two relics of the Holy Cross, and almost immediately the priest who had charge of the blood exclaimed, 'It is liquefying, it is liquefying!' I examined, and found it was so. The greater part of it (I should say the phial might contain eight or ten ounces in all) had become transparent. I say the greater part, for evidently there is a great deal of what seemed to me to be earth that had been gathered up with the blood. I was not aware at the time of any prohibition to expose before it without permission relics of the Holy Cross, and I had said nothing of my intention of so doing, but I was afterwards informed of it,



and blest my previous ignorance. I should add, that the phial bore every appearance of not having been touched for many years; indeed it could not be, for the gratings are let into the stone wall, and do not open, and the bars are so close that you cannot introduce your hand."

To comment upon this evidence would be only to weaken it: the fact seems clear and undeniable, that whereas St. Pantaleon laid down his life for the Faith, God has vouchsafed, for some inscrutable purpose known only to his own wisdom, to preserve from corruption some portion of that blood which he shed, and to suffer it to exult as it were and leap for joy whenever it is brought into the more immediate presence of Him for whom he suffered, whether of Himself in the adorable Sacrament of the Altar, or of some special memorial of Him, such as the wood of the true Cross: and if so, why should not the same God, who is God both of the living and of the dead, yea rather "unto whom all live,"\* why should not He, in the exercise of the same power and wisdom, have conferred a similar privilege on another martyr, St. Januarius; that neither should his blood perish and see corruption, but that being impatient, as Baronius speaks, at the long delay of the resurrection, it should rejoice and, as it were, seek to reanimate, before its time, that head from which it came and to which it shall be one day restored, as often as it is brought into its presence here upon earth?

Truly may we conclude with St. Austin:† "A great testimony does the Lord furnish to his martyrs, to those who have borne witness for Him, in that He ruled their hearts during the fight, and does not desert their bodies when they are dead. Truly, 'precious in the sight of God is the death of his Saints;' when not even the corruptible flesh is condemned, though life have deserted it; and though the invisible soul have gone forth out of the visible body, yet the dwelling-place of his servant is preserved by the care of the Lord, and is honoured by the faithful among his fellow-servants to the glory of the Lord. For what does God, by performing marvellous things in the bodies of the Saints who are dead, but furnish a clear testimony that what dies perishes not to Him, and that it may hence be understood in what honour He holds the souls of them that were slain for Him, since even their inanimate flesh is made famous by so mighty an operation of the Divinity?"

N.

\* Luke *xx.* 38.

† *Serm.* cclxxv. In *Nat. Martyr. Vincent.* vol. v. col. 1631. ed. Paris.



## Passion, Love, and Rest;

OR,

### THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BASIL MORLEY.

(Continued from p. 54.)

#### CHAPTER III.—*A Discovery.*

WHEN I came to my senses, I found myself in the back room of a druggist's shop, with two or three strange faces looking at me. Near me sat Churchill in the hands of a surgeon, who was bandaging one of his arms, which had been broken by the fall of some stones from the cellar-roof. The moment that the opening in the pavement had been made large enough, he had leapt into the cellar, and with the aid of those above had brought me safe into the open air. As he was about to clamber out again himself, a huge mass of the vaulting had given way, and it was with considerable difficulty that he had been got out alive, so rapid was the progress of the fire, and so suffocating the smoke.

The result of the injuries I had received was a short but sharp attack of fever; and as soon as I was sufficiently recovered, it was settled that I should go home for a short time to recruit. Churchill also was so ill as to require a holiday; and at my request my father asked him to accompany me on a visit to Morley Court. The day before we started, I was sitting in his room, when to our surprise Headley walked in. He had been one of the foremost in the school in coming to my rescue, and during the excitement a greater degree of intercourse had passed between him and the rest of the boys than had taken place ever since the commission of his unpardonable offence. Ignorant as I still was of the anomalous nature of that public opinion which reigned in the little commonwealth, I had fancied that all would now be forgotten, and that Headley's zeal in fighting for the honour of the school, and in delivering me from my captor, would be received as atonement for a misdeed not in the least degree morally worse than a hundred enormities perpetrated every day by his school-fellows. I soon found, however, that I little knew the temper of the place. Immediately after the riot was over, the old state of things had been restored by a tacit agreement throughout the school. Headley's advances were coldly repelled; he was cut by every body, and lived alone in the bustling crowd. As for myself, I could not understand such a state of things.

Much as I respected, or rather dreaded, the tyrant "public opinion," I could not force myself to accept a standard of morals from which conscience revolted, or think it right to punish ruthlessly one crime, while I tolerated almost every other. My mother's early teaching still ruled in my heart; and in my now devoted attachment to Churchill, I fancied that he at least would shew mercy to Headley, for very consistency's sake.

Sorely, therefore, was I confounded, when I saw him accord to the unexpected visitor a freezing salutation, and scarcely vouchsafe to enter into the brief conversation for which Headley earnestly pleaded. Headley, nevertheless, was determined to be heard, and by degrees Churchill melted, and even warmed towards him. They entered without ceremony on Headley's old offence, of which Churchill, without the slightest ceremony, expressed the most open abhorrence. Headley himself never touched upon the grounds for mercy which to *me* appeared so weighty; but he assured Churchill that he had been driven to the theft by the poverty of his parents, who were unable to furnish him with such an allowance of pocket-money as would enable him to purchase those gratifications which every boy in the school was expected to find for himself. Churchill evidently pitied him, and for himself personally, I believe, would have been ready to forget all that was past; but he assured him in the most earnest terms, that he could do nothing for him with the rest of the boys; that it was necessary for the character of the school that so ungentlemanly a crime should be visited with the utmost rigour; and he advised him, as a friend, to quit the school as soon as possible. With misery painted on his features, Headley then left us.

Long I pondered on the state of morals thus singularly illustrated. Here was a despotic opinion ruling in a youthful republic, which literally compelled every boy to expend a certain sum of money in personal gratifications, scorning him, and insulting him and his parents, if his poverty forbade him the enjoyments of his companions, and yet never forgiving the one dishonourable deed to which their own petty tyranny had tempted him. This, united with the absolute unconsciousness of the existence of any *religious* standard of morals which prevailed around me, was long a source of inextricable puzzle to my young conscience. Still, it did me infinite mischief. I could not long breathe the polluted atmosphere without inhaling the moral pestilence which floated upon it. Year by year, as I remained at — school, my conscience was gradually losing its clearness of vision and quickness of action.

The idea of recognising the law of God as my sole authority slowly and silently gave way to a subservience to the public opinion of the world in which I lived. Noiselessly the foundations of my religious faith were sapped; and the courage with which I all along kept clear from the open vices of the school, and never for a single day omitted saying my private prayers in a manner unnoticed by my comrades, served only to blind my eyes to the fatal change that was steadily approaching. But I must not anticipate too far; for at the time of the fight, and my capture by the dog-stealer, the progress of my moral ruin was not half completed.

To Morley Court, then, Churchill and I went down, still weak and languid, but looking forward with no little pleasure to the unexpected holiday. I was become devotedly attached to Churchill, and he returned my affection cordially and sincerely. He was just the kind of character to impress a boy like myself with regard and respect. Just passing from grown-up boyhood into a manly youth, he seemed to me to unite the spirit of the boy with the experience of the man. Handsome, tall, active, and strong, whatever he attempted in the way of sport, he accomplished with the ease of a master. Admirably good-tempered; as little selfish as a youth of eighteen could be without religion; and romantically attached to the notion of doing every thing that became a perfect gentleman, without a particle of vulgarity in his composition, he seemed to me the very *beau ideal* of all that is generous, manly, and noble. He had few prejudices, and was as tolerant of other people's infirmities and opinions as he well could be. If he shewed little disgust at the grossness of language and conduct which prevailed in the school, he rarely was guilty of any such enormity himself. He never scoffed at religion, and even at times shewed his dislike of the inconceivable mixture of blasphemy and indecency which was displayed by some few of the most daring of the boys. If he had been less honourable, less kind, less well-conducted, and less regular in the performance of ordinary school duties, he would have exerted a less powerful influence on my changing life; and I should never have come, as I did at last, almost to idolise him as something nearly perfect. As it was, to his companionship I can trace the slow and unnoticed progress of my mind from a religious childhood to a youth in which the very existence of God, as my ruler and judge, was as nearly as possible forgotten.

My father and mother received him with a cordiality which soon ripened in my father's case into a sincere regard and affection, and in my mother's to a deep though painful interest.



We found my uncle the colonel already at Morley Court, on a visit; but with him Churchill never got on. His obtrusive religious views, his solemn manner, his dislike of "worldly amusements," and his frequent Bible texts, irritated the temper of my young friend to a degree that I had never before witnessed in him. My father, who had hitherto been somewhat abashed by the colonel's confident tone and high pretensions, and had permitted him to assume the rights of the most consistent and pious member of the family, was charmed with Churchill's anti-puritan sallies, and enjoyed his encounters with the military puritan. Gratified with the attentions of both my father and mother, Churchill speedily made himself perfectly at home; and as his health was restored, he grew absolutely frolicsome, and was ready for any pranks.

One day, after dinner, my mother had just retired, and my father was preparing to enjoy himself over his wine, and was pumping Churchill and myself about school affairs, not displaying, I must confess, the most sensitive spirit as to the morality of boyish pleasures, when the colonel could contain himself no longer, but broke in with what he deemed an "improvement" of the subject.

"I fear there are no family prayers in any of the boarding-houses, Mr. Churchill," said he, in his usual bland and slightly lachrymose voice.

"Family prayers!" echoed Churchill; "who the deuce ever heard of such a thing at a public school?"

"I fear, young gentleman, from your style of language," retorted my uncle, in a tone of reproof, "that neither family prayer nor any other religious duty forms a part of the system in which *you* have been brought up."

"Why, as to that, I suppose I've been brought up like most other fellows of my time. Only fancy family prayers, Morley, at —," he continued, addressing me. Then, turning to my father, he went on, "Don't *you* think family prayers an awful bore, sir?"

"For shame, Mr. Churchill!" interposed my uncle; "if my brother allows you to take such liberties, *I* feel it my duty as a Christian, and as your elder, to call you to account."

"Now really, colonel, you're very unfair," rejoined Churchill. "I supposed that Mr. Morley *did* think them a bore, because he never has any thing of the kind here."

"You are wrong, however," rejoined the colonel, "in your assumption as to Mr. Morley's feelings. He has already promised me that he will shortly commence family worship every morning and evening."

"No, no, George!" cried my father, "you're getting on too fast. I only promised that I would do so as soon as it could be made convenient."

"*'When I have a convenient season, I will send for thee,'*" ejaculated my uncle, in the "impressive" manner with which persons of his school always give utterance to a quotation from Scripture.

"I don't know what you mean by that, George," replied my father; "but you should remember how peculiarly I am situated, and that there is a serious difficulty in my doing what we propose."

"Brother, brother," rejoined my uncle, "I can only follow the pure Word of God, and there I read: '*If any man will come after me, and hate not his father and mother*' (here the colonel became doubly impressive), '*and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple.*'"

"George, you'll drive me wild," cried my father, now excessively vexed. "Can't you be reasonable, and discuss the question like a man of sense, without dragging in your eternal texts?"

"Reason is no guide compared to the Word of God," responded the resolute colonel.

"I know that well enough," said my father; "and that's just what Winifred herself replies to me when I try to persuade her that it is unreasonable for her to object to being present if I grant your wish, and begin these prayers."

"Mrs. Morley's reason is blinded by the delusions which have enslaved her soul," replied my uncle. "She is still '*in the gall of bitterness and the bond of iniquity.*'"

During all this conversation I had sat silent, puzzled beyond measure to ascertain its meaning; while Churchill took no pains to conceal his amazement. But when the colonel plainly spoke of my mother in terms which struck me as infamous and degrading, I could contain myself no longer, and positively shouted out—

"She's not, uncle! I don't know what you mean, but you shall not speak of my mother in that way before me!"

The colonel looked astonished; my father looked half pleased and half angry; while Churchill slapped me on the shoulder, and cried, "Bravo, my boy! don't be afraid. If any body spoke of *my* mother in that way, I swear I'd call him out."

The audacious impudence of this speech turned my uncle's indignation from me upon Churchill. He looked absolutely thunderstruck; then turned to my father, and remonstrated



with him for permitting so insolent a youth as Churchill to remain in his house.

"Fiddlestick!" said my father; "the boy's nearly right after all. You *must* admit, George, that *you* forgot yourself first."

"It serves me right," replied the colonel, rising to leave the room, "for expecting any thing good from one, even a brother, who has committed the sin of marrying a ——."

"George!" exclaimed my father in a voice of thunder, "if you dare to utter that word, and break your promise, by heaven ——"

"I made no promise," interrupted the colonel; "the truth must come out at last, and the sooner the better for the soul of your unhappy son."

And with this he left the room. Churchill and I exchanged looks of amazement; but we dared not say a word to my father, who evidently had the greatest difficulty in restraining his passion. He walked hastily up and down the room for a few minutes; then turning to us, he said, "Forget all this, if you can;" and bade us precede him to the drawing-room. There we found my mother, unconscious of all that had passed, looking sweet and gentle, with that same expression of saddened cheerfulness which she now so often wore.

"Morley," whispered Churchill to me, as we walked towards her, "your mother's an angel, and your uncle's mad."

The evening passed off quietly; and when my father returned there were few traces of excitement in his countenance. The colonel entered shortly after; he was more than usually grave and disagreeable, and read the *Christian Observer* and the county paper till bed-time, saying little to any one, and replying as curtly as possible to what was said to him.

The following morning Churchill and I betook ourselves to a paved court-yard at the back of the house, to play at racket. There were scarcely any windows on that side of Morley Court, so that there was a large space of high wall, which served tolerably well for the game in the absence of any thing better.

"Remember, it's the last ball we've got, Morley," said Churchill, as I began to play somewhat too vigorously. "If that ball goes on to the roof, we're done for."

Scarcely a minute afterwards Churchill himself struck the ball far above the height of the house. It lodged somewhere among the numerous high chimneys and gables; we waited in hopes of seeing it rebound or roll off, but to no purpose.

"Hollo! there's a ladder!" exclaimed Churchill, as we looked around us dismally at the sudden termination to our



sport. "We'll mount the roof, and hunt out all the lost balls."

In five minutes the ladder which had caught Churchill's attention was brought, applied to the wall, and we were both warily stepping and clambering along between the lofty ridges of the roof.

"What's this?" exclaimed my companion, as we nearly tumbled down a skylight, with the glass broken out, and shewing signs of long neglect. "I should be sorry to have my bed under this in a storm of rain. Let's have a look in, and see what's underneath."

He stooped down accordingly, and peered into the opening.

"It's a queer-looking place, whatever it is," he said, raising himself after the examination. "I can't conceive what it can be. Look yourself, Morley; I dare say you know it well enough; it looks like a hermit's cell here up in the clouds."

I bent downwards, and was as much mystified as Churchill. There was a truckle-bed, a very small table, a couple of books on it, and a wooden trencher with a very rusty knife by its side. Two or three mouldy prints hung on the walls, with something that looked like a small cross. The whole were covered with dust and mildew, and seemed to have been untouched for generations.

"What on earth is it?" asked Churchill.

"I cannot conceive," said I, standing up.

"I vote for getting down and exploring," said Churchill; and without a word more, he dropped himself through the skylight, and I followed his example. We looked at the books. One was a volume of Latin prayers, strange enough to me; and the other a Latin New Testament. They came to pieces as we handled them, being thoroughly decayed with the damp. We then examined the prints, which were religious in subject, but new in style to both of us. The cross was a crucifix. I had never seen one before; but Churchill, who had been abroad, told me what it was called; for, strange as it may seem, though I had heard and read of crucifixes, I hardly knew what they really were.

"Why, Morley," exclaimed Churchill, "this is glorious. Here's something like an adventure. Did you never know of this place before? These are Catholic things, as I am alive. Oh, that the sanctified colonel could find out what is in under the same roof with his pious head! There's the door too; we'll try it, and see where it leads to. This is fifty times better than racket."

With that he lifted the rusty latch of the door, which opened inwards immediately. Fortunately we paused before

moving a step outwards, or I might not have been alive to tell the tale. As well as we could see in the gloom, the room was approached by a narrow and extremely steep stone staircase of the rudest description, and such as it would be perilous to descend in the dark. Without hesitation we agreed to prosecute our discovery; Churchill led the way, and we carefully picked our steps downwards. After a few steps the staircase turned, and we were in almost total darkness. Just then we heard the wind blow lustily into the room above, and in a moment the door creaked on its hinges, and was shut with violence.

"Here's a pretty business," cried Churchill; "up with you, and open the door again; and let us have what light we can."

I felt my way up, until the door stopped farther progress, and tried to find the handle, but there was none. I called out to Churchill, and he blundered as rapidly as possible up the steps, breaking his shins as he stumbled in the dark; and we spent several minutes in vain attempts to open the door. It resisted all the force we could bring against it; and feeling somewhat nervous at our position, we prepared to descend.

"There's one comfort," said Churchill, "this staircase must lead somewhere. And if we can't get out after all, they'll miss us at last, and see the ladder up against the house, and get upon our scent that way."

With this not very satisfactory consolation we cautiously descended again. After going down some thirty or forty steps, a faint light struck our eyes, glimmering through the chinks of what seemed a door. I was beginning to exclaim with joy, when Churchill stopped me, and bid me remember that we did not know what we might be coming upon, and had better speak in whispers. The chinks proved long and wide, and side by side we peeped through them, our hearts palpitating with excitement at the strangeness of the affair.

"Why where have your wits been, my dear fellow," whispered Churchill, "that you've never found out this before? Don't you know what this place is?"

"How should I?" replied I. "I never heard of its existence till now."

"Well, I'll tell you what it is. It's a Catholic chapel. There's the altar, there are the candlesticks, and there, hanging on that rail, are the things I've often seen the priests wear abroad when they sing Mass. By Jove, there's somebody there too! Look, look, Morley! there's a woman, out in that dark corner; there, there, don't you see? I can't make out her face; but if it isn't ——" and he paused.



The figure moved; and, too much excited to speak, we watched her in silence. For several minutes we waited to see her change her position; for she seemed to be kneeling, as far as we could judge from the imperfect view which an intervening bench permitted. At length she rose, and passed along. It was my mother.

CHAPTER IV. — *Passion.*

I was so agitated that for some minutes I could not speak. We continued watching my mother as long as she remained in the chapel. There was a crucifix about half the size of life, carved in ivory and deeply discoloured with age, hanging against one of the walls, about midway between the altar and the entrance, and reaching nearly down to the floor. To this my mother advanced, and, throwing herself upon her knees, kissed the feet of the image with passionate eagerness; then, looking upwards towards the countenance, she murmured many earnest words of prayer, the exact purport of which we could not catch.

Ignorant as I then was of real Catholic devotion, and accustomed in all that I read of Catholics to regard them as image-worshippers, I was scarcely prepared for what seemed to me an act of glaring idolatry. That my own mother could be such an idiot as to fall down to a piece of sculpture, kiss, and water its feet with her tears, and address prayers to it, appeared to me so nearly an impossibility, that I was on the point of concluding that I was mistaken, or that the whole scene was the deception of a disordered brain, when she rose, and passing near the very spot where we were concealed, displayed her countenance so distinctly, that it was hopeless any longer to doubt. She then left the chapel, and Churchill whispered in my ear,

"Well, Morley, here *is* a discovery. I see it all. The secret that has puzzled us is out now. Your mother's a Catholic, and your father and uncle know it as well as I do."

The scene of yesterday evening flashed upon my mind; and instantly afterwards my memory was crowded with a flood of reminiscences of past events hitherto inexplicable, but now clear as the day.

"How could I have been such a fool as to be deceived so long?" I thought to myself. "Why did I not ask for the meaning of all the strange doings in our family? Why did I let my father and mother both mystify me?" for I felt convinced that they had agreed together to keep me in ignorance of my mother's creed. But longer speculation was, just now,



out of the question. Churchill, who evidently did not care a rush whether my mother were a Catholic or a Protestant, was only charmed with the novelty of the thing, and laughed at my bewilderment and trouble. He insisted on entering the chapel; which, indeed, supplied our only chance of egress, unless we liked to wait upon the stairs till we were hunted out from below. While I was pondering, he decided the question by trying the handle of the door where we stood. It yielded, and we jumped down; for the doorway was some height from the floor. The moment afterwards the door swung back again, and closed itself, without leaving a sign of handle, lock, or visible fastening of any kind. It appeared now to be a part of a heavy oaken panneling which ran round the chapel, and could be opened only by some secret method undiscoverable to us. There was no alternative but to go forward. Having therefore examined the altar and furniture, the ivory crucifix attracting an especial attention, not unmixed with horror on my part, we left the room by the same exit as my mother. A short flight of stairs brought us to another door, through which we immediately proceeded to pass. There was the large well-known room where my infancy and childhood had been spent, and we were standing behind the very barrier which had furnished such frequent food to my young curiosity. The first occasion when I had noticed any difference between my father and mother rushed upon my recollection, and I began to be possessed with a burning eagerness to know why so rigid a secrecy had been practised for so many years. The room itself was now bare of furniture. I had long ceased to inhabit it, and it passed in the household for a lumber-room, which no one ever thought of using for any other purpose. We lost no further time in making our way into the house, and hastened round to the spot where we had left the ladder. I could not help pouring out my thoughts to Churchill as we went along, saying how dreadful it was to have made such a discovery.

"Don't be a fool, Morley," was all the reply he gave me; "what is it to you what your mother is, so long as she doesn't make you a Papist yourself? For my part, I like Catholics just as well as Protestants; and I like your mother all the better for being a Catholic, only for the romance of the thing."

We turned round the corner of the house so fast that we had scarcely observed that my father and mother themselves were standing at the foot of the ladder, before we were close upon them. We started, and looked as if conscious that we had something we wished to conceal. My father fixed a pene-

trating gaze first on me and then on Churchill. My mother was deadly pale, and clung to my father's arm.

"How did you get down from the roof?" said my father, in a serious tone, addressing us both together.

We were so surprised at finding that he knew we had been upon it, that neither of us could immediately reply.

"Churchill!" he continued, "answer me openly. I saw you go up the ladder as I was walking upon the hill yonder; and I have not taken my eyes for a moment off the spot since you went up. The ladder can be seen from every foot of ground that I have passed in coming back; and I am sure that you did *not* come down by the way you went. Excuse my asking, but I particularly wish for a straightforward answer."

"Sir, I am sure you will pardon our indiscretion," said Churchill, with perfect composure and in a respectful manner, "when I say that we stumbled upon what seemed a secret staircase, and found our way out through the house. It will save you from suspecting any thing disagreeable, if I add at once that we passed through what *I* knew to be a Catholic chapel, though Basil did not."

My father turned to my mother with a look of extreme vexation.

"Winifred," he said, "do *you* know nothing of this?"

"Nothing whatever, my dear Henry," she replied earnestly; "you know you saw me come up to the foot of the ladder not five minutes before you reached it yourself."

"I hope there is no mental reservation," he replied with a look of suspicion.

"None, on earth, I solemnly assure you," said she.

"I believe you," said he; "but I dread some dispensation to do what you know to be wrong."

"O Henry, Henry," cried my mother in anguish, "this is too cruel!" and she seemed ready to faint with terror.

"Well, Winifred," he rejoined, "I *do* believe you, honestly and sincerely. And now we will go in."

We entered the house, and as my mother led the way into the drawing-room Churchill whispered in my father's ear, "May I say a word to you, sir, in private?"

"Certainly," said my father looking alarmed, and he turned into the library. Churchill beckoned me to follow, then closing the door, he began:

"You will pardon my interference, sir, I sincerely hope; for it is for Basil's sake I wish to tell you what we have discovered. It was my fault that we first went up on to the roof, and my fault that we went farther still. I think it right therefore, in return for the kindness and hospitality you



have shewn me, not to conceal from you what we have now learnt. We saw Mrs. Morley praying in the chapel, and are both of us convinced that she is a Catholic. From what passed yesterday evening with Colonel Morley, I conclude that you know it yourself, and therefore I am not betraying any secret injurious to Mrs. Morley in saying what I now do."

My father sighed heavily, and uttered no word in reply. At last he said,

"Well, it must have been told at last, and perhaps it is as well now as at any time. Perhaps it has already been kept secret too long. Basil, my dear boy," he went on, "your mother *is* a Catholic; but you will remember that she *is* your mother still; and at your age, though you are yet a boy, you will be safe from embracing the delusions of her creed."

"But why, sir," cried I, eagerly, "have you never told me this before? You know how many things have happened to make me suspect there was some secret that you were keeping from me; and I have often fancied there was something still more shocking about my mother that I did not know."

"I *have* often intended to tell you, Basil," he replied, "but always wished to put off the evil day. Two or three years ago, when you teased me so much to tell you why your mother never went to church, I was on the point of mentioning it. But your mother herself wished it to be kept secret as much as I did. She has been afraid it would alienate your love from her; and she has never forgiven herself for promising at the time of her marriage that her sons should be brought up Protestants."

"For my part, I hate bigotry of all kinds," interrupted Churchill, not in the politest manner imaginable; "I can't conceive why Catholics and Protestants should not be as happy together as if they were agreed in every thing. I wonder Mrs. Morley does not see that Protestantism is just as good a religion for a gentleman as Popery. Now if you had wanted to make Basil a Dissenter, that would have been something like a reason for being unhappy; but I can't conceive what fault she can find with Basil as he is. I am for universal toleration."

"You are young and hot-headed, my good fellow," said my father kindly; "when you know more what Popery has done against the liberty and peace of your country, you will have the same dread of it that I have. Let me advise *you* never to marry a Catholic, if you care about religion at all. Neither Mrs. Morley nor myself cared so much about the matter when we married as we do now; and when we promised each other that Basil should not know of the difference



in our creeds till he was nearly grown up, we little knew how difficult it would be to keep such a secret, and how bitterly we should mourn over such a bar to our happiness as disagreement in the education of our child. But we have paid a heavy penalty; and I warn you for your own sake never to marry a Catholic."

"I'm not in danger of it at present," gaily cried Churchill, "unless I am smitten with the bright eyes of my fair cousin, Helen Darnley. *She's* a Catholic, for her mother was one, like Mrs. Morley; but I don't fancy Helen likes me particularly. She's the most liberal girl in the world, and cares nothing for any man's creed.—You shall meet her some day, Basil, when you come down into our part of the country. She'll soon be coming out, and I hear she waltzes splendidly already."

"Well, well," replied my father, "we'll say no more about it now. I have said a great deal more to you, Churchill, than perhaps was right from one so much older than you are; but I liked your honesty in telling me all, and I am sure you will not abuse my confidence in any way."

I never ventured to renew the subject in conversing with my father, for I felt how much he must dislike it. My affection for my mother was in no degree diminished by the discovery I had made; but the effect on my own religious feelings was most decided. It gave a stamp of unreality to all the instructions I had ever received from both father and mother, and made me esteem their good examples as a mere outward clothing, put on for the purpose of duping me. I respected their intentions, but I esteemed myself in a certain sense wronged and tricked. I bore no ill will towards them personally for what I thought a deception, but it shook violently my lingering faith in the living power of religion to realise all my young ideas of parental perfection. My father's hope that I should not be drawn towards my mother's creed was perfectly fulfilled; but at the same time I was unquestionably alienated from his own creed also, such as it was; or rather from that code of religious doctrine, the result of compromise between a Protestant father and a Catholic mother, which they had agreed between them to teach me.

The world was now rapidly becoming the god of my worship. I did not know it, indeed; I fancied myself the same as heretofore; but I can now perceive with what an increase of ardour I threw myself into my sports and studies, when I shortly afterwards returned to school. From all gross vice and odious language I kept myself free as ever; I abhorred them, both on principle and on the score of good taste and

feeling. I never neglected certain religious duties, such as my morning and evening private prayers; indeed, in one way, their fervour was quickened. I had already imbibed so sincere a dislike and dread of Catholicism, from books and periodicals, that the knowledge that my own dear mother was a Catholic only stimulated me to pray that I might be able to oppose a delusion so dreadful as to ensnare one so pure and amiable as she. Now and then, when opportunity offered, I read a little in the way of controversy, on the Protestant side alone, for my father had exacted a pledge from my mother never to allow me to see any of her books, or to speak to me on the subject.

One thing, however, was still inexplicable. How came there to be a Catholic chapel in Morley Court?

If I had dared, I would have questioned my father about it; to my mother I did not like to say any thing on a subject which caused her such exquisite pain. I could only suppose that my ancestors had been Catholics at no very remote period, for Morley Court had been handed down from father to son for many generations. And so it proved. Accident informed me that my great grandfather had been a Catholic, and that in fact my grandfather was the first Protestant in the family. The chapel, high up in an obscure part of the house, had been served by some of the priests who were then hunted down by agents of the bloodthirsty laws of the day, and the cell which opened upon the roof was the secret place where they were accustomed to hide when their lives were sought.

I remained at school till I was eighteen years old, devoted to the studies even more than to the sports of the place. Intellectual ambition was grown my ruling passion. How or where I was to triumph, I knew not. It was all one bright, glorious prospect before me. I beat my contemporaries with ease in most things that they attempted, though this was little proof of my abilities, for when Churchill was gone, there were no boys of any marked talents remaining. Already I looked to the House of Commons as the arena of my future victories, and with all the wild dreaming of a boy just entering upon a prosperous youth, I built castles in the air and revelled in their halls night and day. Still the forms and outward seeming of my more religious childhood and boyhood remained, and deceived me into a belief that I was as pious (though not fanatical) as I was accomplished.

Churchill had been already some little time at Oxford, and I was soon to follow him. Our friendship went on increasing; and after I left school I went down to spend a month in the



summer with him at his father's house in Derbyshire. I found a large party, chiefly of his relations, already gathered together, and disposed for all sorts of enjoyments. His father was a country gentleman of the old school, without its too prevalent coarseness. Abounding in animal spirits, and overflowing with good humour, he would scarcely tolerate the appearance of dulness in others, and sometimes forced people a little too much to enjoy themselves in his way rather than in their own. Proud of my friend, who was his only son, he gave me a cordial welcome, both for his sake, and from a natural love of shewing hospitality to every body within his sphere. He was a widower, but contrived to manage the domestic affairs of his household with as much energy as any lady could have displayed, and he had arranged a variety of amusements for the gratification of his visitors. He had one daughter, Edith, who was to come out on the occasion of the present festivities, which were partly planned with a view to initiating her into her duties as future mistress of his house.

Nothing material passed during the first few days of my visit. I enjoyed myself extremely, and was completely at home. I was in excellent spirits, and the effects of my school life and of the circumstances already detailed were every day deepening in my mind. Life seemed all joyous and hopeful. Who could have more than I had, or hoped to have? I was supremely contented with myself, and with every one around me.

In one quarter alone I found a dash of bitterness, yet so slight as to confer an additional relish on the sweetness of my cup. Among the guests at Mr. Churchill's was Edward's cousin, Helen Darnley. What were her feelings towards him, I could not tell. Towards myself they were a mixture of the flattering and the irritating, which kept my vanity perpetually on the stretch. Her beauty did not belie the report that her cousin had given me respecting it. Even now I think her one of the most strikingly handsome women I ever saw; and when I was but eighteen, she seemed in my youthful eyes the very embodiment of ideal beauty. So captivating a person I had never beheld. All that the fairest of faces and the brightest of eyes, when united with ease, self-possession, liveliness, a love of satire, and an unexceptionable style and dress, could do to fascinate an extremely self-satisfied youth, was quickly accomplished in my case by Helen Darnley. Still, I was afraid of her. She laughed at me to my face, when I assumed the man too coolly; and I could scarcely ever tell whether she was serious or bantering when conversing with me. Modesty certainly was not my failing; but I could hardly ever address



her without a sensation of gentle warmth diffusing itself over my countenance, and a consciousness that I might be exposing myself to her ridicule by that unpardonable offence in a young man's eyes—blushing.

A few days after my arrival a ball was given by Mr. Churchill, which was to be the formal introduction of his daughter to the gentry of the neighbourhood. Every body in the house anticipated it with eager pleasure, and Helen had repeatedly teased me by insinuating the gratification she should feel in witnessing my dancing performances. The evening came, and the gayest scene I had ever yet witnessed excited me beyond my wont. Brookfield Manor (as Mr. Churchill's house was called) possessed a large saloon, fitted expressly for such assemblies; and when Edith Churchill and Helen Darnley entered it, beneath the blaze of innumerable lights, and prepared to receive the guests, I thought the world could not furnish forth a more perfect example of the gentle and the brilliant than the two cousins before me. The room rapidly filled and the dancing began. For the second quadrille I had engaged Helen, and in the intervals of the dance we talked incessantly. As I have mentioned, Churchill had told me that she was a Catholic, but nothing had ever dropped from herself on any religious subject whatsoever. Some remark of mine introduced the name of my mother, and Helen replied,

"Your mother is a Catholic, is not she?"

"Yes," said I, rather confused.

"And you were brought up in your father's religion, after the approved custom?"

"Yes, I was. *Your* mother also was a Catholic?" said I.

Without replying to my question, she continued:

"My cousin Edward tells me that Mrs. Morley is a good deal pained at seeing her son educated in Protestantism."

"I fear she is so," I replied, a little surprised at the subject of conversation chosen for the pauses in a quadrille.

"Perhaps she is a very strict Catholic," continued Helen, "and does not like your school dissipations and the gaieties of your coming Oxford life?"

"As to her strictness, I cannot say; and, indeed, to tell you the truth, I do not quite understand you."

"Well, then, I shall conclude that she is not over strict, and would not be shocked at seeing you dancing for five or six hours with all the prettiest girls in this part of Derbyshire."

"You really puzzle me," said I; "what can have put such things into your head?"

"Oh, nothing of any consequence to you; only that this ball reminds me of what I used to hear a celebrated preacher

say when we were in Paris a few months ago. I used to wonder then what I should think of his severity at the next ball I should be present at in England; and, as it happens, this is the first ball I have attended since Father ——'s sermons."

"Surely he did not condemn balls," said I. "I thought that was a whim peculiar to English Methodists and Puritans; I fancied no Catholics objected to dancing."

"Why, to do Father —— justice," replied Helen, "I must say he did *not* condemn dancing altogether; but as to waltzing, he called it '*the devil's best friend,—le cher ami du diable*;' and, as you know, we are all mad for waltzing here, except my Uncle Churchill, who has the old-school prejudices on the subject,—I was rather curious to know what your mother thought about it."

Here the exigences of the dance separated us for a short space, while I marvelled at conversation so strange from the lips of a lively young lady, uttered as it was with scarcely any of those symptoms of bitterness with which gay Protestant damsels allude to the opinions of the more austere members of their own communion.

"Well, Mr. Morley," said Helen, with the archest of her smiles, when I stood again by her side, "are you about to do the young ladies of Derbyshire the honour of asking them to waltz this evening?"

What folly I uttered in reply I cannot recal. Whatever it was, it led to a promise from Miss Darnley to waltz with myself as soon as she was disengaged; and in a short time I was whirling along with her, in company with a band of waltzers, half wild with ecstasy, and drunk with delight. A thought *did* cross my mind, as she leaned more and more upon me for support, half giddy with the intoxicating motion, whether my devout mother would regard all this with approval; and a momentary, though decided doubt whether she would not be right in condemning it struck upon me: but all was gone, or *seemed to be gone*, in an instant. The blaze of lights gleamed before me; the joyous notes of the musicians roused me to more animated movements; and Helen's eyes swam with enjoyment, and were turned towards me without any of their wonted satirical gleam. It was Elysium; if not the Elysium of moralists, yet the Elysium of *nature*; and with a bounding heart I plunged into the enjoyment. What passed in the most secret depths of my soul, cannot be told; what line, hitherto respected, my hidden will then passed over, He alone knows who sees man as he is, without a veil.

That night, for the first time, I lay down without even attempting to go through the form of saying my prayers.



"Prayers cannot be required from any one so tired as I am now," I said to myself. It did occur to me that at least it would be required that, unless literally incapacitated, I should direct a *thought* of love and obedience towards God before giving myself to sleep. But I consciously put the reflection away from me; and though I lay tossing and sleepless on my pillow for an hour or two, no further recollection of Him whom I was now deliberately rejecting crossed my brain. The graceful form of Helen Darnley, as she floated, linked to me, through the mazes of the waltz, swam before my eyes till they were at length closed in slumbers. In the morning I awoke, and she was before me; an absorbing vehement *passion*, which it would be desecration to call by the pure name of a loving affection, had seized upon my heart. It was a species of wild adoration, at once stimulating, debasing, and selfish; and Almighty God, to whom I had at least, until now, *thought* that I had consecrated my first hours and my life, was, without an effort or a pang, forgotten. The fires of youth flamed up and burnt out all that yet lingered in me that was pure and without reproach.

[To be continued.]

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## COLLECTIONS ILLUSTRATING THE HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH BENEDICTINE CONGREGATION.

### CHAPTER V.

#### *SS. Adrian and Dionysius' Abbey at Lambspring.*

FROM Weldon's Chronological Notes (p. 136) we learn that, on 18th May, 1628, the German Benedictine Congregation of Bursfield surrendered their right and title to the abbey of Cismar in Ritelin, diocese of Lubec, recently recovered by the conquest of the emperor, Ferdinand II., who confirmed this donation to the English fathers on 22d April, 1629. His Majesty, on 12th March following, wrote to F. Sigebert Bagshaw, that he approved of the intention of F. Clement Reyner's setting up a seminary there, for the instruction of youth; and ratified the grant of Dobran in the duchy of Mecklenburgh, Scharnabeck in the duchy of Lunenburgh, Weine in the territory of Brunswick, and Lambspring in the territory of Hildesheim (158). But for the most part, the chances of war, and the conditions of political treaties, pre-



vented the English Fathers from deriving little more than nominal dignity and advantage. The valiant and religious emperor, after a reign of eighteen years, perpetually troubled with foreign wars and intestine commotions, died on 8th February, 1637.

The principality of Hildesheim descended to Ferdinand of Bavaria, Elector of Cologne. As lord in chief of Lambspring Abbey, he removed a community of Benedictine nuns, to whom it had been lent, and substituted the English Fathers shortly after. At the ninth chapter, holden at Douay, in 1645, it was decided that the first place in the congregation, after the president, should be the special right of the abbot of Lambspring.

The English Fathers now ambitioned a better conventual church with this improvement of their finances, and preparations were accordingly made. On 26th May, 1670, was laid the first stone of a spacious and noble edifice, which, with its eight or nine altars, was solemnly dedicated on 26th May, 1691. The organ had forty-eight stops. The dreadful conflagration which, six months later, destroyed the town of Lambspring, fortunately spared this abbey, and thus the good fathers were in a condition to afford shelter, and to exercise extraordinary relief and charity to the poor sufferers. Such practical religion produced the happiest effects on the Lutheran population, as F. Weldon relates (p. 213).

#### **Abbots.**

CLEMENT REYNER, D.D. of an ancient family in Yorkshire, and a younger brother of Dom Laurence, mentioned in the second chapter. He was professed at Dieulwart. Soon after he was sent to the mission, we find him a prisoner for the faith in his native county, 1st April, 1618. On his release, he was employed in reforming the great monastery of St. Peter at Ghent, where the community conceived such admiration of his prudent zeal, suavity of manners, and profound learning, that they were eager to retain him, and secure him for their abbot; but he was proof against ambition, and returned to his brethren, who duly appreciated his talents and religious virtues. At the ninth general chapter he was declared the first abbot of Lambspring. He lived very much considered in Germany, and died at Hildesheim, 27th March, 1651; whence his bones were brought to Lambspring in 1692; and there buried in the body of the church (p. 66). He gave the habit but to one person, Hugh Starkey, 2d Feb. 1649, afterwards chaplain to Lord Bellairs; but died director to the Nuns O.S.B. at Paris, 12th Feb. 1688.

PLACID GASCOIGNE, brother to the venerable Sir Thomas Gascoigne, Bart.,\* and to Dom Michael Gascoigne, “a painful missionary, who died 13th Oct. 1657, in the north of England in his return from York homewards” (177). Placid was professed at Dieulwart *before* he was sixteen years of age. On the discovery that this was opposed to the discipline of the Council of Trent (sess. xxv. cap. xv.), he had to renew his profession. “After completing his studies at Paris (p. 67), he spent sixteen years in the mission very profitably and advantageously to the Church, in great danger of his life, in a violent persecution.” Passing through several important offices, he was at length elected to succeed Abbot Reyner, and continued to preside until his death, 14th July, 1681, æt. 83. Rel. 66. sac. 57, and was buried in his abbey church, where he had given the habit to thirty-six brethren.

JOSEPH SHERWOOD, of the diocese of Ghent (but I believe of English parentage), was professed at Lamspring, 5th June, 1653. His predecessor, recognising in him industrious zeal, and a special talent for managing the temporalities, wisely obtained him for his coadjutor, and under this second Joseph “all things prospered in his hand.” (Gen. xxix.) He was very acceptable to the princes of the country, a great encourager of literary improvement, much given to hospitality; and notwithstanding his great expenses in rebuilding the abbey-church, and repairing other edifices, adds Weldon, p. 213, “he left fewer debts when he died, than he found when he was chosen Abbot.” He died at Hildesheim on 26th June, 1690, but was buried at Lamspring. This Abbot clothed thirty-six religious.

JAMES (MAURUS) CORKER was born in Yorkshire, and professed at Lamspring, 23d April, 1656. Sent on the mission, he was apprehended for Titus Oates’s plot, and stood his trial at the Old Bailey with Sir George Wakeman, William Marshall, and William Rumley on Friday, 18th July, 1679; but their innocence was so transparent, that the jury returned

\* He died at Lamspring amidst the prayers of the religious in 1686, aged 93. Eight years before his death the patriarchal gentleman was dragged to trial for plotting the murder of his Sovereign Charles II.!! But even in the delirium of this nation no jury could be cuffed to pronounce him guilty. Retiring to Lamspring to visit his dignified brother, he was admitted to the confraternity of the English Benedictine Congregation; and there passing the remainder of his days in preparing for eternity, was entombed near his departed brother.

We have seen at the Chapel House, Cheltenham, a beautiful portrait of the baronet, which ought to be engraved. Bromley, in his Catalogue of Engraved Portraits, mentions one of his sister Catharine, forty years Abbess of Cambray, who died 21st May, 1676, æt. 76. His daughter, Justina, died Prioress of the English Benedictine Nunnery at Paris in 1690, which she had governed for a quarter of a century.



a verdict of "Not guilty." Yet F. Corker was detained on the charge of his priesthood, and on the 17th January following was found guilty of that legal crime, received sentence of death as in cases of high treason. Whilst immured in Newgate, he is stated by F. Weldon (p. 201) to have gained above 1000 souls to God. His charitable assistance and consolatory attentions to Oliver Plunket, the Catholic Archbishop of Armagh, a prelate whose loyalty had been attested by four successive viceroys of Ireland, but now a victim destined for sacrifice to the imposture of the Popish Plot, excited the most grateful sentiments in the breast of that illustrious primate. At the accession of King James II., F. Corker was restored to liberty, and was even received by his Majesty at court as resident ambassador of the Elector of Cologne, Ferdinand of Bavaria,\* who also possessed the bishoprics of Liege, Munster, and Hildesheim. This appointment enabled him to erect a very pretty convent at Clerkenwell, but which subsisted for a very brief period. It seems to have been the first object of attack on the part of the infuriated populace when the news reached London of the safe landing of William Prince of Orange (Macaulay's *Hist.* vol. ii. p. 497). Forced to seek refuge on the Continent, F. Corker was declared the second president elect of the English Benedictine Congregation holden at Paris in 1689, two years later was voted Abbot of Cismar, and in 1693 was chosen Abbot of Lambspring, whither he caused the quarters of his friend, the martyred Archbishop of Armagh, to be transferred, and honourably entombed (*Weldon*, p. 205). The head seems to have come into the possession of the Dominican nuns at Drogheda through the first Prioress, Catherine Plunket. On 27th July, 1696, this worthy Abbot resigned his dignity, and returned to England, where he closed a life full of days and merits at Paddington, near London, 22d Dec. 1715. Five religious of the abbey received the habit from his saintly hands.

JOHN (MAURUS) KNIGHTLEY, of a good Warwickshire family, was professed at Lambspring, on 9th May, 1670. He was certainly in no favour with Weldon, who accuses him of being an ambitious partisan (p. 215). He governed the

\* We have seen him charged with indiscretion in accepting this public appointment; but it seems to have been overlooked that the preceding Abbot, even when Prior of Lambspring, had been sometimes accredited to the court of King Charles II. as envoy of this very Elector (*Weldon*, p. 212). The Prince had 20,000 men at his command; and, as Dr. Lingard observes (*Hist.* vol. x. p. 319), "in the war of 1672 the co-operation of his forces, and the favourable situation of his dominions, taught the French to prize his friendship, the allies to lament his enmity." Ob. May, 1688.



house for nearly thirteen years, dying 28th April, 1709, having given the habit to thirteen.

FRANCIS (AUGUSTINE) TEMPEST, of a family fruitful of religious, members of both sexes. He was professed at Lamb-spring, 9th October, 1664: elected Abbot 31st July, 1709, and for twenty years maintained with honour the dignity of his office. Ob. 17th November, 1729, having given the habit to twenty-six of his religious. At Broughton Hall is a portrait of this venerable Abbot.

JOSEPH ROKEBY, of Middlesex, professed at Lambspring, 21st December, 1703, was elected its Abbot on 6th February, 1730; he contributed much to the benefit and comfort of his community. He died 6th November, 1761, having given the habit to forty of his religious.

WILLIAM (MAURUS) HEATLY, of Salmsbury, Lancashire. He reached Lambspring for education on 14th July, 1736, aged 13; on 6th May, 1739, was admitted to the habit, and to his profession on 26th May of the ensuing year; was chosen Abbot 26th January, and blest as such on 10th February, 1762. He held the reins of government for an unusual period, dying 15th August, 1802, having clothed forty-eight members. He ceased to govern on the 1st of June preceding, when

PLACID HARSNIP was substituted as Superior of the community, consisting of twenty-one members only, including lay brothers and one novice. On 3d January, 1803, the King of Prussia's commissary Malchus formally announced to them the suppression of their house, with the allowance of a small pension, to be spent, however, within the king's dominions.

## CHAPTER VI.

### *Of the Martyrs and principal Confessors of the English Benedictine Congregation.*

In prælio Christi, moriendo vincitur, cadendo surgitur: victoria per interitum comparatur.—*Chrysostom, Hom. in Matthæum.*

Though the Benedictines entered rather later than the secular and regular clergy on the English mission, yet, as they obtained an accession of strength, they hastened to share in all the toils and dangers of their fellow-combatants. Nearly a dozen had the honour of glorifying God in their blood; several died in fetters, after receiving sentence of death for conscience' sake; very few escaped imprisonment and exile and the unjust spoiling of their goods.

The first who suffered death for priesthood was F. MARK

**BARKWORTH** or **LAMBERT**, a native of Lincolnshire. He had commenced his studies at the English College at Rheims, and finished them at Valladolid. Perhaps in the latter city he joined the Benedictine Order. Shortly after his return to England, he was arrested and condemned to die. He was drawn to Tyburn in his Benedictine habit, on 27th February, 1601, rejoicing to be thought worthy of suffering for the name of Jesus.\*

The second in the order of time was **GEORGE GERVASE**, born at Boseham in Sussex, of respectable Catholic parents: his mother was a Shelley. After completing his studies in the secular college at Douay, that sanctuary of learning and of martyrdom, and returning a missionary, he received the habit privately at the hands of Dom Austin Bradshaw. A gaol soon after enclosed this victim of the faith; and a cruel butchery at Tyburn was the recompense of his having exercised his apostolic ministry in England. He suffered on 11th April, 1608, æt. 37.

The third was **JOHN ROBERTS** *alias* **MERVIN** of Merionethshire. He had been educated at Rheims and Valladolid; made his religious profession in St. Martin's Abbey at Compostella, in 1595. Ordained priest in 1600, he departed at once for the mission. Like the giant, he exulted to run his course: nothing could be hidden from his glowing zeal. Four times imprisoned and as often banished, he persisted in returning to labour in the vineyard: at last, on the first Sunday of Advent, 1610, he was seized at the altar, and dragged in his vestments to gaol, whence, after a mock trial, he was hurried to consummate the sacrifice of himself at Tyburn, 10th December, 1610.

The fourth and fifth, **NICHOLAS SADLER** and **NICHOLAS HUTTON**, according to Weldon (p. 54), suffered death in the reign of King James I. This is attested by F. Sadler in his *Obits*, who quotes John Mullen in his *Idea Togatæ Constantiæ*, published in 1629, as also Menardus; but we can recover no details.

The sixth is **WILLIAM (MAURUS) SCOTT**, or **CRAUFORD**, whose memoir is beautifully given by the faithful Dr. Chaloner. We subjoin, however, two unpublished letters of the martyr, which were copied in 1695 from a MS. in the Archivium of the English College at Rome. The first was directed

\* "We are surprised that F. Weldon, in his Notes, p. 27, and Dr. Chaloner, in his Memoirs, should have omitted the important evidence given by himself under the gibbet of his *actual* profession in the Benedictine order. Profitetur se ex Sancti Benedicti scholâ monachum, qualis fuerat et Augustinus ille, qui a Magno Gregorio missus, hinc insulæ fidem pro quâ tum ipse patiebatur intulerat."—*Hen. More's Hist. S. J.* pp. 257, 8.



to F. Nicholas Hart *alias* Strangways, and F. John Percy *alias* Fisher, members of the Society of Jesus, who had been his fellow-prisoners at the Gate House, before his removal to Newgate. F. Percy *alias* Fisher, writing to the Rector at Rome (F. Thomas Owen) but three days after the martyrdom, thus expresses himself: "Mr. Scott was prisoner in the same place [the Gate House] where we are, which bred such mutual love betwixt him and us, that after he was removed, and specially designed to die, he found means to write a special letter to us two, which letter I sent to F. Blount, joining unto it a copy of another letter of his, written to two of his own brethren, both which I hope will be sent unto you. We wrote back again unto him to shew our gratitude and love to him and to his order; which letters of ours he took in so good part, as he entreated a dear friend of his to come to us, and to signify how great comfort he took in our letters, &c."

"RR. FF. and my highly respected friends,—Though my present and so urgent occasions (as you well know) challenge all that small time which I am like to enjoy to be employed in them, yet the obligations which I have to your worthy selves make me willing to take a little from myself to salute your reverences. For as I have had ever a reverend opinion of your holy society, and borne a singular affection thereunto, so have I ever desired some way to signify the same, which, seeing my stay with you so small, I did not; but these few lines perform that office. It hath not been my good hap at any time to live in any of your religious colleges; yet report has so abundantly supplied that defect, that my affection is not less than if I had actually been a witness of your religious conversation. When I was last in this prison it pleased good Father Blunt to remember me with a token. I often desired, both here and beyond sea, that he might be kindly thanked on my part, willing to be grateful to him of all other persons; that so charitably remembered me, altogether unknown to him. And thus much let me request you to signify, with my best remembrance to all the rest, the Very Reverend of your Society, hoping that, though I am not like to enjoy much of your so desired conversation on earth, yet that we shall have a joyful meeting in heaven.

"I have understood how careful you have been to assist me with your prayers in these my necessities. I have laboured in the same kind to make requital; but, because here they are not of that value to countervail yours, I will supply it in heaven, if it please God to make me worthy of that whereof I am in expectation. So with my kind commendations to your



worthy selves, I leave you very heartily saluted. Newgate, this 27th of May, 1612. Your devoted,  
WILLIAM CRAFTORD, *alias* SCOTT."

"My dearest brethren, *socii tribulationum*, I hope also in time *et passionum*. I am in very good health, nothing at all discouraged, but rather much animated. The common voice goeth of rigorous proceedings, even unto death; but who they are which are designed, is not so common, nor I think certainly known. My removing hath given occasion to all to suppose myself for one. And were it not that I am so guilty of my own too much unworthiness, I might peradventure also conceive so. But, looking upon this blessed company, I cannot any way induce myself to believe that Almighty God hath marked me, and not another, or not every one before me. But his judgments and decrees are secret. I dare not adventure to desire so great an honour; but through his grace I stand prepared *quælibet pati* for his honour and glory. I have disposed of all things concerning me interiorly; and to-morrow, God willing, of my soul. Thursday begin our sessions. Pray for me; but with no other intention but that God Almighty's will may be both in this and all other things performed in me and for me. Your assured loving brother,

MAURUS.

"P.S. Commend me most kindly to Mr. Fisher and Mr. Hart, and desire them to remember me."

The holy monk suffered on Whitsun Eve, 30th May, *o.s.*, or 9th June, *n.s.*, 1612. How came Mr. Dodd to omit his biography?

The seventh, THOMAS DYER, suffered before the end of King James the First's reign, but we have not been fortunate enough to obtain any circumstantial particulars.

The eighth was EDWARD (AMBROSE) BARLOW, brother to the renowned divine F. Rudesind B., so often mentioned in these pages. The martyr's biography is copious and edifying in Dr. Challoner's Memoirs, &c. On Friday, 10th September, 1641, his execution for priesthood took place at Lancaster, in the fifty-fifth year of his age, twenty-fifth of his religious profession, and twenty-fourth of his priesthood and mission.

The ninth, BARTHOLOMEW (ALBAN) ROE, suffered at Tyburn for the same glorious cause on 21st January, 1642.

The tenth, PHILIP POWELL *alias* MORGAN. From his childhood he was brought up by that meekest of men, F. Austin Baker. Dr. Challoner has done justice to his character. He went rejoicing to the Tyburn scaffold on 30th June, 1646, thanking his God for honouring him with the dignity of priest-

hood, and glorifying his goodness in calling him to the Order of St. Benedict. He had reached the fifty-third year of his age, the thirty-third of his profession, and twenty-sixth of his missionary life.

The only monk whose blood was shed for Oates' execrable Plot was THOMAS PICKERING, a good harmless lay-brother. We find him in 1671 on Queen Catharine's establishment, to attend on the six Benedictine Fathers at Somerset House, with his yearly allowance of 50*l*. On 17th December, 1678, he was tried at the Old Bailey, with others, for contriving and conspiring to assassinate King Charles II. His perjured accusers, Oates and Bedloe, swore that he agreed to accept 30,000 Masses for the benefit of his soul, instead of money, for firing a pistol at his majesty's person; and that when he had once a fair opportunity of despatching his majesty, his pistol hung fire from the looseness of the flint; and that for this negligence on his part he had suffered a severe discipline from his religious employers! Notwithstanding he was not allowed time to produce witnesses to prove his innocence, notwithstanding his solemn declaration that he had never seen either Oates or Bedloe, and that he had never fired off a pistol in his life, a packed jury, instigated by the brutal Chief Justice Scroggs, brought in a verdict of guilty, and he was condemned to suffer the death of a traitor.

Reprieved till the 9th of May, 1679, he was then drawn to Tyburn, and appealed to the multitude surrounding his scaffold, with his smiling countenance, whether he looked like a traitor. He had attained his fifty-eighth year. And still, *horribile dictu!* the king was satisfied from the beginning, that the plot was "all a fiction, never believing one tittle of it"!!! See vol. i. *Life of King James II.*, compiled from the Stuart Papers, by Dr. Clarke, librarian to King George IV.

Amongst the children of St. Benedict here, who have confessed Christ before men, the Coriphæus must be the last venerable Abbot of Westminster, JOHN FECKENHAM, whose memoir we reserve for the next chapter. His disciple ROBERT (SIGEBERT) BUCKLEY may claim the next place. This last surviving monk of Westminster Abbey died 22d February, 1610, æt. 93; blind during nearly the last three years of his life. "During forty years he had endured persecution for the Catholic faith, always shut up in some prison or other." (*Weldon*, p. 53.) And yet this patriarch was refused burial in the parish churchyard!!!

F. AMANDUS VENNER *alias* FARMER, a native of Devon, and monk of Dieulwart, a sedulous missionary and great sufferer



in long imprisonments and other persecutions patiently endured for the faith, died at London, 10th November, *o.s.*, 1628. (*Weldon's Notes*, p. 138.)

THOMAS EMMERSON, D.D., professed of St. Facundus, in Spain, died in England, 30th September, 1630; "famous for suffering imprisonments and banishments, having endured the heat of smart persecution." (*Ibid.* p. 147.)

F. FRANCIS FOSTER died at Stafford Castle, 4th June, 1631, and renowned for his imprisonments and banishments. (*Ibid.* p. 147.)

FELIX THOMPSON, who died 12th April, and F. GEORGE GAIRE, who survived till 21st November, 1634, had both been great sufferers for the faith. (*Ibid.* 152.)

F. LAURENCE MABBS, a courageous professor of orthodox faith, died in chains for the same in Newgate, London, on 20th July, 1641. (*Ibid.* p. 163.)

BONIFACE KEMP *alias* KIPTON, professed at Mont Serrat, and F. IDELPHONSUS HESKET, in 1644 were seized by the Parliamentary soldiers, and driven on foot before them in the heats of summer, by which cruel and outrageous usage they were so heated and spent, that they died either forthwith or soon after. (*Ibid.* p. 56.)

F. PETER (BONIFACE) WILFORD, of London, who was professed 8th September, 1609, died in Newgate 12th March, 1646, where he lay condemned for the faith, expecting every day to be executed, at the age of ninety. (*Ibid.* p. 48.) I find in the Newgate Calendar, printed by Thomas Payne, in Goldsmith Alley in Red Cross Street, London, 1641, that the reverend Father had been condemned on 13th December, 1641, with Edmund Fryer, "an old man and very feeble, in-somuch that he could scarce go at all."

F. JAMES (MAURUS) CORKER, of whom we have spoken as fourth Abbot of Lambspring, and whom we shall have to mention in the next chapter.

F. JOHN (PLACIDUS) ADELHAM, professed at St. Edmund's. He had been a Protestant minister, and after his conversion became one of the Benedictine chaplains in Queen Catharine of Braganza's establishment in 1671. Tried and condemned for the priesthood, after the fabrication of Oates' Plot, he died in Newgate; but we cannot ascertain the date of his death.

BENEDICT CONSTABLE, of Yorkshire, professed at Lamb-spring, 7th August, 1669: died 11th December, 1679, in



Durham gaol, into which he was cast a month after his arrival in England.

HUGH STARKEY, of the diocese of Chester, the only one professed at Lamspring by Dom Clement Reyner, the first Abbot, viz. 2d February, 1649. He was tried and condemned for his priestly character with F. Corker, after having been chaplain to Lord Bellasis. At the accession of King James II., it seems he was restored to liberty, and was appointed to be director of the English Benedictine nuns at Paris. There the venerable man ended his days, 12th February, 1688.

WILLIAM (AUGUSTINE) RUMLEY a lay brother, condemned for the plot of the miscreant Oates; but reprieved and set at liberty when King James succeeded to the throne. He survived till 8th February, 1717.

To this very imperfect catalogue might be added many names written in heaven, but unknown to us. And we are certain, that whenever typhus fever or cholera has appeared, the children of St. Benedict have yielded to none in venturing and sacrificing their lives in the heroic cause of charity.

## Reviews.

### RISE, PROGRESS, AND RESULTS OF PUSEYISM.

*Lectures on certain Difficulties felt by Anglicans in submitting to the Catholic Church.* By John Henry Newman, Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri. Burns and Lambert.

[Third article.]

WHILE the year 1841 was merging into the year 1842, a certain amount of entertainment was furnished by the proceedings of a very zealous clergyman, resident in Oxford, but with no local duty, whether clerical or tutorial. The Rev. C. P. Golightly was a member of Oriel College, the fountain-head of so much that is singular in Anglicanism, and which alone during the last twenty-five years has supplied to the Establishment a larger number of notorieties than all the rest of Oxford and Cambridge. The names of Whately, Arnold, Keble, Hampden, Newman, Hawkins, Coplestone, and Pusey, to those who are familiar with the variations of Protestant polemics, are sufficiently suggestive of the fertility of the Oriel intellect.

Mr. Golightly was, however, an individual of another stamp. An idle man, he had nothing to do but to be terrified at the Romanising tendencies of Tractarianism. More ardent than fastidious, he loved to gather together the gossip of the University, and to retail it with all the animation of frightened fanaticism. At length he could no longer restrain himself within the limits prescribed by conversation, and supplied a London ultra-Protestant newspaper with a piquant budget of news. Partly true, and partly false, his communications served to feed the flame of angry Protestantism; and parents began seriously to consider whether it was safe to trust their sons to the deadly influences of a seminary where Popery was taught, scarcely covered with a decent cloak.

A controversy with Mr. Golightly, and with a curious theorist calling himself a "Protestant Catholic," was speedily entered into by another resident in Oxford, much more able and more singular than Mr. Golightly himself. The Rev. William Palmer of Magdalen College was, and we believe still is, a devotee of the schismatic Greek Church. One of the most kind-hearted of men, he made himself specially obnoxious to the ultra-Protestant party by publishing a series of anathemas against every form and species of Protestantism, as defined by himself; "cursing," as it was said, in all directions with a gusto inapplicable to men who had hitherto regarded the right of private judgment as something sacred and divine. Mr. Palmer himself was, in truth, one of the most Protestant of Protestants; but he knew it not, and in professing his love for the Greek Church, which he accounted the most pure and apostolic communion on earth, he imagined that he was announcing to the Anglican world a remedy for all its woes. His pamphlets at this time were among the most curious phenomena of the day, and he was looked upon by undiscerning men as one of the most likely of the Oxford school to submit to the Church of Rome. The rattle of these random cross-firings was, however, quickly merged in the uproar of a new University contest. The author of *The Christian Year* had long filled the office of Professor of Poetry in Oxford, and his full time having expired, the Rev. Isaac Williams was put forward as the Anglo-Catholic candidate for the vacant post. He was the author of some of the poems in the *Lyra Apostolica*, and of a lengthy volume called *The Cathedral*, in which the various parts of an old Gothic cathedral were made to symbolise the Christian life according to the Anglo-Catholic idea. This poem contained many pleasing and beautiful passages in the midst of much that was tedious, and it was chiefly upon the ground of its merits that Mr. Williams now offered himself,



or rather was offered by his friends. But the writer of the Tract on "Reserve" was too notorious and dangerous a person to be elevated to any high post in a Protestant University, and a vehement contest for the professorship ensued. A Mr. Garbett, not till then known to fame, was the anti-Tractarian candidate, and after the usual amount of pamphleteering, leading-article writing, and newspaper correspondence, was elected as Mr. Keble's successor. The result was an undeniable blow to the Tract movement, and pretty plainly indicated what were the feelings of the majority of the members of the University. It was to be noted, further, that Tractarianism had a far larger number of adherents in the voting body of Oxford Masters of Arts than in the established clergy generally, the latter including the whole class of more elderly men, whose names were no longer found on the University books, and who therefore did not vote at its elections, but who were far less leavened with the new views than their juniors, who still took a part in University affairs.

By this time, therefore, the ultimate issues of the movement were distinctly visible. Its legitimate *direction* was to Rome; but its influence in the country was so small that they who pursued their principles to their necessary results must be driven from the Establishment by the voice of public opinion and Church law, even if their own consciences permitted them to stay. Moreover, signs of this ultimate development now multiplied in various forms. A small and extraordinarily ugly little chapel in the western part of London began to attract attention as the metropolitan home of pseudo-Popery, where Oxford caution was thrown off, and the ardent-minded "felt their way" with no timid hand. Margaret Chapel, under the direction of the Rev. Frederick Oakeley, a non-resident Fellow of Balliol College, supplied paragraphs innumerable to the newspapers. Flowers, and altar-candlesticks, and Gregorian chantings, and scarce concealed bowings, and strange modes of reading prayers, and frequent services, with a conspicuous cross over the communion-table, served to awake the suspicions of the wary, and in conjunction with a course of zealous and earnest preaching, and the self-denying lives of the chief minister and his friends, to persuade the frequenters of the chapel that here at least was a true "Catholic Revival," and that by the multiplication of Margaret Chapels the whole Anglican Establishment might be at length "unprotestantised."

To Margaret Chapel also was due no little of that phase of the movement which consisted in the "adapting" of Catholic books to "the use of members of the English Church," and



by the employment of which it has done so much good in preparing the minds of many of its congregation for the reception of the Catholic faith. This system was soon taken up by no less important a person than Dr. Pusey himself, and under the sanction of his name numerous publications made their way into houses and hearts where nothing that breathed of Catholicism had as yet found entrance. These books, indeed, were "expurgated" for the occasion with more or less severity of excision, according to the ardour, prudence, or real Protestantism of their editors. Those which bore Dr. Pusey's *imprimatur* were freely shorn, and all that seemed peculiarly Roman was rigorously banished. Others sailed as near the wind as the most daring of pilots could possibly steer; and when so much was admitted one could only wonder that *any thing* was thought to demand abolition. In both cases, however, a certain Catholic effect was produced. The mere fact that learned Anglican divines were forced to seek for books of devotion from the abhorred Church of Rome was sufficient to place the Anglican and Roman communions in a contrast by no means advantageous to the former. Moreover, if the fragments of the feast were thus sweet to the palate, who should say that what remained behind was less grateful and nutritious? And who would not yearn with affection towards a Church which could thus wonderfully minister to its children's health? Who could believe that the errors of Rome, if errors they were, were so very hurtful, when they permitted—if they did not even foster—the growth of a devotional literature whose exquisite perfections made the "standard Anglican divinity" insipid and palling to the taste? As to the more openly Romanising adaptations, it was impossible for Protestants to make a *bona fide* use of them without being powerfully drawn to a real obedience to Rome, and without losing rapidly their Protestant prejudices.

And the issue was what might have been expected. Many a person, now rejoicing in the blessings of the true faith, dates his first practical drawing towards the Church from his earnest use of these Catholic publications, maimed and mangled as they often were. It was not controversy that touched or moved him. Controversy struck him, agitated him, prepared him, informed him. It was on his knees, in the silence of solitude, when his lips were taught to utter the prayers of Catholic saints, and his heart to beat in tune with the aspirations of Catholic devotion,—that his *soul* began to yield to the influence of grace, and he felt the hand of God leading him to the fountains of waters.

The publication of such books as these created a pro-

portionate disturbance in the polemical atmosphere. High-Churchmen learned with disgust, and Evangelicals with horror, that the Tractarians were thrusting aside Wilson and Ken and Andrewes for St. Liguori and St. Bonaventure; while the domestic arrangements of sedate households were thrown into confusion by the introduction of Rules for keeping Lent, borrowed with scarcely a change from the present practices of the Church of Rome. Considering, indeed, the lengths to which Dr. Pusey and his more daring coadjutors went in their editorial eccentricities, we can only wonder that the disturbance they created was so little, and that a general hue and cry was not raised against them by the Protestant periodical press. We shall give a few extracts from some of their publications, to shew how rapidly the movement was taking its decidedly Catholic direction, and to enable our readers to recall the memory of the outburst of indignation which at length greeted the school of the Romanisers. The coolness with which some of these works were put forth *as being in undoubted harmony with the true spirit of Anglicanism*, was inimitable. Their authors, if they are now Catholics, must be astonished at their own past audacity.

In 1841 a little book appeared termed "*Horæ Canonicae; or, Devotions for the Seven stated Hours of Prayer.*" The preface thus spoke of the contents: "The whole, it may be well to say, is a translation from the daily Hours of the Roman Breviary. This need occasion scruples to no one in making use of it, as any one at all acquainted with our Anglican Liturgy knows how much it possesses in common with the Roman Ritual. And besides, care has been taken to leave out all collects, and hymns, and invocatory addresses, *which might seem to be at variance with what is truly primitive and Catholic.*" Nevertheless the *Horæ* contained passages not less strange to Protestant ears than the following:—"Let us pray for the faithful departed: Grant them, O Lord, eternal repose, and may perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace."—"O God, who through the fruitful virginity of Mary ever-blessed, hast bestowed upon mankind the rewards of everlasting salvation; grant, we beseech Thee, that we may evermore rejoice in Him, whom, through her, we have been found meet to receive as the Author of everlasting life."—"O God, who through their fasting bestowed pardon on the sinner, and rewards on the righteous, have compassion upon thy supplicants."

A book of "Devotions, commemorative of the most adorable Passion of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, translated from Catholic sources," contained an appendix consisting of



the Holy-Week Offices from the Roman Breviary, and recommended to men who had signed the Thirty-nine Articles such prayers as the following:—"We adore thy Cross, O Lord, and praise and glorify thy holy Resurrection; for lo, by this tree joy hath come throughout all the world." Then is added the Catholic hymn *Crux fidelis*, with a translation.

The "Advertisement" to "A Manual of Devotions for the Holy Communion, compiled from various sources," ran thus: "This little manual of prayers and meditations has been drawn up under a deep conviction that all devotional exercises on the Holy Communion must utterly fail of their object which do not involve a constant and explicit reference to the doctrine of the Real Presence, as taught in the Catechism of our Church." Among the "devotional exercises" thus introduced was comprised the hymn *Lauda Sion*, with a metrical version!

From "A Christian Calendar for the use of members of the Established Church," we must quote rather more at length, as it passed all its compeers in audacity. Conceive the sensations of country rectors, their clerks, sextons, and families, at the sight of the subjoined list of duties and directions, suddenly thrust into their hands for observance:—

"The six general Laws or Precepts of Holy Church:—

1. To assist at the Divine Offices on Sundays and holy-days, and to rest from servile work.
2. To fast during the time of Lent, on Ember Days, Rogation Days, and Vigils that are fasts; and to abstain from flesh on Fridays.
3. To confess our sins, as occasion is, to a learned and discreet priest.
6. Not to solemnise matrimony at certain seasons, nor to marry within prohibited degrees of kindred."

#### "FASTING.

"The general rule of abstinence is, (1) on all fasting-days out of Lent, and on all Fridays throughout the year, to abstain from flesh and broths, or other things made of flesh; and (2) during Lent, to abstain from flesh, and any thing made of flesh, and also from all white meats, as they come from flesh, such as eggs, milk, butter, cheese, &c.

"And the general rule for the quantity is, (1) to take only one full meal in the day, and (2) that not before sext or mid-day; and (3) a small collation is allowed at night, as a moderate support to the weakness of nature till next day at noon.

"Dr. Pusey, in his preface to the English translation of Avrillon's 'Guide for passing Lent holily,' gives the following as the rule for the Lenten Fast, *modified by the annual dispen-*



sations" (i.e. of the Catholic Bishops). "Flesh meat: Sundays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays, from the first Sunday in Lent to Palm Sunday inclusive; but on Tuesdays and Thursdays once only in the day. Eggs at the single meal of those bound to fast (after 21), and at the discretion of those not so bound, on all days except Ash-Wednesday and the last four days in Holy Week. Cheese, under the same circumstances, on all days except Ash-Wednesday and Good Friday. This 'meal' is, if necessary, about mid-day, and a half meal in the evening, or the reverse; liquids also, including milk if necessary, are not accounted to break a fast.' How far," added the author or authors, after quoting Dr. Pusey, "persons can conscientiously avail themselves of dispensations, while they reject the dispensing authority, is a question for their private judgment."

#### "THE HOLY SACRAMENTS.

"The two great Sacraments of the Church, necessary in general cases for salvation, are, (1) Baptism, and (2) the Holy Eucharist.

"Five lesser sacramental rites, not essential to salvation, are, (1) Confirmation, (2) Penance, (3) Extreme Unction, (4) Holy Orders, (5) Matrimony."

#### "COLOURS OF THE ALTAR-CLOTHS, COPES, AND VESTMENTS.

"*First Sunday after Epiphany.*—Deck the altar in *white*.  
*Septuagesima Sunday.*—Lent approaching; the altar is clothed in *violet*.

*St. Matthias.*—The colour for the altar is *scarlet*.

*The Preparation.*—The colour for the altar is *black*.

*Second Sunday after Trinity.*—The colour for the altar is *green*.

The copes and vestments follow the colour of the altar-cloth."

Coupled with these devotional books, the sallies of the *British Critic* every day excited more suspicion and indignation. An article on Bishop Jewell was one of the first which gave the alarm. In it the Reformation was called "a desperate remedy," and almost "a fearful judgment." Jewell himself, who was at the same time termed "a very unexceptionable specimen of an English Reformer," met with no mercy; and the notion that the earlier Reformers were *martyrs* was treated as scarcely better than a bad jest. By and by the following startling announcement was made: "It ought not to be for nothing, no, nor for any thing short of some vital truth, that persons of name and influence should venture on the part of 'ecclesiastical agitators.' An object thus momen-

tous we believe to be the *unprotestantising* (to use an offensive but forcible word) of the National Church. As we go on, we must recede more and more from the principles, if any such there be, of the English Reformation.”\*

A subsequent Number of the Review thus spoke of the Church of England, the writer being a clergyman who every time he ascended the University pulpit described the same Church as “a pure and apostolic branch” of the Church of Christ. This “branch Church” is charged with “a sort of Antinomianism, *i.e.* an establishment or creed, the means of grace *necessary* to salvation, and some formularies for the most important occasions, *without* a system of religious customs, and practices, and acts of faith, sufficiently numerous, distinct, and specific, *to satisfy the wants and engage the attention of the Christian soul.*” The same article alleges that in the Establishment “the last remnants of the ancient Catholic system, with all its native good as well as its engrafted evil, had been withdrawn, and *the glorious privilege of teaching and training the elect to Christian perfection was taken away from the Church.*”†

At the same time the *Critic* informed its readers that “our own opinion is that individuals would, at present, act (*in the abstract*) quite unwarrantably in leaving us for Rome.”

In later Numbers the writers continued in the same strain, with less and less circumlocution. To talk of the “blessing of emancipation from the Papal yoke” was called a phrase of “bold and undutiful tenour.” The monastic life was described as “most nearly of all things resembling the divine.” Protestant missionaries were spoken of as pretenders in contrast with the Catholic missionaries. To say that it is a “tax on a Christian’s credulity” to believe in transubstantiation was scouted as a self-evident absurdity. The Pope was declared “the Primate of Christendom,” and as, “*to say the least,*” pronounced by all antiquity the first Bishop in the Christian Church. He is “the earthly representative” of Jesus Christ; the Holy See is “the proper medium of communion with the Catholic Church.” Processions and pilgrimages were said to be useful, and the intercession of Saints availing. The sinlessness of our Blessed Lady was taught as a necessary consequence of the doctrine of the Incarnation; and, on the whole, scarcely a prominent Catholic doctrine or practice can be named, which the *British Critic* writers did not single out for eulogy, more or less cautious, as they imagined they might calculate on the obtuseness or helplessness of their anti-Romanising fellow-churchmen. The premature termination of their labours we

\* Brit. Crit. No. lix. p. 45.

† Ibid. No. lxi. pp. 44, 53.



shall in due time notice, and must now recur to the regular course of events in the year 1842.

Already gossip was busy with the supposed private leanings of the leaders of the movement, and it was whispered that Mr. Newman and others were beginning to *doubt* whether the Establishment was a living branch of the Catholic Church. That he *had* begun already to doubt this, and that an article of Cardinal Wiseman's in the *Dublin Review* (on the Donatists) had contributed to strengthen those doubts, he has himself since publicly stated. But for some time his hidden fears were matters of speculation only; though the suspicion once aroused, it gathered consistency from every little incident that could possibly be twisted into connexion with it. At length, in the last month of 1842, a mysterious letter was circulated in certain newspapers, first appearing in the *Conservative Journal*, which made many a youthful heart palpitate, and convinced the *gobemouches* of Protestantism that after all Mr. Newman *was* a Jesuit in disguise. It bore no signature, but every body at once recognised it as the writing of the Vicar of St. Mary's, and it was felt that for *him*, after such a change of opinion as he now confessed, to remain ultimately in the Establishment was morally impossible. The writer specified a large number of quotations from various works of his own, in which he had used language in condemnation of the Church of Rome, sometimes calm and argumentative, but for the most part harsh and bitter. Upon these he now made the following remarks, which, though ambiguous as a Delphic oracle, were perceived to be tantamount to an admission that he repented of having used them.

"Perhaps," he said, "I have made other statements in a similar tone, and that, again, when the statements themselves were unexceptionable and true. If you ask me how an individual could venture, not simply to hold, but to publish such views of a communion so ancient, so wide-spreading, so fruitful in Saints, I answer, that I said to myself, 'I am not speaking my own words, I am but following almost a *consensus* of the divines of my Church. They have ever used the strongest language against Rome, even the most able and learned of them. I wish to throw myself into their system. While I say what they say, I am safe. Such views, too, are necessary to our position.' Yet I have reason to fear still, that such language is to be ascribed in no small measure to an impetuous temper, a hope of approving myself to persons I respect, and a wish to repel the charge of Romanism. An admission of this kind involves no retractation of what I have written in defence of Anglican doctrine. And as I make it for personal reasons, I



make it without consulting others. I am as fully convinced as ever, indeed I doubt not Roman Catholics themselves would confess, that the Anglican system is the strongest, nay the only possible, antagonist of their system. If Rome is to be withstood, it can be done in no other way."

The year 1843 witnessed fresh contests between the movement and the governing powers of Oxford. In the first, Dr. Pusey was the champion of Anglo-Catholics, and the disturbance which ensued was not confined to the walls of the University. The newspapers of the day entered heart and soul into the conflict, and the whole empire was nearly persuaded that transubstantiation had been taught in Oxford by a Regius Professor appointed by the Crown. The facts of the case were these. On the 14th of May, Dr. Pusey's turn to preach before the University came round. He preached on the holy Eucharist as a means for the remission of post-baptismal sin, and in the course of the sermon spoke of the consecrated bread and wine as being really in themselves the body and blood of Jesus Christ; so that the sacred body and blood actually touched the lips of the communicant. On the following morning, Dr. Godfrey Faussett, the Margaret Professor of Divinity, and Mr. Newman's old antagonist, in no wise intimidated by the castigation he had received, made a formal complaint to the Vice-Chancellor, declaring that "heresy" had been preached, demanding that a certain board provided by the University statutes for such cases should be instantly summoned, and undertaking to make good his accusation. Dr. Faussett himself was one of the Board, as by statute he held the position of Dr. Hampden, who by the University censure had been disqualified from taking the accustomed place of the Regius Professor of Divinity at this Protestant inquisition. The other members of the "holy office" were five: Doctors Jenkyns, Symonds, Jelf, Ogilvie, and Hawkins. The whole "six doctors" (as they were called) if they were not *Catholic* in the same sense as the Dominican inquisitors of the Roman Church, were at least Catholic in the sense now fashionable in certain semi-infidel quarters; for they represented *all* the phases of respectable Anglo-Protestantism, save that of the accused himself. Dr. Jenkyns represented the genuine University "heads of houses;" Dr. Faussett, the genuine University "divines;" Dr. Symonds, the moderate Evangelicals; Dr. Jelf, the old-fashioned High-Church school, with a dash of Tractarianism; Dr. Ogilvie, the same without the dash; and Dr. Hawkins, the moderate Latitudinarians. They only agreed in one point, *i. e.* in esteeming Puseyism a dangerous thing. These six called officially for a copy of the

sermon, and lost no time in condemning it. They could not, indeed, agree so far as to pronounce a *collective* judgment; this was, no doubt, impossible; each inquisitor sent in his "view," and the result was the suspension of Dr. Pusey from preaching before the University for two years. Dr. Pusey had the poor consolation of obtaining a sale for the sermon, which he published, almost unexampled.

In the mean time Dr. Hampden was enjoying his own private demonstration against Tractarianism, and was quietly victimising the Rev. R. G. Macmullen, then a fellow of Corpus Christi College. By the statutes of his college, Mr. Macmullen was bound to take the degree of Bachelor in Divinity at a certain period, under the penalty of losing his fellowship. This period was now arrived; and so it happened that at this very time the Heads of Houses, who had never thoroughly liked their condemnation of Dr. Hampden, were planning measures for reversing the sentence passed by the University a few years before. Now Mr. Macmullen was well known in Oxford, not only as a strenuous supporter of the condemnation, but as taking a very active part in resisting the reversal proposed by the Heads of Houses. The rules of the University requiring that candidates for degrees in divinity shall publicly defend certain *theses* as the preliminary to the conferring of the degree, and that this shall take place in the presence of the Regius Professor of Divinity, Mr. Macmullen waited on Dr. Hampden, and, as a matter of courtesy, asked him to specify the theses for him. The usual practice had been in such cases for the professor to shew the candidate a list, and desire him to choose for himself. But Dr. Hampden knew better. He had a Puseyite under his thumb, if he had not Dr. Pusey himself. He therefore uncivilly dismissed the applicant, promising to send the theses, which he delayed until the Convocation had refused to reverse his own condemnation. He then sent two theses for Mr. Macmullen to write upon, to the effect that the Church of England teaches that no change takes place in the eucharistic elements by consecration, and that she does not hold the twofold authority of scripture and tradition. Mr. Macmullen declined the Professor's theses, and attempted to bring him to reason, on the ground that custom and not law gave the professor the power of choosing them. This Dr. Hampden refused to admit, and the Vice-Chancellor (Wynter) supported him. Thereupon Mr. Macmullen brought an action for damages against the Professor in the University Court, and gained the day. The Professor then appealed to the Delegates of Congregation, a court which Justice Erle, then Mr. Erle, who was retained



for Dr. Hampden, declared to be the "funniest" court he had ever appeared in. Mr. Macmullen's cause was pleaded by Messrs. Hope and Badeley, two very eminent lawyers; but the delegates were on Dr. Hampden's side, and Mr. Macmullen was beaten, and further, had to pay the Professor's costs, amounting to 130%. Mr. Macmullen's next step was to accept the obnoxious theses, and *oppose* them, instead of defending them. When the first exercise was ended, Dr. Hampden stood up, and cried, "*Non placet!*" and again the applicant was discomfited. Still he fought on, and compelled the Board of Heads of Houses to recur to the old statutable form: the Professor was forced to preside, not as dictator, but as moderator, at the exercises; and Mr. Macmullen, having discussed the doctrine of purgatory *affirmatively* in the summer of 1845, after a two-years' conflict, obtained his degree. Such was one of the episodes of Tractarianism, which stirred the dust in clouds in Oxford, but was overlooked in the hubbub of the general warfare by the public eye.

The close of 1843 was marked by the death of one publication and the birth of another, sufficiently significative of the energy of the Romanisers, and of the dislike entertained towards them in high Protestant quarters. The *British Critic* had long passed from the editorship of Mr. Newman to the hands of the Rev. Thomas Mozley, a Wiltshire clergyman of great abilities and wit. His "diocesan," the Bishop of Salisbury, at length could endure it no longer. The Popery of the Review was too glaring to go uncondemned; and accordingly, in an episcopal charge, Dr. Denison spoke of it in terms which induced Mr. Mozley to give up his connexion with it. The publishers and proprietors of the journal, long connected with the old High-Church party, then thought it their most prudent part to extinguish the review altogether, and a new quarterly, *The English Review*, arose upon its ruins, and still lives among the most unscrupulous of anti-Catholic periodicals.

Of the writers thus condemned to silence as critics, several found occupation in a series of volumes of *Lives of the English Saints*, a prospectus of which was about this time issued, under the editorship of Mr. Newman, who, however, after a time, relinquished the superintendence of the work. These biographies adopted as far as possible an actual Catholic tone and Catholic phraseology. They ignored Protestantism, and assumed that the writers were in actual communion with the Church of St. Augustine, St. Stephen Harding, and St. Wilfrid. For a time the inimitable coolness of the whole proceeding, united with an undoubted freshness and ability in the style of



the *Lives* themselves, prevented the non-Romanising section of the Anglo-Catholics from detecting the true spirit and meaning of the elegant little volumes now presented to their perusal. Many of the *Lives* accordingly gained a considerable circulation; and if they helped on no others in their journey towards Catholicism, they certainly, in several instances, assisted the writers themselves into the fold of the Church. Of all the Tractarian publications, none became so well known to English Catholics as these *Lives*; and it was felt that either their authors were the most unblushing of hypocrites, or that ere long they would seek peace and rest in reconciliation with Rome.

In the following year Oxford was again agitated by a University struggle. Mr. Newman himself, and some of his friends, had already ceased to take any active part in controversies of any kind; but the resident body of Puseyites in Oxford was still extremely numerous and powerful, and they were still undaunted by defeat. In the autumn of 1844 a new Vice-Chancellor was to be approved by Convocation, a body which includes all Masters of Arts of the University whose names remain on the College books, whether resident or non-resident. The Vice-Chancellorship is ordinarily an office held by some head of a college for four years, at the expiration of which term a successor is nominated by the Chancellor, whose choice it remains with Convocation either to approve or reject. It is the usual rule with the Chancellor to proceed in a certain rotation in thus selecting his nominee. In the present instance the expected nominee was Dr. Symonds, Warden of Wadham College, one of the notorious "six doctors" who had victimised Dr. Pusey. He was an amiable man, and personally not unpopular, but a decided anti-Puseyite. An agitation was accordingly got up against his appointment. The usual amount of "correspondence" filled the columns of the newspapers; and on the day appointed for the meeting of Convocation, a large gathering of Masters of Arts testified to the interest felt in the struggle. The Puseyites had not chosen their object of attack felicitously; the battle bore too personal an aspect; and, out of 1065 voters, 882 confirmed the nomination of the Chancellor Duke, the majority being thus about four and a half to one.

The agitation now took a new form. Great events proverbially arise from little things, and the proverb was not falsified in the present instance. A certain Mr. Cameron was the incumbent of a country church in Berkshire, at which a no less influential individual than Mr. Walter, the chief proprietor and autocrat of the *Times* newspaper, was wont to

*Rise, Progress, and Results of Puseyism.*

attend. Now Mr. Walter had doubtless for some time sorely repented in secret of his flirtations with Tractarianism, but hitherto had found no opportunity for casting off his *protégés* with any semblance of decency. Family connexions also, it was whispered, did certain good service to the movement in the councils of Printing House Square; and certain it is that the year 1844 was drawing to its close, and found the *Times* still constant to the author of the letters of *Catholicus* and his friends. It remained for Mr. Cameron to dissolve the charm. In those days the ceremonials since perfectionated at St. Barnabas', Pimlico, were yet in their infancy; and modest Puseyites contented themselves with saying the prayers with their backs to the people, with preaching in a surplice, with placing two unlighted candles on their communion-tables, and, in some cases, with making an offertory collection after the sermon every Sunday morning from the whole congregation, whether communicants or not. These customs Mr. Cameron, a mild follower of the movement, resolved to adopt, and, in his simplicity, forgot to consult Mr. Walter, his wealthy parishioner. No sooner was the offertory-plate handed to the master of the *Times* than he resolved to set the country in a flame. It was an insult to the tenderest part of a Briton's personality—his pocket; it was the crowning act of the whole system of Romish mummeries which Mr. Cameron was adopting, and which Mr. Walter himself had so long unwillingly defended. Immediately he sent for or communicated with some individuals in his staff of writers, and commanded a series of "leaders" against the offertory, the surplice, and the whole crowd of Tractarian enormities. Much in the same strain as the same newspaper, under the guidance of the son of Mr. Walter, has striven to inflame the nation against the Catholic prelacy; day after day, and week after week, the *Times* lashed the populace of every town and village where the surplice appeared in the pulpit, and the offertory-plate was handed round, into a frenzy of rage. The excitement almost approached the hubbub created by the approach of Cardinal Wiseman to our shores; and the effects were far more disastrous to the poor Puseyites than any thing that the newspapers have been able to effect against the Catholics. Their churches were in some places taken by storm; yellings and hootings saluted the appearance of the obnoxious white vestment; the clergy were driven to fly by back-doors; and those were fortunate who escaped being involved in the proceedings of a court of justice. Vestries met, churchwardens harangued, bishops were memorialised, and hundreds of correspondents filled the newspapers with their indignation. The



episcopal favourers of Tractarianism were in a dilemma; the Queen was said to be a decided anti-Puseyite; the Ministry were decidedly unfavourable; Sir Robert Peel was known to be no more a friend than the Whigs; there was nothing to be done but trim the boat and sit out the storm, a few tubs being thrown to the journalist whales which lashed the sides of the trembling bark. In the end, victory, on the whole, was with the anti-Puseyites. The offertory was postponed, the surplice hung up in the vestry, and the *Times* began to think that it divided the royal supremacy in spiritual matters with the Majesty of England.

Meanwhile a struggle was impending, in which the adverse hosts were to be gathered together in their utmost numbers; and nothing less than the doctrines of the Council of Trent were to be fought for in the heart of Protestant Anglicanism. Already murmurs were heard in divers quarters respecting the audacities of a certain elaborate volume, of no mean size and undeniable ability; and its author was spoken of as the most daring of all the Romanising Puseyites. The Rev. W. G. Ward, Fellow of Balliol College, had long ago been deprived of his tutorship for his advocacy of the views of Tract 90. He was a marked man both in Oxford and London, in which latter place the Bishop had inflicted a species of censure upon him. In the July of 1844 he put forth the result of his meditations in the shape of an Essay on *The Ideal of a Christian Church*. The ability of the volume no one could deny; its religious spirit few ventured to question; its searching expositions of the hollowness of Protestantism, and its eulogies, at once glowing and discriminating, on the system of the Church of Rome, opened the eyes of many a prejudiced Puseyite to the baselessness of Anglo-Catholicism, and tempted him to sigh for the blessings of that Church for which Mr. Ward himself did not hesitate to express his deep respect and affection. After six months' meditation, the governing body in the University decided upon their course. A commission to examine the obnoxious book was named; certain passages, most astounding to Protestant ears, were selected; and a new statute was to be proposed to Convocation, "degrading" their writer from his degree as Master of Arts in the University, on the ground that the passages recited were inconsistent with the good faith of Mr. Ward in his signature of the Thirty-nine Articles, in virtue of which he had been admitted to the degrees of Bachelor and Master of Arts. At the same time, a new test was drawn up for the sanction of Convocation, which would have compelled all persons taking degrees at Oxford, or holding office or place in the University, to declare that



they signed the Articles in the sense in which they were put forth by the original framers. The absurdity of the latter scheme was so palpable, that, after a vehement opposition, the Heads of Houses gave way, and the test was never proposed. Considering that the opinions of the framers of the Articles were like the unknown quantities in an algebraic equation, it was difficult to say whether *any* honest man, with his eyes open, could assert that he held the Articles in such a sense.

Not so, however, with the author of the *Ideal*. There was no doubt about *his* opinions. He had printed a book in which he declared that he held all the doctrines of the Council of Trent; and the opportunity for enlisting an army of good Protestants to crush him and Puseyism together was not to be foregone on any scruples as to the inconsistencies practised by Evangelicals in denying the grace of the sacraments. Again, therefore, pamphlets and letters swarmed innumerable. Mr. Ward briefly defended himself and explained his position in print. It soon became known that the odiousness of a personal attack, and the unpleasant vagueness of the decree of condemnation which was to be presented to Convocation, would draw to the side of the accused hundreds of men who abhorred Roman doctrine as much as he loved it; but the authorities were bent on "making an example," and the day of trial came at last on the 13th of February, 1845. So fierce a theological storm had not swept through the cloisters of Oxford within the memory of those alive. The passionate electioneering contest which impelled country parsons almost to come to blows, when Sir R. Peel took up the cause of Catholic Emancipation, and vacated his seat for the University, was a political struggle. But now at length the Fellow of a College was to be arraigned for the most ultra-Romanising; and, for the first time since the Reformation, the doctrines of the Catholic Church were to be publicly avowed in the nursery of half the clergy of the Protestant Establishment. Truly it was a wonderful sight for those who could read the signs of the times, and remembered how vast must have been the change in England before such a thing could have become a *possibility*.

The accused was permitted to defend himself, and the Oxford law which requires all University proceedings to be conducted in Latin was dispensed with in his case, it being still obligatory on all who wished to speak after him. He spoke for an hour and a half, not qualifying in the slightest degree his published opinions, but arguing on the incompetence of the tribunal, and the injustice of the censure proposed. In the end, the condemnation of the passages from the *Ideal*

was carried by 777 votes to 386, but the proposition to degrade their author from his degree by only 569 to 511. It is certain that Mr. Ward's speech exercised a most decided influence in increasing the minority in his favour.

On the same day another proposition was brought forward by the Board of Heads of Houses. Disappointed in their desire of imposing an anti-Puseyite test in the shape of a general declaration in favour of the theology of the Reformers, they hoped that in the concrete form of Tract 90, the abstract abominations of Puseyism would cease to be impalpable; and the moment after Mr. Ward, was declared to be degraded, a statute was proposed condemning such modes of interpreting the Thirty-nine Articles as Tract 90 had suggested. Upon this the two proctors (who are Masters of Arts annually chosen for the purpose of preserving the discipline of the University) rose in their place and exercising a privilege accorded to them by the University constitution in extreme cases, put their veto upon the proposed law. It was well known that such would be the result, and more than 500 Masters of Arts had already thanked them for the act in anticipation. The anti-Ward majority, however, were not to be so discomfited, and a counter-requisition, signed about as numerously, was soon presented to the Vice-Chancellor, the two Puseyite proctors being on the point of leaving office, calling upon him to take steps for the re-introduction of the rejected censure. After some weeks of delay, the Heads of Houses found that the feeling against attacking Mr. Newman was too strong to be trifled with, and they dismissed all thoughts of proposing the condemnation to the Convocation.

The battle now broke out in another quarter. While Mr. Ward protested formally against the decree which censured and degraded him, and proceeded to take measures for bringing the question before the Court of Queen's Bench, Mr. Oakeley, of Margaret Chapel, and now Senior Fellow of Balliol College, in his two capacities wrote two letters, one to the Vice-Chancellor, the other to the Bishop of London, avowing his agreement with Mr. Ward's principles, claiming to *hold* (as distinguished from *teaching*) "all Roman doctrine," and asserting that unless he was *personally* censured, he should continue to retain his position in the Church of England notwithstanding the condemnation of his opinions in the case of Mr. Ward. The Bishop of London lost no time in acting upon the opportunity. He brought Mr. Oakeley before Sir H. Jenner Fust, in the Court of Arches, and for a while the usual legal proceedings went on quietly. At length, early in



the month of June, Mr. Oakeley felt that nothing satisfactory to the general question could result either from his acquittal or condemnation, and he wrote to the Bishop, declining to defend himself, and resigning his license as minister of Margaret Chapel. The chapel fell into the hands of his curate, Mr. Richards, who took care not to affront the Bishop, and who has been accordingly ever since permitted by Dr. Blomfield to minister in the same place, with a view of holding together a congregation with good reason suspected of strong Romanising tendencies.

While Oxford was thus rent with divisions, and the towers of the Eternal City were rapidly rising on the horizon before the eyes of the wearied travellers, still dreaming of some hidden home and rest in the Anglican Church, the sympathising movement in the sister University received a mortal blow. Tractarianism in Cambridge had from the first assumed an architectural form. The ecclesiology of the Cambridge Camden Society had developed into a bastard-Romanism with a marvellous growth. Its eccentricities, however, are too long to tell in our present number, and must be reserved for another article, when we shall trace the movement from its break-up to its present condition of recurring infancy.

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#### MISS STRICKLAND'S QUEENS OF SCOTLAND.

*Lives of the Queens of Scotland, and English Princesses connected with the Regal Succession of Great Britain.* By Agnes Strickland. Blackwood and Sons.

FEW historical writers have been as fortunate as Miss Strickland in pleasing the popular taste of the present day. Happy in the subject of her first work, she contrived through the whole of her twelve volumes of *The Queens of England*, to preserve the attention of a class of readers perhaps more miscellaneous than those which any other living author can claim as his own. Unaffected in style, and well informed as to the substantial matter of her lives, she mingled together history, biography, and gossip in such a pleasant combination as suited the palates of lady and gentleman, of young and old, of High Church and Low Church, and even (notwithstanding certain drawbacks) of Catholic as well as Protestant. The naturalness too with which her frequent details of dress and splendour in equipment flowed from her pen, gave a cer-



tain genuinely *feminine* air to her narratives, which if not precisely attractive to all her readers, commended them to many a fireside where the more stern realities of biography and history seldom find hearty acceptance.

That Miss Strickland has done good service to the Catholic religion in England can scarcely be doubted; and she would herself hardly quarrel with us for saying as much, if we would permit her to alter our phrase into "good service to historical truth." That she has written with any concealed theological views we do not for a moment suppose. She has merely stated what an honourable-minded writer could not help stating on turning to the real sources of English history, without any violent bias towards any preconceived judgments. Nevertheless she is entitled to *our* thanks for unveiling—as far perhaps as any honest Protestant could unveil them—both the hallowing influence of Catholicism even in royal houses, and the absurdity of many of the vulgar conceptions which our misguided countrymen receive as undoubted historical truth.

The materials for the work before us were partly collected during the progress of the *Queens of England*. The first volume (all that is as yet published) contains the lives of Margaret Tudor, Queen of James IV., of Magdalene of France, first Queen of James V., and the commencement of the life of Mary of Lorraine, the same monarch's second wife. The most interesting of the lives, that of Queen Mary Stuart, is thus yet to come; and it will be by her success in treating the biography of that most ill-fated of a long race of ill-fated sovereigns, that Miss Strickland's success will be most satisfactorily tested. As a preliminary to the forming of any final estimate of Mary's moral character, and of the genuineness or insincerity of her religious principles, we suggest to Miss Strickland a previous earnest study of the peculiar hold which the *faith* of Catholics generally retains upon them, even in the midst of a laxity of conduct which in almost all Protestants is accompanied with a denial or utter forgetfulness of the religious doctrines in which they may have been brought up. It is this striking difference between the effects of the two creeds that stamps such unsatisfactoriness on almost every Protestant attempt, even when intentionally most candid, at estimating the character of Catholics whose conduct has been marked by glaring inconsistencies, and who, to the undiscerning eye, seem to have been either dupes or hypocrites. Even in the last stages of vice and sin a Catholic is generally conscious of the reality, the awfulness, and the attractions of the religion which he is habitually dishonouring; and his sudden penitence is consequently very often as genuine and deep as

it is irreconcilable with any grounds of Protestant experience.

The lives in Miss Strickland's present volume are full of curious information, though, as a whole, less interesting than the subsequent volumes of the series cannot fail to be. Still they present many curious little incidents, and supply that same species of *picture* of the past which we miss in ordinary histories of far more pretence; and the impression that remains is at once vivid and lasting. Margaret Tudor herself (who occupies the greater part of the volume) is, in truth, very far from forming a peculiarly happy subject for her biographer's pen. The odiousness of her character is utterly unrelieved by any thing either womanly or conscientious. A genuine sister of Henry the Eighth, she has nearly all her brother's vices, with an additional meanness and pettiness of character all her own. With marriages, divorces, and begging for money, for the chief incidents of her career, we only want the blood-thirstiness of the English tyrant to complete the family likeness.

The life of her daughter-in-law, Magdalene of France, is a little episode of royal love-making, all the more interesting for its contrast with Margaret's delinquencies. Of the story of James the Fifth's second Queen we have only the commencement.

A few paragraphs from the history of Margaret Tudor's marriage with King James will shew how gallantly the chivalric sovereign welcomed his bride, and how ready *he* was to convert an alliance dictated by policy into a union of hearts and personal interests. Margaret at this time was still a girl, but the bridegroom was as deferential to her as the customs of the age could possibly demand for the maturest bride. He met her on her way to Edinburgh, where the marriage was to be solemnised; and after relating his first courtesies, Miss Strickland goes on:

"At supper-time the next day, James IV. came again to the Castle. The Queen being aware of his approach, made haste to meet him with very humble curtsies; and, after their usual salutations, they went apart for private discourse. The Queen, in her turn, shewed her musical skill by playing on the lute and clavi-chord; but ever, while she played on these instruments, King James knelt beside her with his head uncovered.

"At the supper, which was served after the Queen had done playing, the King sat in the chair of state at the head of the table, the Queen on his right hand; but the stool on which she sat not being easy, the King rose from the chair of state, and very gallantly placed her in it. He likewise courteously desired the Earl and



Countess of Surrey to sit at the royal table. When supper was done, the King and Queen conversed privately together, while the minstrels were performing a long piece of music. James bade farewell to the Queen for the night by affectionately saluting her, as usual. The King had dressed himself on that occasion in a tan-coloured velvet doublet, richly lined with the costly black fur called in the middle ages by the inexplicable name of *budge*, which has been supposed to be the fur of the black otter. He wore a fine shirt worked with gold; his hair and beard were somewhat long. In the presence of his bride he always uncovered his head."

The next day was appointed for the Queen's entrance into Edinburgh. How must customs be changed, when a king rode into his capital to be married with his bride behind his back on a pillion! But if the change in mere civilisation is great, is it not equal in matters of outward religious reverence? Are there *any* Catholic sovereigns of the present day who would stop to kiss the relics of saints on their way to be married?

"A mile from the castle of Dalkeith, the King sent to the Queen by a gentleman a great tame hart, that she might have a course. The Earl of Surrey declined it, not because it was a shame to hunt the poor tame creature, but because King James was in sight, and he thought the King and Queen could hunt together afterwards.

"Half way to Edinburgh, James IV. was seen advancing with his company. He was this time attired in grand costume. 'His steed was trapped with gold, and round its neck was a deep gold fringe; the saddle and harness were of gold, but the bridle and head-gear of burnished silver. The King wore a jacket of cloth of gold, lined and bordered with violet velvet and fine black *bouge* or *budge* fur; his waistcoat was of violet satin, his *hoses* of scarlet, his shirt confined with bands of pearl and rich stones; his spurs were long and gilt. He rode towards the Queen in full course, at the pace at which the hare is hunted. On seeing her he made very humble obeisance, and, leaping down from his horse, he came and kissed her in her litter; then mounting in his usual gallant fashion, without touching stirrup, a gentleman-usher unsheathed the sword of state, and bore it before his King in regal fashion. The Scottish sword was enclosed in a scabbard of purple velvet, whereon was written in letters of pearl, *God my defende*. The like words are on the pommel, the cross, and the *chap* also. The Earl of Bothwell bore this sword when the royal party reached Edinburgh town.'

"The King placed himself by the Queen's litter, and passed all the time conversing with her and entertaining her as he rode by her side.

"Before they entered Edinburgh, one of the King's gentlemen brought out a fair courser, trapped in cloth of gold, with crimson velvet, interlaced with white and red. The King went to the horse,



mounted him without touching the stirrup in the presence of the whole company; then tried his paces, choosing to judge himself whether it were safe for his bride to ride on a pillion behind him, which was the mode in which he intended to enter the city.' Likewise he caused one of his gentlemen to mount behind him as a lady would ride, to see whether the proud courser would submit to bear double or not.

"When he had concluded all his experiments, he decided that it was not proper to trust the safety of his bride to his favourite charger; so King James dismounted from him, and condescended to ride on the Queen's gentle palfrey. He mounted, and the Queen was placed on a pillion behind him."

"This arrangement, however, took place about a mile from the gates of the Scottish capital. There were notable pageants and diversions to take place before the royal party entered therein. \* \*

"Vast numbers of the honest folk of Edinburgh, and of the country round about, were assembled to see the Queen's entry; and in fair order came the royal procession to the gate, the Queen still riding behind the King. When entering the city, the Greyfriars came in procession, with the cross and some relics, which were presented by their warden for the King to kiss. But he would not, until the Queen had kissed them; and his Grace would still ride with his head uncovered, out of respect to her."

"The Queen's southern minstrel, Johannes, and his company, and her trumpets, did their devoir at her entry; but they noted to the Herald Somerset 'that the Scotch minstrels and trumpets had not new banners.'

"Right across the entry of Edinburgh was a gate, with two tourelles, and a window in the midst. In the tourelles were at their windows vested angels, singing joyously for the coming of so noble a lady; and at the middle window was another angel, who flew down and presented the keys of the town to Queen Margaret. Then came in procession the college of the parish of St. Giles, richly vested; and they brought the relic of the arm of their saint, which was presented to the King to kiss.' But he courteously refused to take precedence, in this ceremony, of his royal partner sitting on the pillion behind him; and Queen Margaret had the privilege of kissing the arm of St. Giles before her lord. The King then began to sing *Te Deum laudamus*; and it may be supposed the whole of the ecclesiastics kept up the strain.

"In the midst of Edinburgh was a cross, and hard by a fountain casting forth wine, and each one drank that would; nigh to the cross a scaffold, where was represented Paris and the three goddesses, with Mercury, who gave Paris the apple of gold. But upon the same scaffold with these pagans were represented the 'Salutation of Gabriel to the Virgin,' the 'Marriage of the Virgin to Joseph,' and a pageant with the 'Four Virtues;' likewise were stationed war-tabrets, which played merrily. There were devices of a *licorne* (unicorn) and a greyhound, being the Stuart and the Tudor beasts."

Wreaths of the flowers of each royal family—being *cardoons* or thistles, and red roses interlaced—formed the borders to these *tableaux vivans*.

“Then the noble company all passed out of the town, and approached to the church of the Holy Cross (Holyrood), out of which came the Archbishop of St. Andrews, brother to the King, with his cross borne before him, accompanied by the reverend fathers in God, the Bishop of Aberdeen (who was Lord Privy Seal of Scotland), the Bishops of Orkney, Caithness, Ross, Dunblane and Dunkeld, and many Abbots, all in their pontificals, preceded by their crosses. The Archbishop of St. Andrews gave the King a relic to kiss; but he, as before, gave precedence to his bride.

“Each one of the attendants leaped off his horse, and in fair order followed the ecclesiastical procession into the church. The King and Queen alighted the last at the entrance of the church; and after the King had aided the Queen, by taking her round the waist and lifting her from her pillion, he led her to the high-altar, making humble reverence. There was a place prepared for their Graces to kneel upon, being two cushions of cloth of gold. The Lord Chamberlain of the Queen exercised his office in her service; but the King would never kneel down first, but both knelt together.”

#### DR. MURRAY ON MIRACLES AND ON EDUCATION.

*The Irish Annual Miscellany.* By the Rev. Patrick Murray, D.D., Professor of Dogmatic and Moral Theology in the Royal College of St. Patrick, Maynooth. Vol. II. Dublin, Bellew.

DR. MURRAY's second volume is more than a worthy successor to his first contribution to our miscellaneous Catholic literature. The fragmentary trifles which accompanied his more solid papers have disappeared, and we have here two extremely able essays on two of the most important subjects which could have been chosen with reference to the necessities of the times. The *educational* question is already one of the most agitated, and the least universally agreed upon, of all urgent practical topics; and the subject of *miracles*, though hitherto lying comparatively dormant in our theological controversies, will assuredly come forward at no distant period, and form one of the small number of vital truths to be fought for in the approaching hand-to-hand conflict between Catholicism and Infidelity.

Our own present Number supplies a contribution to the details of the general question, and the last *Rambler* entered



somewhat at length into another branch of miraculous phenomena. Such of our readers as may be disposed to enter into the principles assumed throughout our remarks on the liquefaction of St. Januarius's blood, and on the miraculous images at Rome, cannot do better than turn to Dr. Murray's essay. How soon a clear knowledge of all that is involved in these supernatural events may be of especial importance to both English and Irish Catholics, through the occurrence in Great Britain or Ireland of some of those wonderful manifestations of Omnipotence which have been so recently vouchsafed in Italy, in the Tyrol, and in France, it would be presumptuous to speculate. Still, we know that it *might* please Almighty God at any time to confound the pride of Anglo-Saxon intelligence by the display of some of those marvellous interpositions of his power which are so pre-eminently calculated at once to humble and console us, and which He has often granted in countries of stronger faith than we can boast. If it should please Him to inspire us who possess the truth with such a simple-hearted confidence in his promises and aid as should banish from our shores those miserable devices for doing the work of God by worldly, though not absolutely sinful, means; if we should come to perceive that the victories of an apostolic age can only be won by purely apostolic weapons; if we should learn that the poor are *first* in the kingdom of God, and that the sword of his Spirit, and not money and worldly esteem, is the only power which can beat down the Protestantism and sins of our time;—then we may not unreasonably look for some such mysterious wonders as those with which the vivid faith of other branches of the Catholic Church has so frequently been, and still is, rewarded. We shall rejoice, therefore, if the perusal of such an essay as that of the accomplished professor of Maynooth is found to prepare the minds of thinking men for an investigation, at once calm and Catholic, of every professedly miraculous event to which our age may give birth, whether in our own country or on foreign shores. An age of conflict, *such as ours must be*, is *likely* to be an age of miracles; and if, in our warfare with unbelief, any such aids are necessary, or are advantageous for us, and our faith is of that character without which our Lord ordinarily withholds the extraordinary manifestations of his presence, He whose work we are doing *may* do in Great Britain and Ireland what He has done at Naples, at Rimini, and on the opposite coast of our own narrow Channel.

Dr. Murray's essay, as we have implied, is confined to the general question of miracles, and that especially as proofs of the truth of the religion in whose support they are wrought.



The subject is handled with great clearness of thought, and accuracy and vivacity of expression. Its style, as a literary work, is, we think, more completely satisfactory than the style of the papers in his first volume, being more composed, and therefore more effective, and being free from those occasional very "strong" expressions which, in our judgment, rather diminish than strengthen the real force of an author's statements and reasonings. At the same time, as Dr. Murray is a lover of sincerity in reviewers, we must not omit to add, that, taken simply as compositions, slight marks of haste are discernible in both essays.

We quote some portions of Dr. Murray's excellent examination of the fallacies of Hume's celebrated attack on all testimony to the reality of miracles, only regretting that we are unable to give them at greater length.

"'When any thing,' says Hume, 'is affirmed utterly absurd and miraculous, it [the mind] rather the more readily admits of such a fact, upon account of that very circumstance which ought to destroy all its authority. The passion of surprise and wonder, arising from miracles, being an agreeable emotion, gives a sensible tendency towards the belief of those events from which it is derived. And this goes so far, that even those who cannot enjoy this pleasure immediately, nor can believe those miraculous events of which they are informed, yet love to partake the satisfaction at second-hand, or by rebound, and place a pride and delight in exciting the admiration of others. With what greediness are miraculous accounts of travellers received, their descriptions of sea and land monsters, their relations of wonderful adventures, strange men, and uncouth manners? But if the spirit of religion join itself to the love of wonder, there is an end of common sense: and human testimony, in these circumstances, loses all pretensions to authority.' It is unnecessary to explain this inference in other, for it cannot be expressed in plainer words—we can never be sure of the existence of a miracle reported to us by human testimony.

"ANSWER.

"I. The principle of this objection, if once admitted, would destroy the force of human testimony altogether, and establish a system of universal scepticism. There is a general tendency in human nature to receive the statements of others, where there is no particular ground for doubt or disbelief. In this spirit we read histories, biographies, diaries, and listen to the narratives of travellers. This passion of *credulity* (as I must term it, for want of a better word), beyond all question, leads us into innumerable errors of opinion and belief. Therefore we cannot be sure of any statement that it is true.

"II. I deny that the tendency to *admit* strange, wonderful, absurd, and miraculous accounts is stronger than the tendency to

admit the reports of common every-day occurrences. I deny that the tendency is so strong with regard to the former as with regard to the latter. I deny that the tendency is (*per se*, and abstracting from the weight of the reporting testimony or corroborating circumstances) strong at all. I deny that any such tendency exists. The direct contrary, in every particular, I hold to be quite certain.

"If an old soldier recounts to me his adventures in foreign lands, I am not unwilling to yield acceptance to his story, so long as he confines it within the limits of probability. But the moment he diverges into the 'absurd' or 'miraculous,' or even the simply 'wonderful,' I may continue to listen to him with increasing *wonder* and *surprise*, and if his narrative should be humorous, or otherwise agreeable, with increased *pleasure*, but most assuredly with diminished *confidence*. \* \* \*

"The great error of this part of Hume's objection is, 1. That he confounds the disposition (which does not exist) to believe the fact with the disposition (which in well-constituted minds does exist) to believe the fact when *proved*, or, what amounts to the same thing, to yield to the authority of good testimony. 2. He confounds the passion of *surprise* and *wonder* with the *tendency to belief*, or supposes that the latter follows from the former, or is augmented or directed by the former; than which nothing can be more contrary to the fact. I suppose that the readers of the *Arabian Nights* or the *Curse of Kehama* have emotions very agreeable indeed of surprise and wonder, but certainly not thence the smallest tendency towards belief in the adventures from the narrative of which the emotions are derived. The very opposite is, as we have seen, manifestly the fact. Nay, even the *desire* that the event should be real does not of itself tend to beget the belief that it is so.

"'If,' says Hume, 'the spirit of religion join itself to the love of wonder, there is an end of common sense; and human testimony, in these circumstances, loses all pretensions to authority.' That is to say, the tendency to believe miracles and other wonders advanced for religious purposes is so specially and violently unreasoning, so utterly beyond the control of 'common sense,' that no credit whatever is to be given to human testimony in such cases.

"In direct contradiction to this assertion, I assert that the history of the human mind, in every country and at all periods, shews to demonstration that the prejudice, so far from being in favour of miracles professing to establish a new religion or doctrine, is strong, in the highest degree, against them. \* \* \*

"Observe, I speak of the antecedent prejudice inclining to believe or reject the fact—it is of this the objection speaks—not of the propensity, on which I have so much dilated, to believe that a manifest miracle is a miracle, or to admit its authority. Keep these two things distinct, for they *are* distinct.

"A few words establish my assertion beyond all possibility of doubt. The Egyptians had the strongest prejudice against admitting the miracles of Moses. There was no disposition on the part



of the Jews to admit the miracles of our Lord or the Apostles, but quite the contrary. There was no disposition among the pagans, but quite the contrary. Those who were converted believed on the force of evidence and through the influence of grace, in spite of their prejudices. There is no disposition on the part of Protestants to admit the miracles recorded from age to age in the Catholic Church, but quite the contrary. There is no disposition on the part of Catholics to admit miracles recorded among Protestants, but quite the contrary. If I were told, even by an intelligent Protestant, that Dr. Sumner had raised a dead man to life, to prove the truth of his religion, I would have an insurmountable prejudice against admitting it. I believe the thing to be simply impossible; for I believe Protestantism to be essentially false, and therefore that God cannot, by miracle or otherwise, pronounce it to be true. The prejudice arising from such a conviction is certainly rather strong. It were foreign to the present question to say whether these prejudices are, or how far they are, reasonable or unreasonable. The fact is enough for me at present: it directly contradicts Hume's statement, and completely overthrows his argument."

The Essay on Education sums up and expounds the doctrines of Catholic theologians on the various duties and rights of the Church and of the secular power with remarkable force, and in terms at once lucid, popular, and precise. At the same time, it strikes us, that with most readers the practical effect of the argument would have been greater, had it not treated what is called "secular education" so much as a possible reality. In the sense in which (as we gather) Dr. Murray writes upon it, and in which it forms the subject of such unhappy divisions, we hold *secular education* to be a simple impossibility. Whether secular education—thereby meaning, not the education of laymen as distinguished from that of ecclesiastics, but that portion of education which is not directly theological—whether secular education may be in theory conceded with safety to any kind of temporal government or not, it is a plain fact, that in itself it can have no substantive existence. The term "secular education" represents either a distinction of mere idea or a pernicious falsehood. No education *can be* purely secular, because every education embraces a large number of branches with which religious truth is inextricably, though more or less intimately, bound up. The moment we pass from the limits of mere reading and writing, and of mathematical and physical science, and enter upon any one of those topics in which man himself is in any way the subject of our thoughts, that moment religious questions are involved; for the simple reason, that, whether morally, intellectually, or historically, man never has existed, and never can exist, apart from *some* religion, whether false or true, or apart



from some positive *denial* of religion. And we cannot but think, that it is an ignorance of this *fact* which forms the most serious of all stumbling-blocks to those persons who are unable to see their way clearly in the matter of the new colleges in Ireland. The world in general cannot argue easily from principles, or from *à priori* grounds. They ask, "Is not any education, *even a purely secular*, better than none? And do not these colleges profess to give a purely secular education? Why, then, do not the Catholic clergy adopt them as tolerable, if not as absolutely good, and take care that they are not turned into an anti-Catholic propaganda?" In the case of persons who argue in this manner, it appears to us to be of the first importance to shew them, that unless they are prepared to omit *every* moral, historical, and metaphysical subject from the education of the young—an absurdity too glaring to be endured—a purely secular education cannot be, because religious questions enter every where, the moment man himself, in any of his relations, is the subject of study.

We trust, therefore, that in his next volume Dr. Murray will enter more fully into this most *practical* view of this subject, as indeed he admits that want of space alone has prevented his discussing it at length in the present Essay. Without it, the Essay before us, admirable as it is, will be incomplete, and its practical effect, we are convinced, considerably diminished in an *unthinking* age like our own.

In his next volume, also, we shall be glad if Dr. Murray should take up another question to which he promises to turn his attention, and which will become of greater importance every year that passes, namely, the subject of the *evidences* of Christianity and Catholicism, as they may be, or ought to be, or need not be, mastered by minds of various standards of intellectual capacity.

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#### SHORT NOTICES.

*Facts and Correspondence relating to the Admission into the Catholic Church of Viscount and Viscountess Feilding*, by the Right Rev. Bishop Gillis (Dolman), is the result of a "conference" between the Bishop, Lord Feilding, his father Lord Denbigh, and his sister. On the very day that Lord and Lady Feilding were received into the Church, the Bishop was informed that Lord Denbigh and his daughter, with his chaplain, Mr. Baylee, the principal of a Protestant college at Birkenhead, had come to Edinburgh, and wished to see the Bishop on a subject in which Lord Denbigh felt all the anxiety natural to a father. They were accordingly invited by the

Bishop to his house (which Mr. Baylee imagined to be a convent), and there a conference of three hours took place. The first hour was occupied by Mr. Baylee in reading aloud a paper of "reasons" which Lord Feilding had drawn up, and the remainder of the interview in one of those unsatisfactory conversations in which a Catholic vainly endeavours to enlighten a dull Protestant intellect as to the nature of Catholic doctrines, and a Protestant quotes texts and makes cool assertions, not with a view of explaining his creed, but with the object of "flooring" his antagonist. Mr. Baylee, who appears to be a peculiarly solemn and patronising individual, afterwards drew up a statement of the arguments by which he considered that he had demolished the Bishop; upon which the Bishop, as soon as he had leisure, drew up a "review" of the said statement, and forwarded it to Lord Denbigh. Mr. Baylee, in the mean time, betook himself to the congenial columns of the *Morning Herald*, and there delivered himself of his own side of an imaginary "controversy," the editor of that organ of Protectionist Protestantism conducting himself towards the Bishop with the usual candour of newspaper editors. In the end the Bishop was forced to publish the facts of the case, with the "review" above mentioned. It is seldom that any merely personal encounter has given occasion to a pamphlet so worthy of more than ephemeral existence. The "review" is as masterly a thing of its kind as we have ever seen; and though professedly and really little more than a common-sense exposition of the Scripture texts over which Mr. Baylee blundered, it furnishes as clear a proof of the Catholic doctrine of the infallibility of the Church as could well be compressed into so small a compass. The whole is well worth our readers' study.

Opportunely at the present moment, a new edition of *Cardinal Wiseman's Lectures on the Real Presence* (Dolman) has just appeared. Their character and ability are so well known, that we need but remind our readers that they are now no longer out of print.

Another opportune publication is the Rev. Æneas Dawson's translation of *Count de Maistre's Letters on the Spanish Inquisition*. They are lively and interesting, and shew how much is to be said, not merely in palliation, but in favour of an institution which, in Protestant England, to name is to anathematise.

Drowning men will catch at a straw; and accordingly the Rev. Arthur Baker, assistant curate of All Saints', Marylebone (*ci-devant* Margaret Chapel), has published *A Plea for Romanisers* (so called) *in the Anglican Communion* (Masters). Mr. Baker is of the "liberal" school of Romanisers, embracing in his yearnings both Dissenters and Catholics. Whether he is in heart a real "Romaniser," we know not, but we suspect that the Bishop of London will have little mercy on him. In fact, he hits his "bishop" too hard to be easily forgiven.

*The Old Tree* (Dolman) is a pleasing little Catholic tale illus-



trative of filial piety, decidedly better than many of its kind, and fitted for young persons, and for lending amongst the poor.

*Faucher's Devotion to the Holy Infancy of our Lord Jesus Christ* has been translated by Miss M. J. Piercy (Rockliff and Son), and furnishes a very useful manual for one of the most touching of Catholic devotions.

*Dara, or the Minstrel Prince* (Hogg), is an unpretending little drama, by an Indian officer, Major Vekh, reprinted from *Hogg's Instructor*.

*The Appeal to Rome: a Letter from an English Clergyman to a Roman Catholic Friend* (Darling), is a declaration from an Anglican who "holds all Roman doctrine" (as he conceives), but is in difficulties from believing in the validity of Anglican sacraments. He wishes to "appeal to Rome" to decide authoritatively whether the Anglican sacraments are valid or not; implying that if it should be ruled that they are not so, he would submit to the Church. The author writes in an earnest, anxious spirit, and it is impossible not to feel for his distress, while wondering at the fallacies with which he deceives himself. If he will allow us, we will venture to suggest a method by which he can solve his difficulties. If he is sincere in what he says, let him write no more pamphlets about appealing to Rome, but let him make the appeal at once. By "appealing to Rome" we presume that he does not mean that a General Council is to be called to decide his difficulties for him, but that he simply wishes a straightforward application to the Pope. Let him, then, if he is really in earnest, communicate with his Holiness. No one is more easy of access than Pius IX. The applicant need not visit Rome personally; he has nothing to do but to write a letter, in any language that he pleases, state his case fully, and ask some Catholic friend to get it taken to his Holiness, who will, we make no doubt, resolve his questions with most paternal affection. Only let him not send an English letter to the Pope *by the post*, lest it share the fate of some other English Protestant letters which have reached his Holiness by that channel since the outbreak of the present tumult in England, and which were so outrageously insulting that his Holiness had no alternative but to have them put into the fire.

*The Lamp* (Richardson) continues to improve in quality, and contains many interesting and useful papers, adapted to the class for which it is designed. We understand that it has already reached a larger circulation than was ever before attained by a Catholic periodical of the same kind. The importance of good Catholic publications of this kind cannot be overrated.

The Archbishop of New York has published his lecture on *The Decline of Protestantism, and its Cause*, delivered last November in St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York. It has all the characteristics of the style of one of the most powerful of Catholic preachers, and traces, with his Grace's usual vivacity and thoughtful earnestness, the inevitable workings of the fundamental principle of all Protest-



antism, namely, its denial of authority in matters of revelation, logically resulting in a negation of *all* religious doctrine as the truth of Almighty God.

Father Faber has edited an elegant translation of a most useful and interesting Italian work, *The School of St. Philip Neri* (Burns and Lambert). The original was compiled by Giuseppe Crispino, a secular priest of Naples, and published in 1675. The work includes three parts: the first contains lessons on the various details of the Christian life, applicable to all persons; the second consists of lessons for priests, in their sacerdotal functions; the third explains the whole system and working of the Oratory of St. Philip. The whole is a kind of compendium of the lives of St. Philip and some of his most distinguished disciples, arranged under heads, so as to bring out the practical bearing of their characters and sanctity in the clearest light. It is the only book of the kind as yet translated, and is eminently adapted for Catholics in every state of life.

In the present aspect of Catholic affairs, many of our readers will be glad to possess themselves of the Abbé Migne's French edition of Pallavicini's great work on the *Council of Trent*, in 3 volumes. Being the standard history of the Council, it cannot be too closely studied by all who would make themselves acquainted with the past history of the Church in her dealings with heresies and difficulties of all kinds, including her negotiations and *concordats* with the civil power. It is impossible not to foresee that, whatever may be the result of the anti-Catholic agitation of the last few weeks, the English Government will sooner or later make an attempt at establishing relations with the Pope in his spiritual capacity. On the extreme delicacy of the nature of any such agreement between the Church and the secular authority, we need not for a moment insist. How far, further, those not concerned officially in such matters should publicly express their views, is a question for serious consideration. But as every Catholic must feel a deep *interest* in the subject, and most ardent desires that the state, which ever seeks to subjugate the Church, may be defeated in its aims, we can hardly do better than make ourselves acquainted with the policy which the Supreme Pontiff has ever pursued in his negotiations with the powers of the world. The intrigues of the temporal sovereigns at the Council of Trent, as is well known, were among the most mischievous obstacles which the spiritual authority had to overcome; so that, setting aside the extreme *doctrinal* value of the history of the Council, as a record of an example of the working and successful issue of Catholic spiritual diplomacy (so to call it), it stands unrivalled. The Abbé Migne's valuable edition contains not only Pallavicini's text, but the Bulls of the Popes who summoned the Council to its successive sessions, the Decrees and the Catechism of the Council, with elaborate dissertations on the conflict which ensued between the principles of the Council and the nationalising, anti-Catholic spirit of Gallicanism.

On this subject also, *Count De Maistre's Works*, by the same indefatigable editor, may profitably be consulted. They include De Maistre's Considerations on France, his essay on the Generative Principle of Political Constitutions, his translation (with notes) of Plutarch's essay on the Delay of Divine Justice, his works on the Pope and on the Gallican Church. The last more especially bears upon the principles involved in the present collision between the power of the Pope and the nationalising theories both of Protestants and some few unworthy English Catholics. We recommend it to the attention of all who imagine that geographical position or distinct temporal nationality confers any peculiar *rights* upon a branch of the Church Catholic.

Mr. Ward has published what may be regarded as a species of Catholic sequel to his *Ideal of a Christian Church*, in the shape of a letter to the *Guardian* newspaper. The subject of the letter, which is a goodly pamphlet of about 150 pages, is *The Anglican Establishment contrasted in every Principle of its Constitution with the Church Catholic of every Age* (Burns and Lambert). It originated in a series of articles in the *Guardian*, based on a previous brochure of Mr. Ward's, in which the newspaper-writer undertook the Quixotic task of proving that the Church of Rome is as bad as the Anglican Establishment, when tried by Catholic principles. What the editor of the *Guardian* will say to his antagonist's reply, it is difficult to guess, provided he attempts to meet it *fairly*. His extreme *discomfort*, as his opponent pins him relentlessly to the ground, and forces him by all the laws of logic and his own admissions to eat his own words, we can easily conceive. The "Letter" is a closely-reasoned and elaborate exposition of the utter hollowness of the High-Church pretences of every kind.

In the dearth of good and cheap Tracts for distribution among well-disposed Protestants, we are glad to be able to recommend a short *Address to the People on the Choice of a Religion* (Burns and Lambert). It briefly and affectionately puts forward the grounds on which those who know nothing of controversy, commonly so called, may decide between the Church and her adversaries, touching only on facts patent to the eyes of all who will use their faculties and inquire for themselves. The season of the year also reminds us of a very useful tract by the same writer, *A Christmas Gift for Thoughtful People*, where the same line of argument will be found expounded at greater length.

To the general dearth itself of such Tracts the series which will be found detailed in our advertising columns promises at length to put an end. The Brotherhood of St. Vincent of Paul has taken the matter in hand, and undertakes to issue, with all reasonable rapidity, a collection of Tracts, as cheap in price as the necessities of typography permit, carefully edited by two members of the Clifton Conference, Mr. Thompson and Mr. Northcote, subject to the revision of the Rev. William Vaughan. The plan embraces historical, con-

troversial, and doctrinal subjects; the Bishop of Clifton takes it under his especial patronage, and Cardinal Wiseman and the other English Bishops have all given it their approval. The undertaking unquestionably merits the cordial support of all Catholics; and the price of the Tracts being fixed so low that nothing less than a sale of some thousand copies of each of them can pay their expenses, we trust that the Editors (who have undertaken the entire *pecuniary* responsibility) will meet with all the success they deserve. We shall say more of the specific merits of the separate Tracts when a few more have been issued.

The *Dublin Review* for January contains a striking and entertaining article on the Hierarchy, and a paper on Catholicism as a conservative principle, full of thought and suggestions worthy of close attention. An able review of Mr. Allies' book on the Primacy is among the most interesting of the rest of the articles.

A collection of between thirty and forty *Easy Hymn-Tunes for Catholic Schools, &c.* (Burns and Lambert), is a very serviceable addition to our somewhat scanty stock of really religious music. The words are in all cases given in full, and are taken from the published hymns (original and translated) of Father Faber and Mr. Caswall. The music is by Dr. Crookall (of St. Edmund's College, Old Hall Green) and the Rev. W. Dolan, now at St. John's, Islington, whose names are a guarantee at once for the musician-like and the useful quality of the compositions. They are pleasing and lively, and, as they profess to be, simple and unpretending.

*The Catholic's Vade Mecum* (Burns and Lambert) is a manual of prayers for daily use, designed as a companion to the *Golden Manual*. It contains six parts: (1.) Morning and Evening Devotions, with occasional prayers; (2.) Public Offices—the Mass, Vespers, &c.; (3.) Devotions for Confession and Communion; (4.) Devotions on the Blessed Sacrament, the Five Wounds, &c.; (5.) Devotions to our Lady and St. Joseph, with novenas and prayers for the dead; and (6.) a collection of litanies and hymns. It is just what it aims to be, an excellent companion for the pocket.

The deluge of "Papal Aggression" pamphlets is subsiding, but it has been portentous. The subject fills *some pages* of the "Publishers' Circular" with mere titles. Of those on the Catholic side we may specify as more or less worth reading, *A Protestant Plea in support of Cardinal Wiseman's Appeal*, by Anglo-Catholicus; a *jeu d'esprit* purporting to be the *Original Letter from Lord John Russell to the Bishop of Durham*; *Papal Aggression considered*, by a Barrister; *What shall be done with Cardinal Wiseman?* by an English Journalist; *the War of Hats, a mock heroic Poem* (Dolan); and a *Remonstrance with the Westminster Clergy*, by a Westminster Magistrate (Pickering), which the "Anglo-Catholic" *Christian Remembrancer* pronounces to be very difficult to answer.



*The Path to Paradise* (Richardson) is a devout and touching little volume of meditations on the Passion, translated from the Italian of the Blessed Leonardo, and revised by Father Pagani.

The second part of *The Cousins* (Richardson) is like the first part, an ingenious aid to the teaching of the French language to beginners.

*The Lives of the Modern Saints* will for the future be published quarterly, instead of every two months; an improved arrangement, for which the Editor gives his reasons in a preface to the Life of St. Camillus of Lellis, the first volume of which is now ready. St. Camillus was one of those marvels of *work* amidst a complication of bodily sufferings, overwhelming to ordinary persons, of which we find such remarkable examples in the Saints of all ages and countries.

## Correspondence.

### RELIGION AND MODERN PHILOSOPHY.

*To the Editor of the Rambler.*

SIR,—I beg to present to your readers a few patristic authorities for the details of the view of the Mosaic cosmogony, which has lately appeared in your pages, under the title of “Religion and Modern Philosophy.” Granting that no complete theory of cosmogony can be extracted from the writings of the Fathers, yet it appears to me, that whenever they throw off their deference to the philosophers of the day, to whom they owed no allegiance, and interpreted the words of Moses either traditionally or by common sense, they arrived, in all essential particulars, at the conclusion which has been defended in the articles just concluded in the *Rambler*. A few quotations and references gathered from Cornelius a Lapide, Petavius, S. Basil, and S. Ambrose’s Hexameron, and a few other books on the same subjects, will illustrate the patristic opinions on this important subject.

Gen. i. 1. *Cælum et terra—spirit and matter*.—Concil. Lat. sub Innocentio III.: “We must firmly believe that God, in the beginning of time, created at once both parts of the creation out of nothing, viz. the spiritual and corporal, the angelical and cosmical” (*mundana*). S. Aug. Conf. xiii. 40: “The universal intelligible and corporeal creation.” Ib. cont. adv. legis et proph. c. x.: “The spiritual and corporal nature.” Cyril Alex. cont. Jul. II. p. 54: “‘Heaven and earth,’ a short and compendious way of expressing all created things whatever.” Hilary in Matth. can. iv.: “The chief elements” (*maxima elementa*).

Ver. 2. *Terra, matter, original state of—inanis et vacua*.—S. Aug. de Gen. cont. Manich. i. 5: “The first matter was made confused and formless, according to the text (Sap. xi. 18), ‘Thou madest the world of invisible matter’” (*ἀμορφον ὄλης*, formless matter). S. Gregory Nyss. Hexaem. p. 8: The first matter was “a seedling power” (*σπερματικὴ δύναμις*). Aug. de Gen. cont. Man. i. 3: “Heaven and earth, as it the seed of heaven and earth, the matter of heaven and earth in confusion; but because heaven and earth was certainly to be produced from it,

matter is here called heaven and earth." This matter was Tohu and Bohu. Aben Ezra explains this by "having nothing solid or subsisting." Aquila translates the words "emptiness and nothing."

Ib. The *abyss*, that is, of waters, according to the unanimous consent of the Fathers.

Ib. The *spirit of God*, i.e. the most attenuated material æther. S. Aug. de Gen. imperf. c. 4.

Ib. The *waters*, i.e. the unsubstantial formless matter before mentioned. S. Aug. de Gen. cont. Manich. i. 7: "In order to explain to us an unknown state of matter, Moses employs not one word, but many. He calls it *terra* . . . . He calls it *aqua*, because it was facile and ductile under the hands of the Creator; but under all these names we must understand that invisible and formless matter out of which God made the world." St. Augustine is followed by Albinus Flaccus, Bede, Isidore, &c. (Petavius).

Ver. 3. The light of the first day is, according to Bede, Hugo, S. Thomas, Bonaventure, and others, "lucid matter (*corpus*), or the lucid part of the heaven, or rather of the abyss." (A Lapide in loc.)

Ver. 6. *The operation of the second day—a division of the waters, or of matter.* The waters above the firmament, according to S. Hildegard (Sol. 11 quæ. Wiberti Monachi), "still remain in the original state in which God created them; they are material, but not like the waters beneath, because they are much more subtle, and altogether invisible to our eyes." S. Basil Hexa. p. 40: "The firmament is no impenetrable, hard, and heavy substance; in this sense the earth would better deserve the name; but it is called so because of the light and unsubstantial nature of the things above it, which are not perceptible by any of our senses." S. Basil has the same notion of the waters above the heavens as S. Hildegard. The firmament is not said to be good, because it was not a work of creation, but only of division. (A Lapide in loc.)

Ver. 9. *The work of the third day, contraction and solidification of matter.* S. Aug. de Gen. ad lit. i. 12: "The water made more dense by the operation of God, contracted itself." "The stars, &c. were formed out of the abyss of waters which was divided by the firmament on the second day, in the same way as ice is formed from congealed water." (A Lapide.)

Ver. 14. *The work of the fourth day.* S. Basil Hexa. p. 72: "On the first day light was created, but now the body of the sun was provided as a vehicle (*ὄχημα*) for that primitive light." He then goes on to prove that the body of the sun is itself dark, and that the light is only an accidental quality: "The body of the moon is one thing, and her illuminating power another; you must have the same idea of the sun." Then he goes on to explain the division of light and darkness: "Darkness is nothing else but shadow: shadow is produced in the daytime by an obstruction of the light; so night is naturally produced by the shadowing of the atmosphere of the earth. This is the meaning of God's dividing the light from the darkness."

For the interpretation of the word *day* there are many and those very great authorities. Aug. de Gen. ad lit. imperf. c. 7: "He who abideth for ever created all things at once; but in this book (Genesis) the relation of the things created by God is most conveniently digested into intervals of time, as it were, that their real arrangement, which could not be steadily contemplated by our inferior minds, might, when explained in the order of this description, be made, as it were, visible to our eyes." Cajetan, in his Commentary on Gen. i. 5, follows this opinion of S. Augustine.

Procopius, in Genesis i.: "He numbers the days of the world, be-

cause he wishes to represent accurately the creation. For God does not want time in creating; yet He does not make his creatures without order, and number produces order. So He did not say 'the *first*,' but *one* day. For in those things that come to be all at once, there is no first or second; but since the description has a certain order, for this cause after the *one* day we have the second, and so on to the sixth, merely for the sake of arrangement."

Philo Judæus, de Mundi Opif. p. 14, first explains the seven days' work in order, and then says that these days are used to distinguish the order of things, and have no reference to real intervals of time. "All things were created at once. But it was necessary to preserve a certain order, because of the production of one thing from another which was to follow." The six days refer rather to the order of nature than to the dates of production. Again: "It is foolish to believe that the world was made in six days, or indeed *in time*, strictly speaking." . . . "When you hear that He finished his work on the sixth day, you ought not to understand it of any intervals of days, but of the perfect senarian number."

Origen, cont. Cels. vi. p. 327, follows Philo, and apparently Athanasius, Orat. cont. Ar. iii. p. 233.

S. Ambrose, in a passage which he has transferred from S. Basil. Hexaem., seems to give the same explanation: "As we might say one circle, so one day. Many people call a week a day, because it returns into itself, as into one day, and, as it were, recurs seven times to itself. And the circle is a figure whose property it is to begin of itself, and to return to itself. Thus also the Scripture sometimes talks of one age (*sæculum*). For although, in other places, it talks of *ages*, it seems rather to signify the differences of states and of events than to define any succession of ages," &c.

S. Hildegard, Respons. i. ad Wibertum Monach.: "The six days are six works; for the beginning and completion of each separate work is called a day." The Saint seems to mean, that the words of Moses, "evening and morning," mean "commencement and completion," as explained in the *Rambler*.

In the *Rambler*, p. 200, it is said, that the Fathers took scientific theories on trust from the philosophers of the day. The following passage of S. Ambrose will prove this: "The philosophers want us to grant that the axis of the heaven revolves rapidly, but that the orb of the earth is motionless, in order that they may prove that there are no waters above the heavens, as they would all be poured off by the motion of the sphere; as if, to grant their postulates, and to answer them according to their own opinions," &c. Hex. xi. 3. Again: "Since they say that the sphere of heaven, with all its shining stars, revolves." In which S. Ambrose says, that he adopts the Ptolemaic theory, not as being scriptural, but as being the current theory of the philosophers of his day.

I have no doubt that a proper investigation would bring to light many other authorities for the theory of the papers in question; but the present will be sufficient to shew the general character of the patristic interpretations of the Mosaic cosmogony.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,  
S.



## Ecclesiastical Register.

### REPORTED ATTACK ON FATHER IGNATIUS.

*Letter of Father Ignatius to the Editor of the "Tablet."*

JESU CHRISTI PASSIO.

DEAR SIR,—As I have seen in several papers the paragraph of the *Liverpool Mercury*, giving an account of an attack on me at Liverpool, which you have inserted in the last *Tablet*, with your own very just remarks appended—that the account is evidently incorrect, if not altogether false—I suppose it will be well that there should be one statement of the affair published, from which any one who wishes may know what the truth is concerning it; and I suppose I am the best authority to refer to. It seemed to me that the only thing correctly reported was the place where the circumstance happened. I was walking through Liverpool, about two o'clock on Thursday the 26th of December, in my religious habit, which I have worn constantly for a twelvemonth back, and was followed for some time by a number of children—some rather impudent, others simply curious. I must say for Liverpool, that it has a more troublesome set of children than I have met with in any of our other great towns; at least my experience during the last year, even before the No-Popery movement began, gives me this idea. I am not, however, disposed to change my course on account of such annoyances, and the Liverpool children did not make me think of leaving off my habit. No wonder that, in these days of very extraordinary zeal for the Protestant religion, and on the day after the celebration of a modern English Christmas, they were somewhat more boisterous and impudent than usual. Soon after they had begun to gather about me, one Catholic woman begged me, again and again, to let her go and fetch a policeman. I refused as often, and told her, at last, that she was more troublesome than the children, and she let me go on my way. This is the only part of the narrative where the police need be named. One or two other Catholics, in spite of my remonstrances, were trying to drive away the children, when a man standing before a public-house, where I suppose he had been solemnising *his* Christmas, gave me two blows on the top of the head; it might have been two men, who each of them gave me one, but evidently without any thought of hurting me, which they did not do. I conceive that they were tempted by the sight of my religious hat, and, with what remains they had of senses, concluding, from the company of children, and the people driving them, that I was fair game for them, took a fancy to drive it down over my eyes. I turned to the man who gave the last blow, and said, *Thank you, Sir*; then went on with my procession of children till I reached my destination, very well pleased that my self-constituted guards did not notice, as it had appeared to me, what the man had done; as I should have feared, if they had, he would have received many blows, and much harder ones, for each of the two which he had given. This is the true account of that adventure. How, or why, it was transformed into the story which has reached the papers, others might explain: I cannot.

Having related the facts, I will now answer some remarks which it may occur to some to make upon them. Some may say, Why do I go about in my habit, and not put on secular clothes when I go out, as most other priests and religious do, and as I used formerly to do? I

am not sorry to have an occasion to explain myself on this point. It has always been my wish, since I have been an ecclesiastic, to wear the ecclesiastical dress; and I have always done it when I have found my superiors willing to allow me. I remember, about the year 1835, being delighted at gaining, for the first time, Dr. Walsh's permission to put on the Roman collar. In 1838, when I returned from France, after beginning the begging of prayers for England, I began wearing my cassock in public, and kept to it for six months, till I was advised by my superiors to leave it off, as others did not follow me. In 1843 I took to it again—I know not from what occasion—and wore it constantly for ten months, when, from the like reason, I discontinued it again. The example of the Oratorians encouraged me to indulge my old taste, and to take to wearing my religious habit just one year ago, for my doing which no one is responsible but myself: though I need not say I am not acting in this against the orders of my religious superiors. At their desire, should it be intimated to me, I am ready immediately to return to my secular dress, though I love to keep on my religious one. One objection is, that it will offend the Protestants. If that were likely, I think, during this year, I should have seen some symptoms of this. I have visited and conversed with many of the Protestant nobility, gentry, and clergy, of the High Church and Low Church, tradespeople, and poor; I have travelled many thousands of miles in railways, omnibuses, and coaches; and have not the recollection of a single remark being made to me, expressing displeasure at my being thus dressed, by any person with whom I have thus come in contact. One Protestant curate accosted me in the street at Cork, and found fault with my wearing such a dress in that Protestant country; but as in England, which is more Protestant than Ireland, no one had ever found fault with me for doing it, I think I need not count much on the objection of this reverend gentleman.

I have no doubt many people in England have a dislike, and a very great one, to priests and monks; but I conceive it is their persons, and not their dress, against which this dislike is directed; and my opinion of the English people being that they are a straightforward people, and that they like to be dealt with themselves in a sort of straightforward way, I conceive that they will be less displeased at a priest or monk, who, being in England (where they must for the present make up their mind, grudgingly or no, that he should be), shews himself for what he is, than at one who disguises himself, as if he had a mind to impose upon them, which every body naturally dislikes, but particularly an Englishman. If it were desired, I could fill many pages of your paper with anecdotes from this last year's travelling, which would abundantly prove, I believe, that this judgment of the English people is correct. I reckon that the Oratorians would furnish a great many more proofs of the same position.

Others will say, I expose myself to ridicule, and so dishonour my profession and my Order. I answer, that I think it would be wrong to expose myself to ridicule by doing any thing really ridiculous; but any thing ridiculous in the religious habits of the Catholic Church I do not admit. This fashion of dress is the oldest fashion; the most unaltered; the least liable, therefore, to be charged with absurd caprice, which is the character of fashions in general, of any fashion which is to be seen in England. It is also the most becoming dress, at least for me. A Passionist habit would not befit a general officer or a young squire. But let any real judge of taste answer, whether a monk looks as well in any dress as he does in his habit, particularly a poor monk like me,



who, if he tries to imitate the dress of the genteel people of the world, has not the means to do it well. I could not hope, without any resources at my command, to come up to an attorney's clerk. I might deserve to be laughed at if I dressed fancifully. Some have told me, I had better, at least, have another kind of hat. I answered, that then I might be charged with dressing myself fancifully; and so I choose to go as nearly as I can attired like those of my Order in Italy. If people will still laugh at me, ought I to care? Ought I not rather to rejoice? As long as laughter and mockeries come upon me, without my departing from the line of holy obedience, for my appearing like a Passionist in England or elsewhere, I have rejoiced, and I will rejoice, at them. My holy rule teaches me to do so. I am taught to do it by the example of our venerable founder, whom I ought to follow, as he followed Christ. The example of my Saviour, above all, teaches it to me. He might have avoided ridicule, and He suffered it; and will any one who reads the history of his Passion in the Gospels tell me that I, a Passionist, ought not to rejoice at meeting with some insults, and mockery, and even blows, from vulgar people and rabble, in the streets of London or Liverpool, for the sake of my holy habit, after what He suffered for me in the streets of Jerusalem? I hope, in fine, my Catholic brethren will not be uneasy about me, but let me go on wearing my habit in peace. I have no fear of displeasing reasonable Protestants, and I believe there are enough of them in England to bear down the foolish ones.—I am, &c.

IGNATIUS of St. Paul, Passionist.

Ennis, County Clare, Ireland, Jan. 7, 1851.

#### AFFAIRS OF ROME.

It was believed on the 24th of December that the law on the municipality of the city of Rome had been approved by the Holy Father, and would be promulgated before the 1st of January. It is the completion of the organic laws, and considerably modifies the existing attributes of the Roman municipality. It is said that the administration of the *Beneficenza* will be withdrawn from it, and, as heretofore, entrusted to a committee presided over by a Cardinal.

The new administrative system inaugurated by the organic laws, in virtue of the *motu proprio* of September 12th, 1849, can hardly come into operation before the end of March. The provinces welcome it with satisfaction, but there will be great difficulty in the choice of fit persons to hold the various offices.

The Holy Father has given to the committee charged with the reconstruction of the basilica of St. Paul *extra muros* a sum of 25,000 *scudi* for the façade of that church, on condition it shall be raised in the same place as the old one. The marble façade of the cathedral of Imola, the former bishopric of Pius IX., has been completed at the expense of his Holiness. The expenses have been 12,000 *scudi*. The Pope has also given a property near the Porta Portese, which he had purchased for charitable purposes along with the late D. Carlo Torlonia, in 1847, to the institution of Santa Prisca. This is an establishment for the education of poor outcast children and orphans in agriculture and labour. The property will be turned into a sort of model farm, or garden, to instruct the children in these pursuits; and two religious from the mother house of St. Croix-lès-le-Marie have been sent for by the Rev. Father Moreau, qualified to instruct them in horticulture.



# The Rambler.

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### To Correspondents.

J. HIRST.—The statement in the article alluded to must have been misunderstood: twenty-five per cent is allowed by publishers *to the trade*; the discount usually allowed to the public, for ready money, is ten per cent.

Correspondents who require answers in private are requested to send their complete address, a precaution not always observed.

We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

All communications must be *postpaid*. Communications respecting *Advertisements* must be addressed to the publishers, Messrs. BURNS and LAMBERT.

# The Rambler,

A CATHOLIC JOURNAL AND REVIEW.

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## CELEBRATED SANCTUARIES OF THE MADONNA.

No. V.—REGGIO.

*Santa Maria della Ghiara in Reggio.*

No one who has visited Italy can fail to have brought away with him a very pleasing remembrance of many of those pictures and images of the Mother of God which are scattered up and down with such unlimited profusion, not only in the towns and villages, but even in the fields and vineyards, and by the very roadside, in that most interesting country. The Catholic traveller, overtaken by the early and rapid nightfall, hails the mysterious little lamp of our Lady, glittering "like some protecting star," on the summit of a neighbouring hill, or sees its welcome rays beaming forth upon him, like a bright glow-worm, on the outskirts of some dark and lonely wood. And in the towns and cities, at the sharp angles of the streets, where modern English civilisation throws out a bow-window and opens a gin-palace, ancient Catholic devotion made a niche and a canopy, and placed under it some picture or statue of the Queen of Heaven.

The first impression of a passing stranger might be, that these memorials of piety are almost too frequent, that some of them must probably be neglected and forgotten; yet if he would go round and visit them in the evening, he would be surprised to find before how many is gathered a little group of worshippers,—a father and his children perhaps, or a few poor neighbours, come together to recite the Litany, or silently to tell their beads there: at any rate he would find before all at least the silent lamp; or if some especial festival of our Lady were at hand, several lamps or wax candles perhaps, quite a little illumination, provided by the devotion of some unknown servant of Mary. If he stayed in the country long enough to



penetrate at all beneath the surface of things, he would hear many an interesting family history belonging to these pictures: here there was something miraculous, or supposed to be miraculous, connected with its original setting-up in this place; there some individual or family once made a vow that they would always maintain a lamp, or that they would recite the Rosary every evening, or every Saturday, or whatever else it might have been, in acknowledgment of a favour received in the presence of the picture already existing: every where there is something or other, ancient or modern, public or private, natural or supernatural, that has invested these numerous representations of the Virgin Mother each with its own special interest; each has somehow been made dear and precious to the heart of somebody; none is really neglected.

But there is also another thought which is not unlikely to occur to a stranger considering the subject of these sacred paintings exposed in public places, viz. that some of them are in very solitary, unfrequented spots, or even in positively bad neighbourhoods, where it is to be feared that they must be sometimes exposed to actual insults and indignities. Of course it may be that at times there is a real danger of this; and we remember to have heard of one of the dioceses in Romagna, where, during the late political commotions in that part of Italy, the Bishop thought it more prudent to efface or to remove as many of these paintings as he could, in order that they might not suffer outrage from the lawless, irreligious spirit which was then so prevalent. But in the ordinary state of a Catholic country it is not so; rather, who shall say how many a deed of darkness may have been prevented, how many an evil purpose deliberately formed may yet have been stayed in its execution, because the eye has chanced to fall on some rude likeness of the *Mater dolorosa*, the *Mater purissima*, or the *Mater misericordiæ*, near the scene of the intended crime? We have all heard strange stories of Spanish or Italian brigands being devout to the Madonna; of one who would never commit a deed of violence near any of her shrines; of another who offered no resistance to those who were sent to take him into custody, because they came on a Saturday, on which day he had made a vow in her honour never to use his arms, not even in his own defence; and many others of a similar character. The conversion of St. Mary of Egypt, in the presence and at the sight of a picture of the spotless Mary, was from a life of crime of a different kind; and though I cannot at this moment call to mind any other instance of the same class (and probably there is no other equally historical), yet I have heard that something at least of the same kind is by no means

uncommon amongst that most miserable portion of our fellow-creatures to which she belonged; those whom the world scorns as utter outcasts, and looks upon their condition as absolutely irremediable, but for whose recovery the Christian charity of cloistered nuns is daily labouring, and daily receiving a reward.

These thoughts have been suggested to us by the early history of the sanctuary of which it is our duty to speak to-day; the sanctuary of S. Maria della Ghiara in Reggio, the second town in the duchy of Modena. As this sanctuary now stands, it is a very handsome church in the shape of a Greek cross, richly ornamented with paintings and with sculpture, with marble, with silver and with gold. But three hundred years ago it wore a very different aspect; then there was nothing but a mere niche in the outer wall of a garden, with a representation of our Blessed Lady roughly painted at the back, and a little ledge before it, on which, if the piety of a neighbour sometimes placed a light or laid a handful of fresh flowers, yet quite as often the baker rested his basket, and the pedlar his wares. It was very commonly used too by idle children, with whom it was a favourite place of resort, as being in a lonely, unfrequented part of the city, where they could carry on their sports with less danger of interruption. Who first painted the Madonna in this solitary spot, under what guise she was represented, and under what title invoked, or what caused the painting, once made, ever to be visited for purposes of devotion, we do not know; these particulars are lost in the darkness of antiquity; nevertheless history has preserved to us the name of a citizen of Reggio, Louis Pratissoli, who in the year 1569 caused a design to be prepared by one Lelio Orsi for a new figure to be painted there instead of the old one, which by the long course of years had become almost effaced. The design was not executed until four years later, by Giovanni de' Bianchi; and it represents our Blessed Lady sitting in a solitary place at the foot of a green mountain, stretching forth her hands in an attitude of supplication, or perhaps of invitation only, to her Divine Son, who sits opposite her as a smiling infant on a little cushion; and He too is holding out his hands, as if to declare his willingness to obey his Mother's call.

The fact of this re-embellishment of the niche seems to shew that some degree of devotion had been felt towards this picture in previous days, had been handed down from father to son; in which case it is probable that the new picture was only a copy of the old, or, at least, that the principal features of the original were retained. However, be this as it may, it was of course to be expected that the devotion should now increase and strengthen; and, in fact, we are told that during



the next twenty years persons *did* come much more frequently to say their prayers here, and this in spite of the badness of the neighbourhood, which was of such a character as would naturally have induced all good people rather to keep away from it. At last, in the year 1595, certain families, and the family of Louis Pratissoli amongst the rest, united together to take the niche into their special custody, and to improve it by the addition of such ornaments as the nature of the place would permit. By degrees votive offerings were suspended at its side, and the picture acquired quite a local celebrity, so that a small chapel was built in the garden behind it, and the whole niche being carefully separated from the wall, was solemnly transferred thither on the 9th of April, 1596. It is not, as far as I know, any where recorded what the particular favours had been which the faithful believed themselves to have received in answer to prayers offered before this picture of our Lady; they must have been of a special kind, however, and well authenticated, or at least it must have been generally supposed that there were such, otherwise the sudden increase of public devotion towards it, as manifested in the building of this chapel, cannot reasonably be accounted for. But whatever their fame may have been at the time, it was altogether eclipsed by a miracle which took place there just three weeks after the translation, and which proved to be the foundation of a far more wide-spread celebrity of the sanctuary.

In the village of Castel Nuovo, a few miles from Reggio, there was a boy who had been deaf and dumb from his birth; nor was his inability to speak merely a consequence of his want of hearing, but the organ of speech was itself deficient; nobody could detect any appearance of a tongue within his mouth. He had grown up in this pitiable state to the age of sixteen years, and was known to the whole neighbourhood by the name of Marchino. Probably his Christian name was Mark, and the diminutive termination had been added, according to Italian custom, as a token of affectionate compassion by those who spoke of him. We are not told to what condition of life his parents belonged, but we know, what is of far greater importance, that they had faith in the power of God and in the tender loving-kindness of the Mother of Mercy. Some rumours having reached them of favours that had been granted before a picture of the Madonna in Reggio, they determined to lead thither their unfortunate son, hoping that he too might haply receive some of those blessings which report said were being so freely bestowed. It was on the 29th of April, 1596, that these good people visited the little oratory of Santa Maria della Ghiara, and there prayed with their hearts full of grief,



yet full of hope also, that their child might be healed. He too, the cause of their unhappiness and the object of their earnest solicitude, was kneeling at their side; and though he was unable to utter articulate sounds, yet doubtless he "spoke in his heart" a language which God could understand, and which He never fails to reward. "He that cometh to God must believe that he is, and is a rewarder to them that seek Him;" and such was the faith of Marchino. He tells us that as he knelt there in silent yet earnest prayer, suddenly he felt his whole frame penetrated by a most unwonted heat, and a profuse perspiration burst forth from every part of his body. He felt that some great and wonderful change was passing over him, and his hope that he might be made perfectly whole grew into a certain confidence of God's merciful intentions towards him. In another minute he felt a sharp pain in his jaws, and instantly opening his mouth, he cried out "Jesus, Mary!" thus consecrating the first fruits of his newly-acquired gift of speech to *their* honour and glory from whom he knew that he had received it. At the same time a perfect sense of hearing was given to him, and his tongue was found to be whole, in every respect like that of any one else; and whereas he had never before heard a single word, he now spoke clearly and intelligibly in the language of his country, calling every thing by its right name.

The fame of so perfect and instantaneous a cure, wrought upon one whose infirmities had been notorious for many years, spread through the city and the adjacent country with the rapidity of lightning. The Bishop immediately appointed a commission, consisting of medical men, of lawyers, and of theologians, thoroughly to inquire into all its circumstances: the doctors were to examine it under its physical aspect, how far the effect produced had been beyond the power of merely natural causes; the lawyers were to sift the evidence of the fact, to subject the witnesses to all that severity of cross-examination which the Church so jealously insists upon whenever the report of any thing supernatural is brought before her; and finally, it was the province of the theologians to ascertain that there had been nothing superstitious, nothing contrary to the faith and practice of the Church, in the conduct of any of the parties concerned.

Mixed commissions of this kind the wise caution of the Church never fails to call to her assistance in the examination of those cases which seem to require it—(we heard of one not long ago having been appointed by the ecclesiastical authorities in Belgium, to inquire into certain circumstances connected with pilgrimages to the sanctuary of St. Hubert in cases of

hydrophobia); and when, after the report of such commissions, the Church proceeds to give any kind of sanction to the popular belief, it is obvious that this fact ought to have considerable weight in our estimate of that belief. It has been truly said, that "the least degree of sanction by the Church is no light or mean thing in the eyes and on the consciences of her children;" but when we consider the exact nature of these commissions, instituting their inquiries upon the very spot where the event submitted to their examination professed to have taken place, and the severe scrutiny to which their report was afterwards subjected by more experienced and utterly unprejudiced judges in Rome, I think we may almost venture to say, that it would be difficult to overstate the degree of credibility that might fairly be claimed for the Church's decisions in cases of this kind, considered merely as a question of human testimony, without the slightest reference to any thing special or supernatural that might be supposed to have guided her in such investigations.

In the present instance the commission sent in its report on the 28th of May, just a month after the reputed miracle had taken place; and it approved not only of that particular miracle, but also of several others which had been wrought more recently, up to the very day on which the report was delivered. The Bishop immediately forwarded it to Rome to his Holiness Pope Clement VIII.; and on the 22d of July, in the same year, the Sacred Congregation of Rites issued a rescript, in which they not only tolerated, but even encouraged the devotion of the faithful towards this newly-celebrated picture of their most gracious Mother. Had the evidence for these miracles been in any way doubtful or suspicious, all practices of devotion to which they might have given rise would have been instantly checked and authoritatively prohibited. We remember when we were in Rome two or three years ago, there was a report that the Madonna had appeared to a poor girl, and miraculously cured her of some infirmity somewhere within the city itself: the case was immediately inquired into, and as it was declared *not proved*, nothing ever came of it. In this case, indeed, the affair was crushed in its preliminary stage, in its examination by the Cardinal Vicar, in his capacity as acting Bishop of Rome, so that it never reached the Congregation of Rites at all; but in numberless other instances, evidence which had been accepted as satisfactory by the local tribunal, and which really may have been, and very likely was, perfectly true, has yet been unable to pass the more rigid scrutiny of the Sacred Congregation, so that the memory of the event has either perished altogether,

or been preserved only in private families, or among a few neighbours, and left no enduring public monument for the general instruction of posterity. The memory of the miraculous cure of Marchino was not destined thus to perish, neither was it to be confined within the narrow limits of a single township; it was to spread far and wide throughout all Italy, and one may almost say throughout the whole of Christian Europe, and to endure probably to the end of time. The Congregation of Rites not only permitted, but sanctioned the growing devotion, and decreed that it might be still further fed and strengthened by some public demonstration on the part of the people.

No sooner had the civil magistracy of Reggio received this cordial approbation from the ecclesiastical authorities in Rome than they determined to avail themselves of it to the utmost, and to celebrate a festival in honour of Santa Maria della Ghiara (it took this name merely from the neighbourhood in which it was) with all the pomp and splendour which they could command. In order to choose a convenient season, and to give sufficient time for the necessary preparations, the second Sunday in November was fixed upon; and the civil, military, and ecclesiastical authorities seem all to have vied with one another in doing honour to the feast. The Bishop himself assisted at the High Mass, and preached on the occasion; the chapel was richly ornamented (a long portico had by this time been added for the greater convenience of the people); processions of religious orders and of confraternities from all the towns and villages in the neighbourhood crowded into the city; nothing was to be heard but music, mixed with the ringing of bells and the discharge of artillery; and a grand display of fireworks and a general illumination concluded the festivities of the day.

But we have travelled too rapidly over these first six months of the history of our sanctuary, and must go back for a few minutes to the day on which the deaf and dumb Marchino was healed. This was the 28th of April; and on the following days all the streets leading to the garden where the little chapel had been built were crowded with persons eager to witness or to experience similar miraculous cures. Even by night the chapel was not deserted; day and night it was always full, either of devout worshippers or of curious gazers; and many, we are told, went away, declaring that they too had received very special gifts and favours in this new sanctuary. One, but by no means one of the first, was a case exactly similar to the original favour bestowed on Marchino; and the subject of it was a native of the very next



village to that from which he had come, perhaps we ought rather to say another part of the same village. Marchino was a native of Upper Castel Nuovo; Andrew (for this was the name of the second boy) was a native of Lower Castel Nuovo. He too had been deaf and dumb from his birth, and was now fourteen years old. Those who had the charge of him (for his parents seem to have been dead) had seen their neighbour's son, and could testify to the reality of his cure; it was only natural, therefore, that they should earnestly covet and determine to seek the same blessing for their own child, who was suffering under the same affliction. They went, but they did not immediately obtain what they sought; our Lord had taught his disciples the necessity of perseverance in prayer, that men ought always to pray and not to faint, and that in due time they shall reap if they faint not: and it pleased God in the instance before us to enforce this lesson, and to fulfil this promise in a very remarkable way. The faith of Andrew and of his friends was put to no ordinary trial: Marchino had risen in the morning deaf and dumb, and returned at night both hearing and speaking; but Andrew was to be seen day after day, and night after night, prostrate before the picture of Mary, always in the same miserable condition. At his master's suggestion, he had made a vow that if he were cured he would devote himself for six months to labour at the new church, which it was certain would soon be built here in honour of the Mother of God; and he had a confidence that his vow would be accepted. Still, day after day passed by, and there was no visible change, no token of improvement; yet the boy's faith and hope and love did not forsake him. He seemed to address the object of his prayers as Jacob addressed the angel with whom he wrestled, "I will not let thee go, except thou bless me;" and, like Jacob, he in the end prevailed. On the tenth night of his patient watching, at an hour before daybreak on the morning of the 28th of May, he experienced the same bodily sensations that Marchino had experienced, and with the same result; he both heard and spoke.

The reader will have observed that this second great miracle was wrought just in time to enable the commission of inquiry to include it in their report; and we have been induced to speak of it in detail, because of its similarity to the first. It must not be supposed, however, that these two stood alone; in truth, there had been from the very first an extraordinary manifestation of the Divine power and goodness in this place. "A great multitude of sick, of blind, of lame, and of withered" had been attracted to it, and it proved to them to be as it were a second pool of Bethsaida; "they were made whole of what-

soever infirmity they lay under." Even within the first three or four days, on the night between the first and second of May, we find a long procession of Carmelites, with lighted torches in their hands, and hymns of praise and thanksgiving on their lips, bringing a costly offering of two silver-gilt crowns, which the prior placed on the heads of the Mother and Child. A day or two afterwards—so rapidly had the fame of the marvel spread—there came a confraternity from the city of Ferrara, which was at that time subject to the same temporal prince. On the 7th of May, the ancients and the council (the mayor and corporation) of Reggio itself came in state, and laid an offering of five hundred crowns (upwards of 100*l.*) at the feet of the wonder-working picture. In a word, processions were continually coming, and bringing fresh offerings from all the towns and villages of the neighbourhood, and even from a considerable distance. The only one which we need specially mention is that from Castel Nuovo, which was, as it deserved to be, one of the most conspicuous. The Confraternities of the Blessed Sacrament and of the Rosary, each with their proper banner, 170 girls clad in white, and forty priests, together with an immense concourse of people, brought a golden chalice and paten, two silver candlesticks, a splendid missal, a cope, chasuble, and dalmatics, with hangings for the altar, all of white damask trimmed with gold, and a rich banner of crimson silk with a fringe of gold, having a copy of the miraculous painting in the centre, and underneath it this inscription: "The Church militant of Upper Castel Nuovo consecrates to the Queen of Heaven this banner, together with vestments for the priest, and the necessary ornaments for the altar, in silk and gold, A.D. 1596."

The most interesting feature, however, in this procession, and in many others also, was Marchino himself, who thought he could not better shew forth the loving-kindness of God, and the power He had bestowed upon Mary, than by exhibiting himself in this way to all who wished to certify themselves by personal inquiry of the truth of the miracle. It must have been as in the case of that man who had been lame from his mother's womb, and who was healed by Peter and John, as they were going up into the temple at the ninth hour of prayer; "all the people saw him walking and praising God, and they knew him that it was he" whom they had so often seen before in a wretched helpless condition, "and they were filled with wonder and amazement at that which had happened to him." Anxious to devote himself in a special manner to the service of God, he afterwards entered the severe and holy order of the Capuchins, in which he became a priest, taking

the names in religion of Angelo Maria; the latter doubtless from a desire publicly to perpetuate his grateful acknowledgments to his heavenly benefactress. He assisted at the consecration of the new church, on the 12th of May, 1619, the foundation-stone of which had been laid in the presence of Alfonso d'Este, the second of that name, Duke of Ferrara and Reggio, more than twenty years before, on the 6th of June, 1597.

As I only spent a few hours in Reggio, I cannot speak as to the degree of devotion which still exists towards this sanctuary; it remains in the care of the Servites, of whose order some account was given in our history of the SS. Annunziata at Florence, and who were the owners of the garden in a niche of whose wall was the original picture of Sta. Maria della Ghiara. The anniversary of Marchino's miraculous cure is celebrated every year on the 29th of April. N.

### **Passion, Love, and Rest;**

OR,

### **THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BASIL MORLEY.**

(Continued from p. 134.)

#### **CHAPTER V.—*Oxford.***

THERE are some houses that it is impossible ever to get attached to. One never feels thoroughly at home in them. They are prosy, frigid, and cut-and-dried. They are so unexceptionable in arrangement, so well-appointed, so prim, so well looked after, so free from disorder, as to seem more like petrifications than the habitations of living human beings. I never could bear a house which shews no sign of the ease and warmth of life. For what is the most perfect of man's creations when it yields no tokens of the feelings and energies of man himself? What is it that gives all its charm to an old building, whether still in use or in ruin? It is the sympathies that it awakens with the past. We feel with those who have mourned, or laughed, or toiled within its walls, perhaps on the very spot where we are sitting. There is no poetry, or scarcely any, in that which is new, for it is heartless; or in that which is stiff and formal and mechanical, for it suggests no thoughts of life or of the common brotherhood of humanity.



Such a prosy house Brookfield Manor was *not*. Irregular in its original design, it had been altered and enlarged by successive Churchills, not on antiquarian rules, but with a living art; clumsy enough, for the most part, but still *living*. Its very jumble of all styles of architecture was attractive. You felt how each owner had admired and loved the work of his own day, and what gratification he had derived from his alterations and adornings. I liked it all: its comfortless Gothic windows, such as no modern architect would tolerate as an "example;" its high gables; its heavy carved ceilings; its awkward staircases; its spacious hall; its modern, airy saloon; its library, with recesses in the enormous walls, wherein weighty folios reclined as in a natural home.

A like spirit of graceful confusion pervaded all the furniture and ornaments. Mr. Churchill's wife had been a woman of rare taste and animation; and though she had been dead for some two or three years, Edith had caught her mother's habits and feelings, and the house still wore the same pleasant aspect. There were books every where; not only on stately shelves, but scattered here and there in odd corners and on tables, in just that degree of disarray that speaks of their constant use. Flowers shed their odour wherever you wandered about the rooms. The furniture was of every date, and every degree of comfort and inconvenience. The very china and plate spoke of the fancies and lives of many generations.

As to the garden, it was (to my taste) perfect. Old terraces, and vases, and balustrades, and clipped yews, and fishponds, were intermingled with modern bowers, and flower-beds, and piles of fantastic rock overgrown with climbing plants, and all the brightest blossoms which the floriculture of the last score of years had made familiar to the English botanist. With all the excitement of the party now assembled, I used to wander over its velvet lawns and beneath its shadowy thickets, and dream of the joys of my coming life, when I might possess some such house as Brookfield, and see all around me full of enjoyment and cheerful ease. Helen Darnley was of course the centre of every picture that I fed my eyes with gazing upon. Every hour that I remained I was getting (as I thought) more violently in love with her. I walked with her, rode with her, danced with her, read poetry and novels with her; not indeed in *tête-à-têtes*, but in company sometimes with one and sometimes with another, though generally with Edith and her brother only.

Whether Helen cared for me, I could not tell. I hoped she did, and I persuaded myself that she did; but she was so provokingly fond of teasing me, and so seldom completely

dropped the dash of banter with which she seasoned all our conversations, that I was fairly puzzled when I sought to unravel the mysteries of her heart. I was sure she did not dislike me, for she sought rather than avoided my society, and talked with me with unvarying openness. Besides this, she manifested a certain interest in my history, in my father and mother and other relations, in Morley Court, in my Oxford prospects. She asked my opinions about many subjects, now and then even upon matters affecting her own conduct. She never shewed the slightest sense of restraint in my presence, or refused me when I asked her to share any pleasure or occupation. Altogether I hoped with great confidence. I accounted myself to be dying with affection for her; and being utterly without experience in such matters, and not a little blinded by my good opinion of myself, and excited by the novel-reading in which we so freely indulged, at last I worked myself up to a persuasion that she *must* be aware of my passion for her, and knowing it, could not be displeased. Otherwise, said I to myself, how could she go on doing every thing to make it more ardent and irresistible? Accordingly, as the day for my leaving Brookfield was at hand, I resolved to come to the point, and make an open declaration. Fortune favoured me; for in the course of the very morning on which I had made my resolve, I found myself seated in a retired arbour in the garden by the side of Helen herself. I was rambling along, pondering on my future fate, and planning various modes for accomplishing a feat the very thought of which made me tremble, when, as I approached the arbour in question, the clear, ringing notes of Miss Darnley's voice, singing from within the quiet shade, struck my delighted ear. I stood still involuntarily, and listened for a few moments; and as no other voice mingled with hers, I concluded that she was alone. "If she *is* in love," I thought to myself, "she is mighty merry over it;" for a less sentimental ditty than the lively strain she was pouring forth was never warbled by maiden in her bower. I did not quite like this buoyant cheerfulness, but it was a golden moment not to be lost; and plucking up my courage, and reproaching myself for my timidity, I advanced and presented myself before Helen. She was really alone, occupied only in arranging a handful of fresh-gathered flowers, and I had never seen her look so brilliant and captivating.

"Ah! Mr. Morley!" she said, when she descried me, "I'm delighted to see you at last. You have been playing the truant all the morning; meditating, no doubt, in anticipation of your coming inspirations beneath the leafy shades of Christ Church meadows and Magdalene walks."

This salutation was far from adding to my boldness; so, lest it should all ooze away, I seated myself at her side, and poured forth an incoherent string of protestations of the devoted passion with which she had inspired me. As soon as I had spoken half a dozen words, she turned suddenly round, with a look which at the moment I could not interpret, and her cheeks burning with blushes. Then, as suddenly, while I went on with my declaration, she buried her face in her hands, and I could see that she actually shook with agitation of some kind, notwithstanding all her efforts to restrain herself. New confidence now sprung up within me, and how glowing and passionate were my expressions I cannot describe. When I ceased, Miss Darnley remained for a short space without replying, her countenance still hidden in her hands, while the heaving of her frame betrayed the difficulty she found in controlling her feelings. At length she lifted up her head and looked me in the face, when to my indescribable disgust and horror, I saw her radiant with glee, and the tears positively running from her eyes with suppressed laughter.

"Why, Mr. Morley," were her first words, "you're only eighteen years old!"

Stung to the quick, I replied, "However old I am, Miss Darnley, I am capable of feelings which your mirth is most deeply wounding."

"I beg your pardon, I am sure," rejoined Helen; "but really when young gentlemen make love so very violently, it is difficult to keep one's countenance altogether grave."

"Oh! Miss Darnley!" I cried, "have pity upon me for a few moments, and tell me if I really am so disagreeable in your eyes as to have no hope left for the future, whatever may be your feelings now."

"Disagreeable?" cried she, "not the least in the world, saving the amount of disagreeableness which attaches to *all* youths of an uncertain age. I assure you that I have enjoyed your society excessively, and should have enjoyed it till you left Brookfield, if you had not now talked to me in this foolish way. Come, come, Mr. Morley, don't look quite so like a gloomy lover in a melodrama, or quarrel with me because I have not fallen in love with you at first sight. Be reasonable, I pray you, and go to Oxford and distinguish yourself; and when you're some years older and want a wife, look out for some one younger than yourself, and not older, like me."

That I was far enough from having formed any deep attachment to my fair tormentor, I now see plainly, when I recollect how quickly my feelings began to change under her good-humoured remonstrances. For the life of me, I *could*



not stir myself up into any thing like a true lover's frenzy. Helen was absolutely irresistible; I could no more go on making love to her than to a person old enough to be my grandmother. She *would* not be affronted; she *would* not command me from her presence; she even proposed walking with me into the house, and requested my aid in gathering up the flowers she had scattered when I began my declaration. Except for a very perceptible twinkle in her eyes every time she came near me during the rest of the day, there was no change in her manner; and I was speedily convinced that any renewal of my protestations would be thrown away, and could have no other effect than that of making her angry. I was sorely vexed, and not a little affronted, when I was out of the influence of her sparkling gaiety, but it was clearly useless to shew my spleen; and as Miss Darnley volunteered a promise that she would mention the advances I had made to no one, I felt myself bound in honour to treat her with respect and good humour, and to try to appear as if nothing unusual had taken place.

The only permanent effect that my failure with Helen had upon me was to stir me up to a more eager desire for honour in my University career, now on the very eve of commencement. I had already formed a sort of plan for my future life, and burned to begin its accomplishment. Intellectual distinction was the idol I worshipped; and few young men enter at Oxford with a more passionate longing for honour than that which I now cherished. My father wished me to be called to the bar, as a means of support during his own lifetime; for though his fortune was fully ample to his own wants as a country gentleman, it was not enough to enable him to give me more than a bachelor's allowance. My own wish was to employ the law as a stepping-stone to the House of Commons; and as I dreamt over my coming prospects, there was no end to the visions of glory and power which floated across my hot young brain.

The unlucky issue of my advances to Miss Darnley made me anxious to quit Brookfield on the earliest day consistent with my former arrangements, and I parted from her with tolerable equanimity, not a little aided by wounded pride. I remained quietly at home till the middle of October summoned me to Oxford. My mother's health was becoming precarious, and all my father's affectionate care was insufficient to rouse her from the deep melancholy which for years past had been growing upon her. It was not that she seemed in *every* sense of the word *unhappy*. It was impossible to be with her for many days together without observing at times

a glow of joy overspreading her pale countenance, wholly inconsistent with the idea that her inmost heart was a stranger to real *peace*. Her temper never was soured. She was more gentle and forbearing than ever, both to me and to my father; but that some source of intense suffering was nearly always present with her, was only too manifest. My father, never a very acute observer of the workings of the mind, did not observe this as clearly as I did myself, and in our occasional conversations respecting my mother's health, he put it all down to her physical weakness and mere bodily sufferings. As to myself, I fancied it must have something to do with her religion, which I had now come to regard with more animosity than ever. The frequent visits of a priest from the nearest Catholic chapel, which my father now tolerated, and even requested, as he saw how much they comforted my mother, were to me a source of unmixed annoyance. There was something about Mr. Cumberland, as he was named, which irritated me beyond measure. His composure; his quiet disregard of all the pleasures and objects of interest which I held most dear; his undisguised hints as to the vanity of the course I made no secret of intending to pursue through life; his pertinacity in not admitting for a moment the claims of the Church of England, to which I was vehemently attached by the *esprit-de-corps* natural to my age and circumstances; his refusal to answer to my scoffing arguments against the doctrines of his religion: all these things grated on my feelings and hurt my self-complacency every time that he visited Morley Court. The evidently increasing devotion of my mother to the practices of her Church still further tormented me. In former days no *visible* signs of her creed had appeared in the house. My father, I concluded, would not have tolerated them; and except in the hidden chapel where I first learnt my mother's faith, there was not a token of Catholicism to be discerned. Now, however, softened by my mother's fading health, my father was less stringent than before; and I had the extreme annoyance of seeing crucifixes, beads, pictures, and all the rest of what I looked upon as idolatrous trumpery, lying about my mother's dressing-room, where also a recess was fitted up with conveniences for kneeling, and a real little Popish "oratory" was permanently established. Whenever I ventured to express my dislike of these things, I could not fail to see that an expression of exquisite pain shot over my mother's features. She did not remonstrate, she did not explain, she did not argue. Any thing of this kind, I found afterwards, had been rigidly forbidden by my father, under pain of his never permitting her to see me except in his own presence.

But now and then, when I burst forth with some hasty word of ill-humour or contempt, her eyes would fill with tears, or a sudden death-like pallor would overspread her countenance, or she would heave a heavy sigh, or lift up her eyes towards heaven as if in prayer, or—most trying of all to me—she would take my hand affectionately and kiss me on the forehead, and bid me sit down by her side and tell her how I liked the prospects of Oxford, and what were my dearest hopes and plans for the future. Strange to say, all this made me more bitter than ever against a creed which I fancied was the cause of so much misery in a heart so sweet and pure. Every thing loveable in my mother I set down to her nature; every sorrow and every pain she suffered I imputed to the influence of the tyrannous and deceitful faith of Rome. Mr. Cumberland I conceived to be my personal enemy; and at times when he was visiting my mother, I used to imagine him striving to alienate her affections from me, and persuading her to regard me as a heretic and a reprobate.

And thus matters stood when I left Morley Court for — College, Oxford. My father could not accompany me; but I was armed with letters of introduction to various fellows and tutors; Churchill was to meet me; and the Principal of the College of which I was to be a member was an old friend of my father's. I shall never forget my sensations when the towers and spires of Oxford first greeted my eyes, brilliant in the rays of an October declining sun. As we crossed Magdalene Bridge, and the tall towers of Waynflete's College, with its clustering pinnacles and gables below, and the thick groves around, rose before me, my heart bounded with joyous anticipations; and as we advanced up the High Street, and the dark solemn pile of University College, and the stately smartness of Queen's, and aristocratic-looking All-Souls, and the glorious spire of St. Mary's, with peeps innumerable of ancient quadrangles and gateways and oriel windows, with all the animation of modern town and university life pleasantly contrasting with the memorials of the past, I felt as if life was indeed worth living, and I had not known before what it was to be a man and an English gentleman.

Scarcely had the coach stopped, when I was on the pavement, greeted by Churchill in cap and gown; and under his auspices I made my preparations for matriculating on the following day. That night I slept at the inn, Churchill dining with me, and initiating me in anticipation to my new life. We strolled out in the evening, as I could not rest without feeding my eyes with a fresh sight of the scenes which had already captivated me. Churchill was amused at my enthu-



siasm, of which he owned that he felt none, and promised me that in three months' time I should be sighing for the woods of Morley Court. However, he bore with my raptures as I drank in the singular loveliness of Oxford beneath the soft light of a brilliant moon. That loveliness I still think, in its way, unsurpassed, if not unrivalled. It was to me then a fairy land: the bustle of the day was nearly hushed; the lights that shone from the various colleges, notwithstanding the noisy uproar of merriment which now and then broke forth from some ancient window, spoke to me only of the life of study and thought. I was in no mood for architectural criticising; and the elaborate massiveness of the Radcliffe Library and its crowning dome, the quaint ugliness of the schools, the heavy shapelessness of the theatre, the rich front of Christ Church, with the innumerable picturesque private houses and windows and gables scattered profusely throughout the chief streets of the city, as they slept in the moonlight, were but so many manifestations of one living beauty, venerable without decay, and uniform in spirit, amidst all their variations in expression.

They who are strangers to the true feelings of Oxford Protestantism, even in its most antiquarian and meditative moods, will suppose, perhaps, that as I thus gazed enchanted on a scene, nearly all whose most beautiful features were of Catholic origin, memory would at least have carried me back to the days when my mother's religion ruled the land, and that under the power of Oxford associations I should have felt softened towards a creed amidst whose works I now silently revelled. Yet far from it: I did not think of the past of Oxford, except in a vague, dreamy way, without realising in the slightest degree its true history. Its poetry was to me of the earth only; it was as the nursery of so many of the proudest names in the recent records of my country, that I venerated it; it was as being *mine* as well as theirs, that I loved it; my enthusiasm was unmixedly selfish; and the thought that Almighty God had here been worshipped by tens of thousands of those priests who, in the person of my mother's confessor, were so odious to me, and that I was about to avail myself of the endowments of Catholic prelates and kings, never crossed my thoughts for an instant.

The next day the ceremonial of my entering at — College took place in due form, and I was matriculated as an undergraduate member of the University, in the presence of the Vice-Chancellor. I tried to pay due respect to the whole proceedings, but was startled at the rapidity with which an act of the most momentous importance was hurried through.

All that I *saw*, on being ushered into the library of the Vice-Chancellor, where he received me, impressed me with a profound respect. There was no mistaking the antiquity of the apartment; four hundred years must have passed since its first erection, and now the venerable beauties of age were set off with the comforts and delights of a younger civilisation. Richly carved bookcases groaned with folios, quartos, and octavos; easy-chairs invited to repose; fragments of stained glass sparkled in a deeply-recessed bay-window; prints of important-looking Anglican bishops and divines decorated the walls; and at a superb library-table, covered with papers and books, sat, in full-blown dignity, the Vice-Chancellor himself. So stately a personage I had never seen; and I was prepared for something proportionately serious and searching in the ceremony of my initiation to my new obligations. With a mixture of simplicity and self-conceit, I had made up my mind to subscribe to no engagements, and to take no oaths, without being fully informed as to what I was doing, or without stating certain difficulties which I honestly felt. I knew that I was to sign the Thirty-nine Articles and to take divers oaths, among the rest swearing to obey the statutes of the University; and I resolved to request to read these statutes, and to explain certain questions respecting the Articles which had occurred to me, so soon as I came into the Vice-Chancellor's presence. I hinted my intentions to the college-tutor who conducted me, but he pooh-poohed the very notion, and said, "Oh, never mind, Mr. Morley; you must take these things upon trust at your age;" and awed by his decisiveness of manner, I had said nothing more. What, then, was my disgust with myself, when in an incredibly short space of time I found myself again out of the Vice-Chancellor's library, having subscribed the Articles and taken sundry oaths, without the most distant conception of what I had been swearing to! So speedy had been the process, and so chilling the donnish dignity of the Vice-Chancellor, who scarcely vouchsafed to look at me, and returned the timid politeness of the tutor with a condescension as disagreeable as it was solemn, that my bold intentions had evaporated in a moment, and I had signed and sworn in the spirit of a child swallowing a dose of nauseous medicine beneath its nurse's frown. To all my subsequent complaints to Churchill, he returned only a shrug and a sneer at the "dons," adding his opinion that "old Marston" (meaning the Vice-Chancellor) was the greatest fool in Oxford, and bullied the "men" to death in his own college. The rest of the day until dinner-time was spent in taking possession of my rooms, in making purchases, and in introductions to

various acquaintances of Churchill's. The college-dinner I found very much to my satisfaction. The hall of — College is a noble room, with a handsome oak open roof, and, like all other Oxford dining-halls, with a platform or dais at the upper end, at which sit the fellows and masters of arts, apart from the undergraduates and bachelors. The grace after dinner amused me extremely; it was in Latin, and consisted of a sort of dialogue between the senior fellow and one of the scholars or junior members of the foundation. It was all uttered with a rapidity marvellous to me, who had been accustomed only to the pompous recitation which the Anglican clergy deem the only correct mode of uttering prayers; and little as I then troubled myself about such matters, the whole affair struck me as ludicrously irreverent. *What* the words spoken were, I never could detect until the day I left college; but I was told that they contained something very like a prayer for the souls of the deceased benefactors of the college;—a relic of Popery which, in my mood of mind, did not particularly conciliate my respect.

Immediately after dinner, in company with some ten or twelve undergraduates, I went to Churchill's rooms to a "wine-party." And let not the reader suppose that such a party by any means implied any thing like debauchery, or was forbidden by the rules either of the college or of common decorum. Whatever may have been the case a generation or two ago, Oxford wine-parties in my time were generally no more scenes of intemperance than the ordinary dinner-table of a private family. Undoubtedly in some "sets" of men more wine was habitually drunk than was desirable either for the heads or the pockets of the convivial youths. Too often, also, a wine-party terminated not only in disgusting drunkenness, but was the prelude to every wickedness which tempts the young to their destruction both of body and soul. It is certain, too, that not very many years before the time when I entered the University, the state of morals among the undergraduates had been immeasurably worse. Drunkenness, if not habitual, yet occasional, was nearly universal; and drunkenness was very far from being the worst of the sins which were the curse of the English Universities. Still, it must be remembered that Oxford and Cambridge were but the epitomes of English society at large. The young men at those "seats of learning" were no worse than their fathers had been, and little worse than their fathers still were.

The party at Churchill's was temperate enough for the most rigid moralists. I was treated with civility, almost with politeness; I drank what wine I liked, and was scarcely pressed



to take more; and the contrast to the *morale* of my school companions was to me such as I was little prepared for. The fact I found to be, that etiquette and good manners were assumed, as befitting those who were now *men*, and boys no longer. It was bad taste to swear, and disgusting to get drunk. From one or two who were present, I heard something almost like a religious view taken of some subject discussed. At any rate, I can conscientiously say that not a word either indecent or profane was uttered. About eight o'clock every body dispersed, and Churchill and I remained alone.

#### CHAPTER VI.—*The Progress of Unbelief.*

"Well, Churchill," I exclaimed, as the last visitor disappeared, "I am amazed; a more sober set of fellows I never heard of. I do believe you have not had three bottles of wine drunk the whole evening. Are Oxford men all like these?"

"You are a freshman, my dear fellow," rejoined Churchill, "and will be so till Christmas, and I don't wonder at your being puzzled. However, don't run away with the notion that all Oxford men are like these. This is, I flatter myself, one of the most gentlemanly colleges in the University; and do you think we should make beasts of ourselves without any need? If you think these men are *saints*, for all that, you'll find yourself grievously mistaken. There's half of them, perhaps, are reading men, and one or two a thought or so sanctified; but as for the rest, just give them a chance to take their pleasure like gentlemen, and they would soon tell another tale. But hark!" he cried, suddenly pausing and listening. We sat holding our breath, but no sound was heard save the rattle of an occasional cart or carriage in the streets. At length a confused hum of voices was distinctly heard, in the midst of which I presently detected cries of "Town! town!" as from men shouting loudly to one another. "By Jove!" cried Churchill, as soon as the sounds were clearly audible, "there's a Town-and-Gown row! Come, Morley, on with your cap and gown, and don't lose a moment, for it's nearly nine o'clock already, and if the Principal gets a scent of what's going on, he'll have the gates locked at once, to keep the men from getting out."

Hardly knowing what I was doing, and not exactly relishing the idea of a street-fight such as I had heard tales told of, I hesitated, and expressed a wish that Churchill should go without me.

"Nonsense, my dear fellow!" he cried. "For the honour of your own college, don't lose a moment. These snobs are

getting perfectly intolerable, and if we don't teach them better manners, there'll be no safety for a gownsmen to walk up High Street alone after dark. It's not a week ago that a bargee threatened to knock me into the river down at Iffley. Come, there's a good fellow; we shall have splendid sport, I've no doubt; so just hand me one of those two stout sticks I see in that corner, and take the other yourself, and follow me."

There seemed no help for it, and as I still doubted, a sudden burst of voices immediately below the windows of the room (which looked into the street) determined my wavering inclinations. "Gown, gown!" was shouted with the hoarse energy of men wild with excitement, while cries of triumph rose from the opposite party. We rushed out through the college-gates, followed by a score or so of other undergraduates, armed with strong walking-sticks, and turning the first corner we came to, found ourselves in the very thick of the conflict. The gownsmen were giving way, overpowered by numbers, and one powerful man in a kind of sailor's dress was first in the ranks of the townsmen, and calling out to the University men, with horrible oaths, to pick out their best man to fight him alone. The sight of our reinforcement turned the tide of victory; and amidst a storm of blows from the gownsmen's sticks and fists, the mob retreated, and soon actually fled. With shouts of reproach, we followed on their heels; and at the first narrow lane they came to, apparently by previous arrangement, the whole body rushed in, and as soon as the gownsmen were again upon them, in an instant the lamps were smashed, and we found ourselves involved in nearly total darkness. Scarcely had we begun to think that our wisest course was to beat a retreat, when a fresh volley of cries announced the approach of auxiliaries to the town, and the fight now became not a little serious. By the dim light which the moon gave through the thick clouds of a dull night, it was impossible to tell who was friend and who was foe, save by the trencher-cap and college-gown, which were the distinguishing mark of the University party; and as few heads contrived to preserve their caps, and gowns were torn to shreds in the *mêlée*, while the two sides were mingled together in the darkness and confusion, it speedily became a fight between every man and his next neighbour. Twice I was nearly stunned by blows upon the head; once I was all but choked by the grasp of a man who seized me by the neckcloth, and only left his hold when a bludgeon fell like iron upon his arm; and I was beginning to anticipate the worst and most inglorious termination to my Oxford career, when the proctors and pro-proctors, with their "bull-dogs," and aided by

the constabulary of the town, threw themselves into the outskirts of the conflict. Just at that moment the moon burst forth from behind the clouds, shining from end to end of the narrow lane where we were engaged, and serving to betray the countenances of the gownsmen to the searching eyes of the proctors. Both sides were by this time so exhausted, that the authorities would have had an easy triumph; when a body of undergraduates fresh from the nearest college, and so drunk as to have lost all sense of fear of punishment, dashed headlong upon the proctors, sent one of them spinning to the ground, pinioned the other against a wall, separated the pro-proctors from one another, and challenged the "bull-dogs" to a stand-up fight. Instantly the general conflict was renewed; and the moonlight favouring, the gownsmen contrived to marshall their scattered forces, and drove the discomfited town along High Street and as far as Christ Church. There they made a stand, and just at the very gate of the college, beneath the tower where "Old Tom" peals forth his solemn notes, the battle was renewed. Crowds of heads were thrust out of the windows above us, and voices bade us hold out until a party of men within the college could overpower the porter in his lodge, and open the gates in order to join us. Whether the porter made much resistance or not, the massive doors soon rolled on their hinges, and the whole body of combatants poured into the noble quadrangle. Scarcely had we entered when a sight struck our eyes which made both sides pause. Many as were the histories I had heard of the pranks of Oxford men, especially in aristocratic Christ Church, what I now saw was totally unexpected, and I believe such a scene has rarely been witnessed. From two large windows, chairs, tables, books, and every species of furniture were flying, while roars of laughter filled up the intervals between the crashing of the ejected movables upon the ground below. The chief culprit, as I afterwards learnt, was Lord ———, a very near relative of one of the most renowned of English generals and statesmen; and the heaviest punishment of the University was inflicted on the morrow upon him and the other ringleaders in a riot which had nearly ended in the conflagration of the college. Before this unusual sight, "town" and "gown" alike stood amazed; and as I wondered whether the fight would be renewed, Churchill, from whom until now I had been separated, came up and whispered in my ear that we had better be off, for that now we had got into the quadrangle they would be shutting the gates again, and not a man of us would escape without detection. A similar thought seemed to strike many others, and we lost no



time in reaching the street. When there, the sight of the proctors and their forces, now re-organised and on their way to victory, quickened our movements. We made a dash for it, escaped proctor, pro-proctor, and "bull-dog," and in a few minutes I was lying exhausted and bewildered on a sofa in Churchill's room.

"By Jove, I'm in for it!" exclaimed Churchill, entering the sitting-room from his bed-room, holding in one hand a lighted candle, and in the other his looking-glass, in which he was surveying the ravages which the bludgeons of the townsmen had made in his countenance. "Did you ever see such an eye as this, Morley? Just think what it will be to-morrow; and the Principal will take no excuse. He'll insist upon seeing every man in the college to-morrow morning; and as this is the second time, I shall be lucky to get off with being rusticated."

And certainly my friend's face bore marks most undeniable of the nature of the occupation he had been engaged in; and after all his efforts at cleansing away the stains of the recent contest, it was plainly hopeless to expect that he would be presentable on the following day. Happily for myself, my bruises lay on the back of my head, and I therefore went soon to bed, without fear of any discovery of my share in the riot.

Immediately after breakfast the next day, notice was brought round to all the undergraduates of the college, to the effect that they were to present themselves at the Principal's "lodgings" at certain specified hours in the course of the morning. It soon appeared that so large a number of our men had been involved in the disturbance, that any thing like an adequate punishment for every one concerned would have been rather a perilous measure of severity. Accordingly when my turn came, in company with some fifteen or twenty more, to appear before the Principal, who was sitting in full conclave with all the college tutors, we found that no awkward questions were asked, and that those whose countenances offered no suspicious signs of the affray were suffered to escape without criminating themselves; and with a pompous but serious warning, we who had no scars to betray us were dismissed unchastised. Churchill fared better than he expected, being only confined to the college after five o'clock every day for a fortnight,—a punishment which, slight as it seems, was sufficiently intolerable to a person of his habits and disposition.

The next day the routine of college lectures commenced, and with it the progress of my disenchantment with the Eng-

lish University system. As I have already related, at this time all *religious* ideas and feelings, properly so called, had utterly left me; neither the fear nor love of God entered in the slightest degree into my hourly aims and meditations. Fear, indeed, *restrained* me to a certain extent. From some great sins I should perhaps have abstained under any common circumstances of temptation, and I still held fast to a kind of intellectual belief in the truth of Christianity, and to certain notions of orthodoxy, such as I esteemed it. To the Church of England I was devotedly attached, as my own Church, as a gentlemanly Church, as a portion of the glorious English constitution, as the Church of the noble body of statesmen, soldiers, and lawyers, of which I hoped to become an illustrious member. To the University of Oxford I looked with something like a passionate veneration, as, above every other English institution, the faithful instrument by which the true greatness of the national intellect was nursed and perfected; and when I came up to reside, I expected to find myself instantly in the midst of a living, working system, where every detail of organisation and every individual member conspired to promote the culture of English greatness, in the true spirit of Church-of-England Toryism. The doubts I felt, or fancied I felt, as to certain portions of the Thirty-nine Articles, were all of the anti-Calvinistic class; and in permitting myself to hold them I conceived that I was as it were testifying to my abhorrence of the Puritan party in the Establishment, and proving my doubly sound churchmanship.

Grievous, then, was my disappointment after the first "lectures" of the college tutors which I attended. Those who are wont to interpret Oxford technicalities by the aid of common dictionaries are naturally not aware what these "lectures" really are; and to myself, who had read in the Oxford University Calendar a long list of professorships and professors, the reality was sufficiently surprising. The whole professorial staff of the University I found to be little better than a band of nonentities or sinecurists. Some of the professors gave public lectures, to most of which there was no access without the payment of a fee, but most of them were dumb from January to December. Of those who did lecture, some had a small audience, some had none at all, and not one exercised any perceptible influence in promoting the studies of the junior members of the University. Such teaching as there was, was conferred by the college tutors, who were paid certain fees by every undergraduate, and who in return exacted attendance at their "lectures" for, on the average, about three hours every day. Ardent as I then was, and eager for learning, my

first week's "lectures" disgusted me beyond measure. I found that there was no real *lecture* at all. It was the mere saying of a school-boy's lesson. Some ten or twelve "men," as the undergraduates call themselves, sat for an hour in the tutor's room, construing, one after another, a few sentences from some Greek or Latin author, and gaining from the tutor himself the *minimum* of possible information. The hour over, a certain portion was fixed to be prepared for the next "lecture," and we adjourned to another tutor, or to fill up the rest of the day at our own pleasure.

The real culture and education of the place I speedily discovered to be carried forward by a system extraneous to the professed University organisation. Private tutors, engaged at the discretion of the undergraduates themselves, and remunerated with large payments, supplied that *personal* teaching which the college tutors scarcely even attempted. In this private tuition many of the ablest of the younger bachelors and masters of arts were engaged, labouring sometimes seven or eight hours in the day with their pupils in succession, and assuming the practical direction of their studies. To the "reading men" of the University—that is, those who study more than they are actually compelled, but who formed a very small minority of the whole undergraduate body—the ordinary college lectures were a farce and a simple waste of time. Side by side with a student who read his six or eight hours a day, sat a hopeful youth whose thoughts, when not worse employed, were in the stable or the tailor's shop, whose business it was to dress, and whose chief daily refreshment it was to drink. All were classed together chronologically, according to the number of terms they had spent at Oxford; and the instructions, few as they were, which the tutors gave, were consequently adapted to the average capacity of the pupils—an average low enough for the most bitter foe of too much learning. The absurd result not unfrequently happened, that a reading man was altogether dispensed from attendance at college lectures for the last few months previous to his final examination, on the *professed* ground that they interfered with his personal studies!

Besides the influence of the system of private tuition, I soon came to perceive that an immense influence was exercised upon each individual undergraduate by the general body of his contemporaries. Perhaps in no circumstances of after-life is the union of personal liberty in many things united with so irresistible a power in public opinion. Neither before nor afterwards in the existence of an English Protestant gentleman is he so absolutely his own master, in a certain way, as



during the three years of his University career. Provided he conform himself to a few exact and easy rules, and fulfil a few forms of duty, he is less compelled to defer to the feelings of his fellows than in almost any possible relationships of his after-life. True it is, that when he is his own master in the world, he has few, if any, nominal rules to which he is *compelled* to submit under pain of punishment by any absolute law; but yet the obligations of family, of occupation, of property itself, are found practically to restrain his conduct within limits far closer than those which hedge in the free will of the Oxford and Cambridge undergraduate. Yet at the same time, never in the course of life does public opinion so mightily sway his every thought and action. The character and habits of the "set of men" with whom a youth associates during his college residence are of far more consequence to his after well-being than any power which the authorities of the University can put forth. With them he thinks, with them he acts, and by the same type his mind is educated and formed. Let me not, therefore, be supposed to be alleging that the influence of Oxford as a place of *education* is null or slight. Its influence is mighty, though it is anomalous, and though its beneficial effects are confined to comparatively a small number of all those who go there professedly to be trained.

How soon I should have become keenly sensible to the hollownesses and hypocrisies of nearly all that surrounded me, had I been left to my own perceptions alone, I cannot tell. That union of enthusiasm with the spirit of criticism which has accompanied me through life would probably have long closed my eyes to the singular anomalies of Oxford as a place of education, but for the suggestions of one who became, if not my friend, yet a very intimate acquaintance. At one of Churchill's wine-parties I first met Arthur Wilbraham, and for some reason or other he at once took a fancy to me, and cultivated my acquaintance. Saturnine in temperament, yet amiable in disposition, his bitter views of life, and especially of Oxford life, were softened by an absence of all angry and exaggerated language, and sustained by the weight of an imperturbable gravity.

"Why, Morley," said he one day to me as we crossed Magdalene Bridge for a country walk, "you astonished me so much in chapel this morning that I could hardly keep my countenance in a due state of decorum."

"What do you mean?" I replied.

"In repeating the Athanasian Creed, to be sure," said he, with a scarcely perceptible smile.

I should here remark, that, entirely as I had now relin-

quished even the form of private prayer, it was my habit now and then to join audibly in the responses in public worship ; and I had taken a special pride that very morning in thus proclaiming my allegiance to the Athanasian Creed, as a symbol of my abhorrence of all Dissenters and Low Churchmen. It was, however, with a slight sensation of fear of Wilbraham's sarcasms, that I replied :

" Why should I not repeat that creed as well as any other of the Church formularies ? "

" Oh, doubtless," said he, "*if you believe it.*"

" You mean, then, that you do *not* believe it," I answered.

" Do *you* believe it ? " inquired Wilbraham.

" Of course I do," said I.

" That is," he rejoined, "*of course* you believe that every one who does not believe it will be damned. Tell me, Morley, as an honest fellow, *do* you believe this ? "

" You put the thing too broadly," said I ; " it's not fair to press general statements too closely to their conclusions. "

" Not more broadly than the creed itself," said Wilbraham. " If the Prayer-book, or any authority in the Church of England, gave any hint that the statement was to be qualified, I would give the Establishment credit for honesty, at least, in her use of this creed ; but as it is, I regard her cursings, one and all, as so much hypocrisy and humbug. "

" I don't like to hear you talk in such a way about the communion you were brought up in," I rejoined.

" Brought up in, my dear fellow ! " exclaimed Wilbraham ; " don't you know that I was brought up a Catholic ? "

" Good heavens ! " I cried, astonished, " you amaze me, Wilbraham. And you turned Protestant from conviction, and yet now, as I have often heard you, are for ever laughing at the Church of your adoption. "

" Adoption ! " cried he. " Yes, adoption in good truth. I adopted her ; it was not she that adopted me. You don't suppose that I shook off the superstitions of Popery only to *believe in* the humbug of the Thirty-nine Articles. No, no, my dear fellow ; that's not what people take to Protestantism for. If you have any body that you love who is a Catholic, take my advice, and don't try to convert him to Church-of-Englandism, if you want him to believe in any thing but this world. "

" I'm no bigot, and no saint, and no fanatic, God knows," I replied ; " but you positively terrify me, Wilbraham. Do you know that my own mother is a Catholic, and that I would give the world to rescue her from the priestcraft that enslaves

her, and torments me every day of my life that I spend at home in her company?"

"Don't be a fool, Morley," said Wilbraham; "take my word for it that Popery is the best religion for women, after all; not that I mean any disrespect to your mother, as you very well know."

"What!" exclaimed I, "would you have me leave my mother to believe the lies and mummeries of those infernal priests, if I could open her eyes to see the truth?"

"*What* is truth?" asked he. "Priests and parsons, take my word for it, are much on a par; the priests are as good as the parsons every whit; and as for deceiving others, let me tell you that they believe their own nonsense far more honestly than your parsons believe this Athanasian Creed."

"I can't conceive, then, why you turned Protestant, Wilbraham," I retorted.

"Simply because it was convenient, and more honest too, I believe," he answered.

"You speak riddles," said I; "how could it be more honest to join the Church of England without believing her doctrines, than to remain a Catholic without believing the Popish doctrines?"

"Because, in the first place, the Church of England has no doctrines, that I can make out; and secondly, because a man is guilty of lying every hour that he remains a Catholic after he has come to disbelieve any one of *her* dogmas; and let me assure you there is no doubt about *them*."

"The Church of England has no doctrines!" I echoed, again amazed. "Look at the Prayer-book, look at the Articles."

"Ay, ay!" said he; "and look at the bench of bishops, and all their clergy too. Look at the University sermons; you go to them, I know, as a good consistent Church-of-England man. Just tell me, how many contradictory doctrines have you heard preached in the pulpit of St. Mary's since you have been at Oxford?"

It was impossible not to see what Wilbraham was driving at, and, wholly unprepared for such a discussion, I began to feel seriously uncomfortable; so, after pondering a few minutes, I thought I would turn the tables upon my companion by a question which for his own sake he would be extremely cautious in answering.

"Now, Wilbraham," I said, "you have been running on in this way only to try me. I don't believe you mean all you say, or that, if you do, you would press your opinions to their legitimate conclusions. Do you, or do you not,



believe any religious doctrines as held by the Church of England?"

"Of course you will take no advantage of my candour," he replied, seriously; "and therefore I don't mind being open with you. As you ask me, I believe nothing; or rather, I believe all doctrines and religions equally. When I signed the Thirty-nine Articles at matriculation, I did so considering that the living authorities of the Church of England justify my so doing by their practically permitting all kinds of varieties of doctrine in their clergy, and by differing from one another in a hundred ways. This I could not do in the case of Catholic doctrines, and therefore I left the Catholic Church and joined yours."

"But surely, Wilbraham," said I, "you know that they never would have let you matriculate, if you had *told* them that these were your opinions."

"That is *their* business, and not mine," said he. "They never asked me any questions; and the whole system here excludes the very notion that the heads and tutors generally have any faith at all in the religion they profess. Let me ask you, Morley, what religious training have you yet found in Oxford? What is there to shew that the Thirty-nine Articles are regarded in any other light than as a senseless form of words? Is there *any* discipline, I say? Is there *any* religious teaching? Is there *any* sign that these people, as a body, believe in the existence of another world?"

"Well," said I, "any how they would treat your conduct as criminal and sinful, if you confessed it."

"What *is* a crime, or a sin?" asked he. "For my part, I don't believe there is such a thing as sin; there is *error* enough, if you please; but what humbug it is for the Church of England to condemn you or me for committing *sins*, when she has no intelligible code of morals to set up before us as a standard to follow! Again I say, she permits me to hold what I please about the non-existence of sin, when she has no morals of her own, and no system for enforcing obedience."

As this kind of reasoning was quite new to me, and struck upon me with equal force and pain, I proposed that we should change the subject; and Wilbraham, as I fancied, being glad enough to do so, we talked on other topics during the remainder of our walk.

On the evening of the same day I was at a wine-party in a college where I had never been before, and where the laxity of conversation was greater than was permitted among my usual companions. Impressed as I was with my discussion with Wilbraham, I was prepared to theorise more than usual

upon all that was said. Nothing passed which is worth recording in detail, but I could not help noticing that whatever were the *morals* of all around me, it would have been ludicrous to pretend that any of them had the slightest *faith* in any religious doctrines as such. One avowed that the pleasures of sense were the only things worth living for; another was a devotee to literature; a third confessed that domestic happiness was his idol; a fourth was a sportsman; a fifth loved sentimentality; a sixth sighed for parliamentary distinction; a seventh cared only for riches; but among all, it was obvious that the bare *idea* of the reality of any thing invisible never entered their thoughts. The contrast with what I have since remarked among Catholics was truly wonderful. The latter I have repeatedly seen to have faith in the reality of the unseen world and in a coming eternity, even when their undisguised personal aims were vilely carnal and worldly. But these young Oxford men seemed literally *unconscious* that religious doctrines were any thing more than written or printed forms of words. Each man saw and admitted the reality of his companions' secular objects of pursuit, though, as a matter of choice, he for himself rejected them. It was clear that the idea of *sin*, as such, was as practically unknown to them as if they had theorised upon it as daringly as Wilbraham himself.

The result of all this, when it came to have its natural effect in the silence and thoughtfulness of solitude, was a rush of scepticism upon my mind such as until this time I had been a stranger to. Singular as it may seem to those who have little knowledge of the secret history of persons circumstanced as I was, I had certainly been always free from any temptations to deliberate conscious unbelief in Christianity as a divine revelation. Hardened as I had become to all impressions of practical religion, the habits of past years, the absence of any direct assaults of the spirit of infidelity, and the strange party-spirit of churchmanship which I had never ceased to cherish, had left me in possession of a kind of intellectual conviction that the Christian religion was true, and that to reject it was not only a delusion, but a sin of most heinous character. What, then, was my prostrate bewilderment, when a sudden storm of doubts and difficulties swept in upon me, and found me without either a moral or an intellectual basis for my belief! Dull as my perceptions of right and wrong had long become, they were not yet so absolutely annihilated as to suffer me to open my arms to the frightful visions which rose up before me without a shudder of dismay. The *blankness* of universal unbelief sent a chill through my whole nature, nothing less than agonising in its intensity.



How to meet these new ideas I knew not. The plausible theories of Protestant "evidences of Christianity" shrunk from me like impalpable dreams, unsupported as they were by any thing real and visible around me, or experimental within me. I looked back upon my own life, to learn whether it could furnish any tokens of the reality of the invisible and supernatural world in which I had once believed that I was living; but my whole history from the time I had left home for school seemed the record of a process of disenchantment. One by one, religious practices and religious ideas had melted away. Every person with whom I had been connected appeared to have been acting a part. My father knew what school was; yet, professing an earnest desire for my religious welfare, he had sent me to a place where religion was almost the only thing proscribed. My uncle's religion was too narrow, too self-contradictory, too offensive to be regarded for an instant as any thing but—at the best—an unconscious hypocrisy. Churchill, the idol of my boyhood, never practically recognised a single religious principle, though he admitted in words the truth of religion. As for the system of — School, it could scarcely have been different in the minutest particular, had Christianity never existed even in name. And now here was Oxford, so far as my own experience went, as nearly as possible the same. If Christianity was a revelation of doctrine, and that doctrine was held by the Established Church, where was it to be seen? Not in the pulpit of St. Mary's, where there were as many dogmas as preachers. Not in the lives of the tutors and heads of colleges, for they never displayed the faintest regard for *my* soul. Not in the recognised studies of the place, for Christianity, as a ruling power, was almost ignored. Not among my companions, for they seemed unconscious of the very notion that eternity was a thing worth considering. No one whom I had ever known seemed really to believe what he professed to believe. That there were some in the University who were more "religious" than the average class, both of young and old, I was aware; but every one whom I associated with agreed in despising them. It was assumed that they were more or less hypocrites; and no opportunity had occurred to me for testing the truth of the accusation. Even admitting their claims, it was undeniable that they were exceptions to the rule of the place; and in my hour of agitation their very existence was forgotten, for to me they were not the realities of experience; the practical effect of their principles I had never felt myself, or seen it in operation on others.

One only exception seemed to stand out before me, in the



universal desert. My mother was undeniably in earnest. She believed something, and what she believed she acted upon. Nor did I feel towards her creed and religious conduct that peculiar loathing with which my uncle the Colonel's cant inspired me. I hated her faith, I despised it, I scorned it; but I dreaded it, for I felt that it was real, that it was stronger than that world which I had long worshipped as my god, and which now lifted itself up to my intellectual recognition as a solitary living truth amidst the mockeries of a pretended revelation. With such feelings towards Catholicism, it was therefore but natural that I should never seriously contemplate the possibility of its presenting a front to the attacks of universal scepticism in any way more impregnable than the sham defences of the Establishment in which I had been reared. Unwillingly; yes, with a sincere reluctance and lasting pain, I succumbed to a conviction that all was false, except what was palpable to the senses. Eternity I regarded as an unfathomed and unfathomable mystery; and though conscience still made me reject the thought that there is no such thing in existence as *sin*, all definite ideas as to what special things are sins were speedily leaving me. Still—for let me not exaggerate—my personal conduct remained the same as before. In the mere worldly sense of the word, I remained moral and upright. No one perceived that any change had come upon me; and I believe that if I had avowed an intention of “taking orders” in the Church of England when my Oxford course was concluded, not a single person in the University would have thought me inconsistent and insincere.

[To be continued.]

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## COLLECTIONS ILLUSTRATING THE HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH BENEDICTINE CONGREGATION.

### CHAPTER VII.

#### *Brief Notices of some of the Writers of the English Benedictine Congregation.*

BAKER, (AUSTIN) DAVID, born in December 1575, at Abergavenny. Gifted with superior talents and a solid judgment, which he improved by indefatigable industry, this young lawyer might have attained the first rank in his profession, when his supernatural escape from imminent death convinced him

that Providence took more care of his life and safety than he had hitherto done of his immortal soul. This led him to pray fervently that God would enlighten his mind, and direct him in the way of salvation. Reconciled to the Church, he proceeded in 1605 to the Benedictine Convent of St. Justina at Padua, and commenced his novitiate on 27th May that year; but ill-health made it necessary to return home. He travelled expeditiously, and had the consolation of arriving in time to attend his dying father, and of inducing him to embrace the Catholic Faith, and make a most Christian end. No sooner had he settled family affairs, than he returned to consecrate himself to God in the above-mentioned monastery.

Some persons having contended that the ancient Benedictine Congregation in this country was dependent on that of Cluni, in the diocese of Maçon, founded about the year 910, F. Baker, then on the mission, at the wish of his Superiors, devoted his time and fortune to expose and refute this groundless error. For this purpose he inspected very carefully the monuments and evidences in public and private collections in London and elsewhere; he had the benefit of the opinions of Sir Robert Cotton, John Selden, Sir Henry Spelman, and William Camden; and the result of his laborious and lucid researches is embodied in that learned folio volume, entitled *Apostolatus Benedictinorum in Anglia*, published by order of the General Congregation holden in 1625, and printed at Douay in 1626.\* His dear friend F. Jones reduced the mass of materials into respectable Latinity; and they left F. Clement Reyner their assistant, an excellent scholar, to edit the work, so that it passes for being finished “opera et industria R. P. Clementis Reyneri.” Whilst engaged in these investigations, he once met at Sir Robert Cotton’s library William Camden, the distinguished scholar, antiquary, and historian; and was an ear and eye-witness to a conversation between him

\* This able work engages to prove the antiquity of the Benedictine order, and the nearly coeval antiquity of its English Congregation. 2dly, it shews that this English Benedictine Congregation was perfectly independent of the Cluniac and all other foreign Congregations of the order; and lastly, that the actual English Congregation recently revived had been canonically ratified and duly restored by the See Apostolic. The appendix of documents is valuable; and the labour of collecting them appears Herculean, when we consider it was formed thirty years before the publication of the first volume of the *Monasticon Anglicanum*.

We are surprised, however, that the learned writers should have entertained so favourable an opinion of the good faith, and modesty forsooth, of Godwin, *De Præsulibus Anglia*, p. 78. Henry Wharton, in his preface to the *Anglia Sacra*, thought very differently of his merit; and the more that we compare the portion of his work connected with the diocese of Exeter with original records for fifteen years open to his inspection, the more we have learnt to mistrust his authority.

and Sir Robert, who had recently become possessed, for a small consideration, of a chest of papers that had belonged to Sir Francis Walsingham, Secretary of State to Queen Elizabeth. Sir Robert informed Mr. Camden, and proved by these documents, that he had received very false information of *many* passages in his History of Queen Elizabeth; and he demonstrated from them, that the insurrection in the north, under the Earl of Westmoreland, was the actual contrivance of that Secretary of State; "whereupon Mr. Camden exclaimed earnestly and loudly against his false informers, and wished that his history had never been written." (*Weldon*, p. 120, quoting Cressy.) But F. Baker shone pre-eminently as a master of a spiritual life; he was the hidden man of the heart, absorbed in heavenly contemplation. Out of more than forty of his ms. treatises, F. Serenus Cressy compiled the work entitled *Sancta Sophia*. The nuns of Cambray deeply imbibed his spirit during the nine years that he was their director, and kept his sayings in their hearts. His work, *Holy Practices of a Divine Lover, or the Saintly Ideot's Devotions*, was printed at Paris. A copy was sold on the first day of the sale of the library of Richard Heber, Esq., on 19th January, 1835. Unfortunately many of F. Baker's mss. perished at the seizure of the Cambray Convent. Two of his treatises on the Laws of England were lost here at our own Revolution in 1688. F. Baker died of the plague, in his house, Gray's Inn Lane, London, on 19th August, 1641, æt. 69, and was buried at St. Andrew's, Holborn. Bromley says that his engraved portrait was taken in 1634, and that then he was 69.

BAINES, (AUGUSTINE) PETER, was born at the Pear-Tree Farm, within Kirkby township, near Liverpool, 25th January, 1787. In company of John, Edward, and Vincent Glover, he left England to study for the Church in Lambspring Abbey, already mentioned, and arrived there on 7th November, 1798. Trained in that monastery to piety and learning, he decided on devoting himself to religion in the Order of St. Benedict, and commenced his novitiate at Ampleforth, at the canonical age. His profession is dated 8th June, 1804. He exerted all his zeal to improve the system of studies in that collegiate establishment to the satisfaction of superiors, when he was appointed in July 1817, on the retirement of the Rev. James Calderbank, to be his successor, as head of the Bath mission. Here he had an ample field for the exercise of his abilities. Bishop Collingridge selected him for his coadjutor in the episcopal office; and he was consecrated, with the title



of *Siga*, by the Venerable Archbishop Murray, in Townshend Street Chapel, Dublin, on 1st May, 1823. By the death of Bishop Collingridge, 10th February, 1829, the charge of the western vicariat devolved upon him. In the belief that he should serve the interests of religion better by withdrawing himself at the end of a quarter of a century from his order, he solicited and obtained his secularisation from Rome in his forty-third year, and seventh of his episcopacy.

We subjoin the best list we can offer of his publications until he left the order :

1. The leading Doctrines of the Catholic Religion, being the substance of a Sermon preached at the opening of the new Catholic Chapel at Sheffield, 1st May, 1816.

2. A Letter to Dr. Moysey, Archdeacon of Bath, in reply to his attack on the Catholics, in his Charge to the Clergy, on 21st June, 1821, 8vo, pp. 47.

3. Defence of the Christian Religion, in a Second Letter to Dr. Moysey, 8vo, pp. 274. 1822.

4. Remonstrance, in a Third Letter to Dr. Moysey, pp. 47.

5. A Fourth Letter appeared in 1824, but chiefly in answer to Dr. Daubeny, pp. 96. It is written with great spirit and vigour; the conclusion is singularly happy and efficient.

6. A Sermon on the Worship of God, and the Eucharistic Sacrifice, delivered at the opening of St. George's Chapel, Taunton, 3d July, 1822.

7. A Sermon preached on 13th November, 1823, on the Advantages and Consolations of the Christian Religion, at the opening of St. Alban's Chapel, Warrington, pp. 16.

8. A Sermon delivered at the Dedication of St. Mary's Chapel, at Myddleton Lodge, on 18th May, 1825, pp. 25.

9. The celebrated Sermon on Faith, Hope, and Charity, preached at the Dedication of St. Mary's Chapel, Bradford, on 27th July, 1825.

Bishop Baines died at Prior Park, about twelve hours after he had opened, with a discourse, St. Mary's Chapel at Bristol. On the following morning, of the 6th of July, 1843, he was found in his bed a corpse. At his obsequies, 13th July, Bishops Griffiths, Briggs, Morris, and Gillis, attended, with about forty priests. The brass plate of the coffin bore this inscription :



PETRUS AUGUSTINUS BAINES,  
EPISCOPUS SIGENSIS, V. A. D. O.

OBIIT ANNO DOMINI MDCCCLXIII. PRID. NON. JULII.  
VIXIT AN. LVII. DIES XII.

BATT, ANTHONY, was the author of *Thesaurus absconditus in agro Dominico inventus, in duas partes, 1<sup>o</sup> Precationes,*

2<sup>o</sup> *Meditationes*, printed in duodecimo at Paris in 1641; also *A Hive of sacred Honie Combes*, containing most sweet and heavenly counsel, taken out of the works of St. Bernard, a small 8vo, printed at Douay, 1631. The dedication to Queen Henrietta Maria is dated from Dieuleward, 13th February, 1631. In page 170 of F. Weldon's *Chronological Notes* we read, that his death occurred on 12th January, 1651, and that "he was a great promoter and practiser of regular discipline, a famous translator of many pious books into English. He wrote a most curious hand, and spent much of his time at La Celle, where there is a Catechism of a large size, which he composed at the instance of some of the Fathers in the mission."

BARLOW, RUDESIND, D.D., of whom we have made mention as fifth prior of St. Gregory's at Douay. F. Weldon, so often quoted, relates (p. 83), that this profound scholar was looked upon as one of the first divines and canonists of his age, that "he exerted the force of his pen against Dr. Richard Smith (who governed the Catholics of England under the title of Chalcedon), and succeeded in forcing him to desist from his attempts and pretended jurisdiction of Ordinary of Great Britain." He adds, that "after the death of this renowned monk, a Bishop sent to the Fathers of Douay to offer them an establishment, if they would but make him a present of the said Father's writings. But in vain they were sought for; for they were destroyed by an enemy." I have not been able to meet with any work that he actually published. He died at Douay, 19th September, 1656, æt. 72.

BARNES, JOHN, was clothed in St. Bennet's monastery, Valladolid, on 12th March, 1604, professed the next year on 21st March, ordained priest on 20th September, 1608; and a few years later was sent to the English mission, and appointed by the Spanish chapter its first assistant. Unquestionably he possessed talents, but without judgment; and he rendered his talents useless in a manner to the cause of religion, injurious to himself, and inexpressibly distressing to his Benedictine brethren, by his wayward and wrong-headed career. See the letter of F. Rudesind Barlow, 3d November, 1623, preserved in Weldon, p. 114. No individual is more mischievous than an innovating priest. To secure him from doing further injury to himself and others cost the order 300*l.* sterling (*Weldon*, p. 118). He died in August, 1661, within a lunatic asylum at Rome, and received Christian burial. Mr. Dodd (who has doubly reprinted his odd notice of him, vol. ii. p. 134, and vol. iii. p. 101) informs us, that he published at

Rheims, in 1622, *Examen Trophæorum Congregationis præ-tensæ Anglicanæ Ordinis S. Benedicti*; this must have been an attempt to answer F. Edward Mayhew's work, edited in 1619: and *Dissertatio contra Equivocationes*, 8vo, Paris, 1625. He left in ms. *Catholico-Romanus Pacificus*, a libel on the Holy See, printed at Oxford, in 4to, long after his death, viz. 1680. He compiled also a treatise shewing the supremacy of Councils; and *The Spiritual Combat*, a translation from the Spanish. He is severely but justly handled in the *Apostolatus*, &c., especially between pp. 214 and 221.

BIRDSALL, (AUGUSTINE) JOHN, born at Liverpool, 27th June, 1775; educated at first amongst the Dominicans, but on the 30th October, 1795, took the Benedictine habit at Lambspring; was admitted to his religious profession on 6th November, 1796; and ordained priest at Hildesheim, 30th May, 1801. Five years he was sent to the Bath mission, which he served for nearly three years and a half, when he quitted, to commence a new mission at Cheltenham, the chapel of which he opened on 3d June, 1810. Twenty years later he began another mission at Broadway. Few men have deserved better of his order and of religion than this apostolic man. Appointed president in 1826, his was indeed painful pre-eminence, but he saved Ampleforth. He died in office at Broadway, 2d August, 1837. We have seen his translation from the French of *Christian Reflections for every Day in the Month*, 12mo, Tewkesbury, pp. 405. He left in ms. an interesting account of Lambspring.

BREWER, (BEDE) JOHN, D.D. This learned and good man, whose memory will ever be in benediction with the Congregation O.S.B., edited, in 1774, the second edition of Hooke's *Religionis naturalis et revelatæ Principia*, in 3 vols., to which he added several dissertations. Ob. 18th April, 1822.

BROWN, (GREGORY) GEORGE, we believe, was the translator from the Italian of the *Life of St. Mary Magdalen de Pazzis*, 1619. It was dedicated to Lady Mary Percy, Abbess of the English convent of St. Benet at Brussels. He died at Celle, near Paris, in 1628. (*Chron.* 138.)

BROWN, (JOSEPH) THOMAS, D.D., born at Bath, 2d May, 1798; was elected Prior of St. Gregory's, Downside, 18th July, 1834; and the degree of D.D. was conferred upon him six days later. The privilege of conferring such degree on three members of the English Benedictine Congregation, who have taught a course of divinity, was granted to its president on 1st June, 1823. When Pope Gregory XVI., by his brief,



dated 3d July, 1840, divided the western vicariat into two, Dr. Brown, still prior of Downside, was appointed to the new vicariat,\* which was to consist of the whole of Wales and the counties of Monmouth and Hereford annexed. The consecration was performed in St. John's Chapel, Bath, on the 28th October, 1840, by Bishop Griffiths, assisted by Bishops Wareing and Collier. Dr. Wiseman delivered the consecration sermon. We have from his pen *A Letter to Archdeacon Daubeny, Prebendary of Sarum, exposing his Misrepresentations of the Eucharist*, 8vo, London, 1826, pp. 45. His vindication of Catholic truth against Messrs. Batchellor and Newenham, in 1833, was triumphant. His exposure of the ingenious devices of Mr. M'Ghee, in 1838, entitled him to the thanks of all honest Englishmen.

CALDERBANK, JAMES. This zealous monk, after serving the mission of Bath, and witnessing the large theatre of that city converted into the present chapel, 3d December, 1809, retired to Liverpool, where he died, 9th April, 1821. This respected divine published in 1814 a *Series of Letters in answer to certain Questions proposed by a Clergyman of the Established Church*, 8vo, pp. 236. They are characterised by good sense, perspicuity, and moderation.

CORKER, (MAURICE) JAMES. We have given his biography under the article 'Lamspring Abbey.' He was the author of that concise but luminous treatise, *Roman Catholic Principles in regard of God and the King*. Also of a *Sermon on the Blessed Eucharist*, London, 12mo, 1695.

CRESSY, (SERENUS) HUGH PAULINUS, D.D., of Thorp Salvin, county York. From a dignitary of the Established Church (for he was a canon of Windsor, and dean of Emly in Ireland) he chose to become one of Christ's little ones—to renounce all to become one of his disciples. Conversation with F. Cuthbert, *alias* John Fursdon, who had been so instrumental in the conversion of the noble family of Falkland, led to his subsequent reconciliation with God's Church (*Weldon*, 190). In 1645 he took the habit of St. Bennet, and was professed on 22d August, the ensuing year, in St. Gregory's convent. His *Exomologesis, or faithful Narrative*

\* It reflects honour on the Congregation that so many of her members are called to preside as Bishops over the faithful. Archbishop Bede Polding at Sydney; his coadjutor, Charles H. Davis, Bishop of Maitland; William Bernard Collier, Bishop of Milevis, V.A. of the Mauritius; Dr. Ullathorne, Bishop of Hetalona, of the Central District; and Dr. Morris, Bishop of Troy. Trained and formed by their rule to obedience, as the life and soul of religious service, they must be qualified for the due exercise of spiritual authority.

*Non meretur ascendere, qui nescit subesse.*

of the Occasion and Motives of his Conversion unto Catholic Unity, printed at Paris, 8vo, 1647, is a work deserving to be reprinted, as well adapted to the present times. His *Sancta Sophia*, in 2 vols. 8vo, Douay, 1657, is the substance of several treatises of F. Austin Baker on prayer and contemplation. He had compiled a second volume, but which, Dr. Brown relates in his memoir of Cressy (*Cath. Mag.* 1832, p. 121), remaining in ms. in the library of St. Gregory's Convent at Douay, was destroyed with many other valuable works.

Mr. Dodd (*Church History*, vol. iii. p. 307) gives a long list of his publications, of which the principal are: *Roman Catholic Doctrines no Novelties*, 8vo, 1663. *Church History of Britanny up to the Conquest*, a folio volume, printed at Rouen in 1668; with a candour which characterises a great and generous mind, he openly avows his many obligations to F. Alford's treasure of the ecclesiastical history of our nation, *Annales Ecclesiastici*. His *Exomologesis*, of which an excellent analysis may be seen in the same memoir. Of F. Cressy's *Fanaticism fanatically imputed to the Catholic Church by Dr. Stillingfleet*, 8vo, 1672, which had been severely animadverted upon by a "person of honour" (Lord Clarendon) — the equally noble author of the *Catholique apology*, Lord Castlemain, answers thus: "If you knew that gentleman, Mr. Cressy, you would, instead of a wasp, call him a bee, which gives honey, and never stings unless exasperated and in its own defence" (third edit. 1674). And again, p. 565, after proposing him as a worthy example of conscientious rectitude, without any sidling glance to worldly interests and honour, adds, "None could have hindered him, upon his bare going to church, from the enjoyment of his former ample dignities, and the vast *finer* also lately raised out of them. But a little cell with an upright heart was more dear to him than all those allurements; nor has he since ceased by his prayers, mortifications, and labours, to shew himself (like the rest of his pious brethren) a true son of that holy order to which our nation is so much engaged." A copy of the *Revelations of Divine Love shewed to Mother Juliana, an Anchorite of Norwich*, 8vo, printed 1670, and dedicated to Mary Lady Blount of Sodington, was sold at Mr. Heber's sale, 6th February, 1835. At Ugbrooke is his ms. work, entitled *Arbor Virtutum*, or an exact model, in the which are represented all manner of virtues and graces, with their names, natures, offices, causes, effects, subjects, objects, parts, species, connexion and dependence, &c.; with the beatitude, gifts, and fruits respectively corresponding, and the vices opposed



to each. Collected out of Salmanticensis, by Brother Serenus Cressy, for the use of Dame Mary Cary, &c. at Cambray."

"I desire this booke may be for the use of R. F. Placid Bettenson.\*

FR. SERENUS CRESSY.✙"

Appointed chaplain to Catherine, the queen consort of King Charles II., he resided chiefly at Somerset House in the Strand, where he laboured indefatigably for the benefit of others. At length, retiring to the seat of Richard Caryll, Esq., at East Grinstead, he made a most pious end, on 10th August, 1674, honoured and regretted by all who love virtue.

## SHILLING CHURCHES AND PENNY CHURCHES.

"I DON'T mind rags, but I can't stand fleas," is the very natural reflection of many an excellent Catholic, whose conscience is shocked at the treatment of the poor in some of our churches and chapels, while his outer man quails before the insect multitudes and overpowering odours imported by dirty poverty into the house of God itself. That such reflections are natural, and that they demand a fair consideration, no reasonable person, however his heart may burn within him for the poor man, will deny. Fleas, and other more unmentionable vermin, *are* unbearable; even of Saints, few could retain their self-possession and devout attention when under the insect-torture; and our dainty nostrils, habituated only to the fresh air of respectable life, and the odours of flowers and artificial scents, become channels of real suffering when in close proximity to the fragrance of garlick, rank tobacco, and other such unsavoury accompaniments of devout Catholic poverty. And there can be little doubt that in the present transition state of English Catholic feeling and practice, the problem, how to give the poor their rights in church, without admitting carnivorous insects and intolerable smells, is one of very serious practical importance. May we venture, then, to offer one or two hints towards its satisfactory solution?

It will not be denied, then, that *any* system whose result in practice is an exclusion of the poor from the Altar of God, or their banishment into back places, holes, and corners, is an abomination to be got rid of by *some* means or other. No man, with any sense of Christian decency, can uphold such

\* This F. Bettenson acted as secretary at the General Chapter in 1669.



a system, however he may pretend to find excuses for it. It is the curse of our age, the abhorrence of our poor fellow-Catholics, a scandal to Catholics as well as to Protestants, and—we are well convinced—the chief barrier between the grace of God and the people of England. The fact that it is stamped with the deepest reprobation by one of the Apostles cannot be got over. Unless St. James did not speak by inspiration of the Holy Ghost, our present system of bench-vents is an abomination in the sight of God. And it is most worthy of remark, that this is perhaps the *only* feature in the details and regulations of Catholic worship on which holy Scripture gives any positive directions. There is not a word in the Bible about Gregorian or modern music, round or pointed arches, vestments, pictures, or any portion of the vast fabric of prayers, rites, and ceremonies which the Church has delighted to raise in honour of her Lord. Whatever we may do, on just grounds of expediency, we are pretty sure to find ourselves safe, so far as the letter of inspiration condemns or approves, with this one exception. Almighty God *has* specially declared, that if we give the good places in our churches to the rich, and the bad places to the poor, we are “dishonouring the poor,” we are “blaspheming the name of Christ,” we “are guilty of breaking the whole law,” and our faith, having no good works, will never save us. Some amongst us are peculiarly forward in informing Protestants that it is a calumny to say that Catholics are not allowed by the Church to read the Bible. All such, and others, we entreat to turn to the 2d chapter of the Epistle of St. James, and discover whether we have in the least overstated the severity of the condemnation which Almighty God has there pronounced on distinctions between the rich and the poor in his houses of prayer.

How, then, can this precept be kept, except at such a cost as shall frequently render devotion an absolute physical pain? Is there no way of fulfilling the divine command, cordially, gladly, thoroughly, in spirit as well as in letter, except by means which would drive away from our churches many a respectable Catholic, who, though not especially devout, and with no very strong attachment to the poor, has a soul of his own to be saved? Can any plan be devised besides an indiscriminate admission of all classes to all parts of the church? We think there can; and as a matter of fact, such plans, more or less modified, are already in use in some of our churches and chapels.

Let us inquire, in the first place, what are the precise evils to be avoided, if we would truly keep the apostolic command.

They are two. No system can be right which keeps any part of a church empty, while there remains a single poor person unable to find both entrance and a fit place for hearing and seeing; and no system can be right which gives the best places to those who can pay for them, and the worst to those who cannot pay. It is not enough that there is sufficient *room* for the poor in a church; if we sincerely determine to please God, and not to quibble away the truth, the places for the poor must be to the full as good as those for the rich. If a gentleman or a shopkeeper replies, "Have I not a right to get the best I can for my money? Have I not paid for building the church, and am I to have no return?" we can only reply, "Those are the maxims of the shop, of the counting-house, of the Stock-Exchange; they are not the maxims of the Gospel: if you desire to regulate the affairs of the Catholic Church as if it were a railway company or a banking concern, we have nothing to say to you; go your ways; go, buy and sell; get more money; build houses, furnish them luxuriously; eat, drink, and die: this house of ours is not for such as you; the blessings to be obtained here are not to be purchased with gold and silver; they are given in exchange for prayer, for faith, for love, *for humility and self-abasement.*" We may rest assured that never shall we see a mighty stream of divine grace poured forth upon us and our unbelieving countrymen, until we have done our duty in this respect, thoroughly, conscientiously, without keeping back one jot or tittle of all that is required of us.

Further, the mere fact that money is paid at the entrance of a church-door, or to one particular set of seats, is clearly not wrong *in itself*. When it is the method adopted for forcing persons to give who would not otherwise give, and when it is depended upon as the chief means for making a congregation pay for the support of their clergy and of divine worship, it is not only a total failure on mere pounds-shillings-and-pence principles; it is worse; it is a trickery, a scheme for cheating men into their duty at the least possible cost to themselves; it strikes at the root of all true almsgiving and munificence, it paralyses the growth of the Christian character, and ties the tongues of the clergy themselves on one of the first duties of the Catholic religion. It is a low, debasing, shop-keeping, Protestant device, borrowed from the wretched sham-religions of modern days; and, as is natural, when introduced into the true Church it becomes even more noxious and suicidal than it is in the heretical communions where it had its unholy birth. This is its true character, from the old "shilling-opera" of other days (now, by the goodness of God, for



ever destroyed) down to the smallest and ugliest chapel, where the aristocracy of the neighbourhood consists of a grocer, a milliner, and a lawyer's clerk.

Placing before us, then, these *first* conditions necessary to make any plan admissible, it may be suggested that a division of a church into two parts, both equally well calculated for seeing all that takes place at the High Altar, and for hearing what is preached, into one of which divisions the admission should be free, while for entering the other *one penny only* is required, would at once satisfy the demands of our consciences and the sensibilities of our bodies. The line of demarcation going direct down the middle of the building, from the High Altar to the door, would give no unfair privilege to either section; while the charge of a single penny would be sufficient to send the dirtiest of the poor into the free side, at the same time that it would be so low that almost all those of the poor who were in slightly better circumstances could afford to give it. For it must be remembered that it is not *all* the Catholic poor who bring with them unpalatable odours, and an indescribable division of the insect world. Many of them are scrupulously clean; and *many more would be so, if there were any premium on cleanliness*, and they were not treated like dogs. It is those who are either mere paupers, or are so improvident in their habits as to have not even a single penny to spare on Sunday, who are filthy in their persons. It is not poverty so much as pauperism which induces uncleanness; it is that corroding, gnawing, killing sense of destitution which knows no hope of better things, that induces in so many of our Catholic and Irish poor a recklessness of appearance, and a disregard of the delicacies of personal comfort. We may rest assured that, with few exceptions, labouring men and women *know* the difference between dirt and cleanliness as well as ourselves, however habit and despair have combined to dim their senses, and make them callous to all shame in such matters.

To require even the smallest payment for admission to all parts of a church, or even to a considerable portion, would be (like our prevailing customs) a practical exclusion of numbers of the Catholic poor. Multitudes literally can give nothing; while the incomes of the poor generally are of that fluctuating nature, that it frequently happens that a man who could and would give his sixpence one Sunday, will be without a farthing a week afterwards.

The payment of a penny, moreover, is so obviously not a *charge* to the wealthier classes, that it will not interfere with true Catholic almsgiving and generosity. It would be



ridiculous to call it a bench-rent; no one *could* deceive himself into the notion that he thereby paid his adequate contribution to the expenses of his church. To all but the very poor the payment would be nominal, a manifest device for enabling persons habituated to cleanliness to pray without unbearable hindrances to their devotion. If the matter were fairly laid before any congregation where religion was not at a shamefully low ebb, such an arrangement would be found, we are persuaded, equally acceptable to rich and poor and paupers. The conscientious rich man would say: "Well, there is no tyranny, no worldliness, no trickery, no humbug, in this;" the poor who could do it, would gladly give his penny at admission, and often an additional penny at the offertory collections, besides his contributions to collections out of church; and the pauper would allow, that as the rich man ought not to deprive *him* of his *rights*, so it was but *fair* that he should not inflict his dirt upon the rich man.

As we are upon this very important though not very dainty subject of Catholic cleanliness, may we further suggest another kindred consideration? Our readers will pardon us, we are sure, for recurring so often to the *entomological* discomforts of Catholic churches; for both priests in their confessionals, and ladies and gentlemen in their "reserved seats," have already suffered so much from such causes, that they are aware that they are in good truth the chief hindrances to our doing our duty to our poor fellow Christians. The consideration we allude to is this, that fixed benches are the best possible harbour for vermin that can be devised. Even without their frequent accompaniments of well-stuffed cushions and hassocks, they supply a bulwark for the insect world against all assaults of the scrubbing-brush and the broom. For these our tiny foes pay no heed to the barriers and pews, which make some of our churches when empty look like the pens in Smithfield market when the cattle are gone. *They* pay no toll for admission into the sixpenny and shilling seats. *They* wait for no "half-price" at Vespers or Compline. They fear only one enemy, viz. soap and water. The weak attempts at scouring and sweeping, which are all that is possible with fixed benches, fail to dislodge them from their crevices and warm hiding-places. There is nothing for it, but to sweep the benches away without remorse, and substitute chairs, which may be removed every week, so that the whole floor may undergo a thorough purification with no sparing hand.

As for the objections which some persons make to chairs, that they are both uncomfortable and noisy, the first objection only applies to chairs made for house purposes and not for

church purposes; and the second applies only to churches with stone floors instead of wooden floors. *Why* stone floors should be used in the nineteenth century, merely because they were in use in the thirteenth century, we never could conceive. They serve only to chill the feet, driving the blood into the head, and making devotion not merely difficult, but dangerous; they are intolerably noisy, at a time when quiet is one of the first of necessities; they cause ten times as much dust as a wooden pavement, to the destruction of pictures, images, gilding, painting, vestments, and dress; they are extremely disagreeable to kneel upon; they hold damp,—no slight objection in such a climate as ours; and they cost much more than wood. *Why*, then, in the name of common sense, are they esteemed almost part of the Christian revelation by some of our unpractical antiquarians? Why does not some one of our architects, artists, or builders, set himself to devise an ornamental wood-pavement for those who can afford something better than plain deal boarding? Why do they not take a hint from the wooden pavement of our streets, and lay our churches with hexagonal blocks of wood, the grain being placed (as in the street pavement) perpendicularly, so that the durability would be far greater than that of many kinds of stone, and the noise reduced to a minimum?

Such, then, are the hints which we take the liberty of laying before church-builders, church-restorers, and those of the clergy and laity in general who may have it in their power to remedy the present unnatural and unhealthy state of things, by which those who are first in the sight of God are treated as if they were not only last, but nothing worth. If an entirely unrestricted admission to all parts of a church, *which is by far the best system, if it can be put into practice*—is really impossible or undesirable, may not such a plan as is here suggested be worth trying; and may it not be considered as free in spirit and reality from all objection as violating that command of the Apostle and of common Christian charity, which unhappily we have been in so many instances seduced into setting at nought?

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## Reviews.

### RISE, PROGRESS, AND RESULTS OF PUSEYISM.

*Lectures on certain Difficulties felt by Anglicans in submitting to the Catholic Church.* By John Henry Newman, Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri. Burns and Lambert.

[Concluding article.]

THE first symptoms of the Tractarian movement found little sympathy in Cambridge. Beyond an interchange of civilities between those persons in the two Universities who were most disposed to resist further changes in Church or State, leading in rare cases to the adoption of Oxford views, and the appearance of Mr. H. J. Rose in the pulpit of Great St. Mary's, no manifestation was exhibited to alarm the Heads of Houses. Mr. Rose, had he survived, as well as Mr. Whitehead of St. John's, and Mr. J. Wordsworth of Trinity, might eventually have exerted a wide influence.

In 1835-38 Cambridge received for education several of the young gentlemen who subsequently, in the House of Commons, endeavoured to found a Young England party. This was the era of Lord John Manners, Mr. G. P. Smythe, Mr. A. J. B. Hope, Mr. A. B. Cochrane, and Mr. Peter Borthwick. All of them ended their Cambridge careers with the undergraduate course, and left in the University as few distinctive traces as they will leave in the legislature. Lord Lyttelton, of the same era, scarcely belonged to the same set.

The year 1839 witnessed the commencement of what may be considered the Cambridge branch of the movement, insignificant, when compared with the sister University, in the persons of the actors, no less than the subject of their action. On a day in May of that year, three undergraduates carried to the rooms of Archdeacon Thorp the rubbing of a monumental brass, and requested his countenance for the study of ecclesiastical architecture and antiquities, which they desired to pursue during the long vacation. The amiable archdeacon consented, and became president of the "Cambridge Camden Society," which at its commencement comprised just eight persons, all unknown to fame. Before the end of the year it had reckoned an accession of one hundred and eighty members, and among them some who "would confer reputation on any literary body in the world." As the avowed objects of the Society were not distinctively Tractarian, so the persons who joined it com-



prised dilettanti of all shades of opinion. Archbishops and Bishops and Heads were among its patrons; Dr. Mill and Professor Willis were vice-presidents; while the Quaker Mr. Rickman and the Catholic Count Montalembert were elected honorary members. Nevertheless it was well understood that the acting officers of the Camden desired by means of Church architecture to promote Church principles; and at the society's meetings any phrase written in a Catholic sense was accustomed to be received with a burst of applause. The committee, in its first report, adopted the sentiment of one Corbet, "if to repair churches be innovation and Popery, I'll be of that religion too;" and boldly declared that "truth, even if contrary to our own views, is what we seek; light, even if it shew us our previous ignorance, is our aim:

ἐν δὲ φάει καὶ ὀλεσσον."

Such ignorance, however, they were slow to acknowledge. Indeed, they were essentially dogmatic, and, by assumption, infallible both in art and belief; and the symbolic theory, happily borrowed from some Catholic ritualist, afforded a thousand ingenious proofs of the support and mutual assistance rendered by the one to the other.

From an early period the society had employed the press. In its first year it had put forth *Hints on the Study of Ecclesiastical Architecture*, and the first number of an illustrated work on monumental brasses. In 1841 it published *A Few Words to Churchwardens on Churches and Church Ornaments*. This tract proved a hit. Five thousand copies were sold in six weeks. It was put upon the list of the Christian Knowledge Society, and the *Times* devoted a leader to its praise. The tide was now flowing fast and merrily. One hundred and thirty-four new members, including four Bishops, were soon after elected. In the list occur also the names of Archdeacons Manning and Wilberforce, and Mr. Dodsworth.

Prosperity was too much for the Camdenians. They commenced a periodical, the *Ecclesiologist*. The first number contained a piquant critique upon a new church in course of erection by the Evangelicals of Cambridge. Of course it was unmercifully cut up, and the critique gave great offence. A remonstrance was drawn up, and signed by twelve members, fellows or tutors of colleges, complaining of "the flippant tone" adopted, and expressing "regret at such attempts as these to give a party character to its publications." "We fear," say the remonstrants, "from this and other indications, that there exists in some quarters a desire to convert the society into an engine of polemical theology, instead of an in-

strument for promoting the study and practice of ecclesiastical architecture. We desire therefore to remind the committee that it is their duty to guard against such a prostitution of its influence to purposes alien from its design." This remonstrance was advertised in the local newspapers. At the next meeting of the society, the committee defended themselves triumphantly—for the undergraduate members were all ultras—protesting that "they had acted and spoken as churchmen no less than as antiquaries;" and avowing that "they cannot look upon it as an unqualified good, when a congregation is brought together in a place where the sacraments can scarcely be decently and rubrically administered, and which possibly presents to the unlearned parishioner no mark of distinction from some neighbouring conventicle." Having thus defended themselves, they withdrew the article, and promised to republish the first number of the *Ecclesiologist* in a corrected form.

This was the society's first check, and it was better merited than the remonstrants perceived. For while the Evangelical Church at Cambridge was overwhelmed with sarcasm and ridicule, because it comprised no chancel whatever, on the very next page a new church at Rugby, in which a Tractarian friend had been interested, and in which precisely the same fault had been betrayed, was applauded as "having avoided many of the faults of modern church-building. The plan consists merely of a chancel and aisles."

The warfare of principle within the society had now begun, and the president's system of compromise was severely tried. Within the University, the leading members of the Camden became from this time forward objects of distrust and suspicion. Simultaneously with the *Ecclesiologist*, the restoration of St. Sepulchre's, or the Round Church, was commenced, and at a subsequent period led to important results. Restorations, indeed, had become the order of the day. Ecclesiology had supplanted geology. Young ladies and gentlemen scoured the country rubbing "brasses," sketching windows and doorways, taking mouldings with leaden tape, and filling "church-schemes." It was the mania of the day, and sextons reaped a rich harvest.

Once more, after the long vacation of 1842, the society held a successful meeting, and elected seventy-nine new members and two Bishops. The list comprises the names of Mr. Birch, now tutor to the Prince of Wales, and of Dr. Hook, the positive Protestant of Leeds. But the society had grown notorious, and its active adherents were marked men.

The rapid increase of the Camden, and the popular mania for church-hunting, led to the formation of sundry provincial



associations, affiliated in most instances to the Cambridge society. Exeter, Bristol, Oxford, and York witnessed the birth of what would now perhaps be named "Architecture Unions." Nor was the movement confined to Great Britain. Even Ireland was infected; and the small body of Puseyites in the Orange north coalesced into a "Down and Connor and Dromore Church-Architecture Society." Dr. Mant, the then occupant of the revenues of the three bishoprics, had previously displayed his sympathy, by writing epigrams for the *Ecclesiologist*; but an association in open connexion with the Camden was considered to be an intolerable insult to the Protestant spirit. The diocese was in a blaze; newspapers were indignant; mobs threatened; and as elsewhere, so in Down and Connor and Dromore, the cause of "Church principles" and Camden architecture fell an easy sacrifice. The Down society repudiated its connexion, and Dr. Mant ceased to be a patron.

About the same time, Dr. Blomfield, the wealthy titular of London, delivered his memorable charge, wherein he cleverly illustrated the *via-media* principle, by informing his clergy, that as it was regular to preach in the surplice, and irregular in the gown, therefore they ought to deliver their sermons in white in the morning, and in black in the afternoon; that since it was right to pray towards the east, and wrong towards the west, therefore they ought to pray towards the north or south; that as it was proper to illuminate the altar, and improper to scandalise the people, therefore they ought to place on their communion-tables two candlesticks, but never to light them; with other similar reasonings. The *Times*, formerly the patron of Puseyism and the Camden, but now converted to Anglo-evangelical views, with many other newspapers, hounded on the populace: the people attacked the clergy; the clergy flew for protection to Dr. Blomfield, whose orders they were following; and Dr. Blomfield betrayed them. Amidst the storm, he published a letter, condemning the Camden for superstition, and withdrew his countenance from the society. The titulars of Winchester and Chester, whose adherence at all was a marvel, now took their departure.

The signs of the times foreboded a stormy anniversary for April 1843. Nevertheless the Camdenians took no heed. The *Ecclesiologist* grew more flippant than before, and in addition to its other offensive weapons, introduced a column of "Notices," to chronicle the various abuses committed in churches in all parts of the kingdom. The style of these "Notices" may be surmised from the following, which afforded matter for controversy in the Oxford newspapers:



"At Headington Church, near Oxford, holy baptism is administered in a small white basin, which is kept in a slender vase of cement, bearing considerable resemblance in shape to an exaggerated ale-glass, and placed within the altar-rails. From a large pew in the same church springs a small rough ladder, by which children ascend to the cill of the east window of the south aisle. Here a bench is placed for their accommodation; and a crazy erection of laths in front serves the double purpose of supporting their books, and of shielding the occupants of the inferior pew from the casual infliction of a falling child."

In the index to the third volume of the *Ecclesiologist* there appear under the heading of "Churches desecrated or abused," the names of sixty-five churches shewn up in this method. Such a number, however, gives but a poor notion of the work performed. Some of these "Notices" were exceedingly comprehensive; for example, "A correspondent has furnished us with fifty instances of the desecration of fonts in Gloucestershire, Sussex, Cheshire, Northamptonshire, Worcestershire, Rutlandshire, Yorkshire, and some other counties. We regret that we cannot at present print his communication in full, as many of the cases are extremely disgraceful." In future years this portion of the *Ecclesiologist* cannot fail to be valuable, as well as curious, as exhibiting a broad picture of the degradation and filthy neglect into which, in 1840-50, under a system of opulent benefices and compulsory rates, the Protestant occupants had allowed our old churches to sink. But for this faithful record, their state would not have been credited.

Emboldened by a very general feeling of alarm and dissatisfaction, the Anglican party within the society now determined to endeavour, in the anniversary meeting of 1843, to obtain from the whole body a vote of censure upon its Romanising managers. Efforts were made and forces marshalled on both sides. The Anglicans brought down from London a non-resident member to support their indictment, and the Puseyites gathered together at convivial entertainments, and thus recruited their numbers and spirit. On the evening of the 11th May, the theatre at "the Philosophical" was abundantly filled, and from the character of the attendance victory at first appeared doubtful. It soon, however, appeared to be with the Tractarians. In vain did the assailant of the *Ecclesiologist* read from its pages statements the most Romanising, and critiques the most flippant. Every extract was received with cheers, and he could not obtain even a respectable minority. The triumph was complete for that evening. In high

glee, the more sober Tractarians met afterwards for supper in the president's room, while the juniors assembled at the pastrycook's opposite to the "Philosophical," and throwing up the window-sashes, sounded forth from cornopions loud notes of triumph over the defeated Protestants. The day of reckoning for all this had yet to come.

In the report presented at the anniversary meeting just described, the committee announced, amongst other gifts to St. Sepulchre's, "an altar." Great Britain contains but four "round churches," namely, the Temple Church, London; Northampton; Little Maplestead; and St. Sepulchre, Cambridge. Excepting, perhaps, the first, these churches are indebted for fame rather to singularity of shape than beauty of architecture. They are curiosities; but they have, notwithstanding their figure, been as grossly neglected and evil entreated as the more ordinary rectangular structures. The time arrived when neglect could go no further without losing itself in destruction. In the autumn of 1841 a part of St. Sepulchre's nave—the round portion of the church—fell in. The parishioners began to put it up again in the orthodox churchwarden style. Thereupon certain ardent Camdenians, shocked and scandalised, and struck with the happy thought of producing at head-quarters an exemplification of the new theories of restoration, formed a provisional committee, and took upon themselves the repairs of the edifice. In two years they spent about 4000*l.* on this object, and so far as concerns the round nave and aisle, they succeeded well. The circular part of St. Sepulchre's was probably the most perfect "restoration" in the kingdom. This is not the time or place for criticism; and nothing need be said of the failures in other parts of the edifice. When the repairs of the fabric were completed, questions arose about the internal fittings. A "stone altar" was offered, accepted, ordered, and put up. Her most gracious Majesty, on her visit to Cambridge in October 1843, is understood to have seen it without censure. But the non-resident incumbent of the parish, less tolerant than the head of his Church, and egged on by his party, demanded its removal, as offensive to Protestant principles. The churchwardens, backed by the committee, refused to remove it. The committee desired to get up a grand function at the re-consecration, as a reconciliation of the church. The incumbent entered a *caveat* against any such proceeding, and indeed, ultimately the church, after having been entirely rebuilt, was opened for service without any special ceremony, in accordance with the real opinions of the "Reformers." But



not to wander from our story, matters having been brought to a dead lock, the vicar at length threw the churchwardens into the ecclesiastical court, for erecting the abomination of a table of stone. The case was first tried in the diocesan court of Ely, and judgment given in favour of stone. The vicar appealed to the Arches. In due time the case was solemnly argued before the inquisitor of Doctors' Commons, Sir Herbert Jenner Fust, and he, ruling *ex cathedra*, authoritatively pronounced that the Anglican Establishment HAS NO SACRIFICE and NO ALTAR, and that the churchwardens therefore must eject their stone table. The Camden, less courageous than Mr. Gorham, dared not appeal to Lord Campbell and Lord Brougham. It acquiesced in the judgment that the Church of England knows no sacrifice, and admits no altar:—a sound decision, yet momentous, one would think. So the stone altar was rudely thrown down, and cast out of doors to rot in the churchyard; and the ultra-Protestant vicar proceeded to protestantise the restored fabric to his utmost ability.

The year 1844 was pregnant with events of importance to the Camden. The report presented at the anniversary meeting of that year announced that the committee "have taken steps to procure a sigillum, or device, which will serve as the badge of the society, to appear on its publications." Who was the designer of this "sigillum," and what was its character? It was from the graceful hand of Mr. Pugin, and is thus described in the *Ecclesiologist*: "The sigillum itself is formed in the proper ecclesiastical shape of the *vesica piscis*. It contains Saints in niches of tabernacle-work, and is filled in with small architectural views. In the middle is seen the Incarnate God, through whom all the offerings of the Church are made, holding the orb and cross in his hand, and seated in the lap of his Blessed Mother. On the immediate right and left stand St. George with shield and spear and dragon, and St. Etheldreda with crown and staff; the one the patron of England, the other of the diocese of Ely. On the right of St. George is St. John the Evangelist, with the eagle at his feet, holding in his hand a chart of the New Jerusalem. He is sometimes considered as the patron of architecture. On the left of St. Etheldreda appears St. Luke with the ox, holding in his hand a picture. He is the patron of painting and the fine arts in general. On the extreme right is introduced a ruin, which, on the left, is seen transformed into a fine cross church, with lofty spire. Below the middle figure, a Camdenian eye will not fail to detect a representation of the restored Round Church, with its conical roof and gable crosses. The



seal is completed by the figure of an angel bearing a scroll, with the Scripture, *Quam dilecta.*"

About the middle of this year, Mr. Close of Cheltenham began to devote his attention to the Camden and to architecture. He first published a little work, under the title of *Church Architecture scripturally considered, from the earliest ages to the present time.* On this occasion the Camden found a champion in the Rev. T. K. Arnold of Lyndon, whose scholarly mind could not but revolt from the ignorant presumption and vulgar absurdities of his opponent. Mr. Close, however, is not easily silenced. He issued a *Reply* to Mr. Arnold's *Remarks*; and yet further, he devoted the coming 5th of November—a great festival and sort of Christmas-day at Cheltenham—to a sermon on the follies of the Camdenians, which he printed, and of which he forwarded copies gratuitously to the Cambridge heads of houses, to Sir H. J. Fust, &c. &c. This sermon was accompanied by a bad representation of the Camden sigillum. It served its purpose, and stimulated popular feeling against the Camdenians.

At the end of 1844 the society abandoned the *Ecclesiologist*; that is to say, the periodical, though conducted by the same writers as before, ceased to be the organ of the Camden, and the Camden got rid of the responsibility of its irritating exposures. The sacrifice came too late. The Bishop of Exeter had now raised the rubrical storm in the west of England, and frightened at surplice-riots, he astutely attempted to appease the popular fury by denouncing the Camden in a letter to Mr. Marsh Phillipps, published in the *Times*. Of course he ceased to be a patron. Dr. Kay of Lincoln followed his example; and then came an intimation from the Chancellor and the Vice-chancellor of the University, that they must retire from the society. The president was now thoroughly alarmed. Defections would spread; all sober men would go; the officers could scarcely continue to reside in Cambridge. What was to be done to secure that the society should at its close enjoy the patronage of at least one Bishop? What then remained but to anticipate withdrawals by closing at once the society's career? Such was the course decided on, and announced at a meeting held upon February 13th, 1845. At the same meeting twenty-six new members, including two colonial Bishops, were elected, and the society reckoned nearly 900 names. Nevertheless the committee "recommended unanimously that *the society be dissolved.*" The recommendation was received in silence, and it could be adopted only at the anniversary meeting in May. Meantime operations were to be *bona fide* suspended.

To render intelligible the proceedings of this anniversary meeting, an episode is needed here. During the summer of 1844, a bookseller in the Puseyite interest opened a shop on King's Parade. As a matter of business, he applied to a member of the University to supply him with the materials of an ecclesiastical almanac. The request was granted, and the manuscript of *A Christian Calendar, by a Lay Member of the Cambridge Camden Society*, in due course was handed to Mr. Dick the bookseller. By him the Pitt Press was employed to print the *Calendar*. Now it is the rule that the Vice-chancellor's *imprimatur* is required for all works printed at the University Press; and the manager, Mr. Parker, fearing to ask such a favour for an almanac of Catholic complexion, had the temerity to violate the law by issuing it without the printer's name. The publisher, indignant at the trick, took care that the *Christian Calendar* should be widely advertised as "printed at the University Press." The University authorities were enraged, and circulated against the author charges of surreptitiously and dishonourably passing the pamphlet through the press. The matter of the almanac gave great offence. The president of the Camden repudiated it. Mr. Close made it the subject of an appendix to his 5th-of-November sermon; and, on bare suspicion of its authorship, the senior Fellows of Trinity refused to a scholar of the college of unimpeached moral conduct testimonials for Protestant ordination.

Thus stood matters when the meeting called for dissolving the society assembled. The lawyers had already added to the confusion by declaring that, as the laws of the Camden contained no provision for a dissolution, the proposed measure could only be accomplished by a unanimous vote. Such unanimity, it was clear, could not be obtained, and the society must needs go on. The committee then resolved to contradict their own recommendation, by promoting a scheme to modify the laws, and offering themselves as the executive to carry on the association.

The meeting was held on the 8th of May. It was large and tumultuous. The voting upon the question of dissolution was first announced: against the proposal, 271; for, 109; majority, 162. On the proposition of the committee a violent and personal debate ensued, ending in the triumph of the Tractarians, such as it was.

Such was virtually the end of the Cambridge Camden Society, and with it of Puseyism as a movement in the University. Its meetings were discontinued in Cambridge. At the solicitation of heads of houses and others, all its patrons



abandoned it, and about 200 other members. The pretty "sigillum" was no longer used. Mr. Thorp was driven from his fellowship, and all academical influence exploded.

The eventful autumn of 1845 arrived. Mr. Stokes, the reputed author of the *Christian Calendar*, justified the suspicion of his college by becoming a Catholic. The conversion of other members succeeded. At length Mr. Paley of St. John's, the most accomplished of the Camdenians, submitted to the true Church.

Driven from Cambridge, denounced by the powerful, and abandoned by the converts, the Camden Society put the last stroke to its history by a voluntary change of name. It still lingers on, in a room over a bookseller's shop in London, under the designation of the Ecclesiological, late Cambridge Camden, Society. The *Ecclesiologist* is still published at intervals.

While the dilettante Puseyism of Ecclesiology was thus dying a violent death in Cambridge, the movement under its more serious aspect in the country at large was silently preparing to sink into decay. After the struggle in the theatre at Oxford, and the "degradation" of the author of the *Ideal*, exhaustion for a while seized the Tractarians, and the Protestant party sat still and smiled over their victories. Erewhile paragraphs crept into the newspapers, which a short time before would have stirred up a sensation, but which now seemed to be news already old. One by one, writers in the *British Critic*, authors of *The Lives of the Saints*, residents in the Littlemore Monastery, and clergymen unknown to fame, were announced as having "joined the Church of Rome," or as having "seceded from the Church." At length, in the month of October, Mr. Newman sought admission into the true fold, and was received into the Church by Father Dominick, in his own retirement at Littlemore. It had for some time been known that he was preparing his last book as a Protestant, and that unless some signal change came over his mind, a few months longer must see him a Catholic. Many an attached friend still refused to believe that such an event could be possible; and when the event was certainly known, the affectionate respect which had long been felt for him by a very large body in the Anglican communion prevented his becoming the subject of the angry attacks with which Puseyite writers assailed almost all converts to the Catholic Church. On the appearance of Mr. Newman's *Essay on Development in Christian Doctrine*, to which he prefixed a declaration that he submitted the whole unreservedly to the judgment of the Church, it was vehemently encountered in many quarters; but of the



thousands and tens of thousands who had hitherto turned with delight to each succeeding new work from his pen, only a small portion were found honest and courageous enough to look into his reasons for forsaking the community to which he had rendered such extraordinary and faithful services. He was "perverted"—(such was the phrase which now became fashionable)—he was gone; he had deserted the Church of England; he was a traitor; it was sufficient to *say* this, and nothing that he could utter in the way of explanation of his grounds was now to be listened to. Some pretended that he was mad; some expected that he would soon change his mind and return, disgusted with the wickednesses and superstitions of "Romanism;" some looked for the manifestation of fresh portents in the Roman Church, to which it was imagined that he would never cordially submit himself. His influence among "Anglo-Catholics" was clearly shattered; many thought it gone for ever; but time has shewed that it was not so; and it is impossible to doubt that it even yet survives, and may again shew itself in energetic and effectual action on many souls. Dr. Pusey received the tidings of the loss of his long-loved friend with feelings which may be estimated from a characteristic letter which was published in the newspapers. He could view Mr. Newman's conversion only as a calamity to the Church of England; and with singular openness, expressed his fear that it was the result of the prayers of Roman Catholics. "The first pang," he said, "came to me years ago, when I had no other fear, but heard that he was prayed for by name in so many churches and religious houses on the continent." Alas! where is Dr. Pusey himself now?

The very same newspaper which first published this letter contained another from a fellow clergyman of Dr. Pusey's conceived in a far different spirit. Mr. Bennett, afterwards of St. Barnabas, Pimlico, came forward to reproach his brother Anglicans with a culpable leniency in calling conversion to the Church of Rome by the word "secession." "Converts are not merely in error," cried Mr. Bennett, "they are grievous sinners. Let them depart, not as seceders, but as schismatics."

Mr. Bennett, further, became one of the upholders of a theory which was now extemporised by the unconverted Puseyites, who would fain designate accurately the peculiar sin of which the converts, who now began to be chronicled in numbers in the newspapers, were guilty. This sin they sought to mark with such a shameful stigma, as might deter those who were in doubt, but who yet remained in their Protestantism, from following the infectious examples. It was difficult, indeed, to hit upon such an idea as should at once appeal

to the regard of Anglicans for the Church of England, and avoid all special condemnation of the doctrines of Rome. "Secession" to Rome was to be stamped as sin, yet Rome herself was to be held sacred. A happy thought was struck out, and henceforward became the shibboleth of Anglo-Catholicism. "*The Church of our baptism*" has a perpetual claim upon our obedience, and *nothing* must tempt us to leave her. This was the new formula, which was thrust into the throats of every person who ventured to whisper a hint that the Establishment was more corrupt than Rome. "Not that I love Cæsar less, but that I love Rome more," was the cry of the old patriot, which the terrified Puseyites travestied, by making "Cæsar" and "Rome" change places. The unity of the Catholic Church was to give place to the separate rights of each national branch; baptism was to be regarded as the initiation into the branch Church, as distinguished from the one universal Church; the very notion that there is "one Lord, one faith, *one baptism*," was exploded; and thousands and tens of thousands of seriously conducted persons, laity and clergy, men and women, old and young, literally persuaded themselves that the true polar star by which they might steer safely through the tempest was the religious community of which the individual who had baptised them was a member. How far this cry of "the Church of our baptism" has been really *believed* by the numerous party who have bandied it to and fro for the last few years we are unable to divine. To a Catholic it is simply so transparently absurd, that it is difficult to imagine its being urged in good faith by any one. Still, Puseyism is so little given to carry out its theories to conclusions, or to apply to others the doctrines it devises for itself, that it is possible that many may really believe an hypothesis which is tantamount to an assertion that *every man*, whether Catholic, Anglican, Methodist, Socinian, Independent, or any other of the sects which retain the sacrament of baptism, does right in living and dying in the community where he was baptised.

While every part of England, and some parts of Scotland, now began to yield its quota of conversions, and—strangest of all in Protestant eyes—not merely clergymen, but numerous laymen, and not merely ordinary educated laymen, but lawyers, submitted to the Church, a singular result ensued in the Puseyite body itself. The theological activity of Anglicanism was suddenly paralysed. The booksellers' shops and shelves betrayed a paralysis indicative of mortal disease. The Anglo-Catholic world left off buying religious publications. Men and women, especially fathers and mothers, were stricken with



a dread of theological reading. From the ponderous *Library of Anglo-Catholic Theology* to the mildest *rifacimento* of the young curate of "Catholic views," the whole range of Puseyite works ceased to sell. Two publications alone yielded an income to the bibliopoles, one of them the genuine offspring of the movement. The *Christian Year* went on multiplying its editions, its readers finding in its undefined quasi-dogmatism a convenient text for all kinds of interpretations; while the *Library of the Fathers* quickly recovered from a temporary oblivion, and to this day commands its price.

By degrees, of course, Puseyite books began again to appear. A galvanic life supplied a semblance of true vitality, and a multiplication of small volumes, mostly of a watery species, and generally attempting some kind of Anglo-Romanising, fostered in their readers the notion that "Church principles" were still spreading and deepening. Dr. Pusey continued to mangle standard Catholic authors; others, less modest even than he, compiled lives of Saints, and the like, in which an identity between Rome and the English Establishment was assumed with an effrontery quite unrivalled; the cant phraseology of the school was enlarged, and Protestant Englishmen talked of an Epistoler, a Gospeller, a Responsal, and other such mysterious novelties. Gregorianism was cultivated as the "Church-song," as ardently and exclusively as by a few enthusiastic reformers in the Church herself; churches were multiplied with the closest imitation of mediæval models, rood-screens were set up, image-worship was almost attempted, journalists and reviewers dabbled in the history of Catholic vestments and ceremonies, Anglo-Catholic priests imitated Dr. Pusey in hearing confessions, and the entire system of what we must call Puseyite *trickery* came into full play. This system consisted of two elements, an adoption of every Catholic practice which popular and episcopal feeling would tolerate, combined with an unscrupulous misrepresentation and condemnation of what was now done and said by those Protestant clergymen who had become converts to the Catholic faith. With that peculiar tone of voice and artificial grief, which none but Puseyites can assume, grievous stories were circulated about the "sad deterioration" of —, and —, and —, since they "went over." In most cases, all intercourse, even between members of the same family, was rigidly forbidden; Puseyite periodicals refused to insert advertisements of Catholic books; and the poor anxious humble souls who yearned to know what was *now* the experience of those whom they had been wont to revere, were silenced and terrified by being told of the "shocking" attacks which the new converts



began to make upon the "Church of their baptism" the moment they had left her.

Now and then a personal episode enlivened the heavy flight of Anglo-Catholic existence from 1846 to 1849. Such was the battle between Mr. Chirol, a curate of Mr. Bennett, at Knightsbridge, when the former, on becoming a Catholic, was assailed by the latter, as both a rogue and a renegade. Such was the sham fight which took place on the elevation of Dr. Hampden to the royal episcopate, when the Whig ministry having designated the condemned professor to the bishopric of Hereford, a display of protests and processes at law made clear to the world to what precise limit of self-sacrifice and confessorship Puseyism would conduct its votaries. Similar demonstrations of more gentle character followed upon successive appointments of "heretical" Bishops, until the Puseyite body took it for granted that all the Bishops made by the Government must be heretics, accepted it as a species of providential dispensation, and subsided into a sullen indifference.

Conversions in the mean time went on. One after another, Protestant ministers dropped off the clergy-list, and were found registered among the "perverts," and often among the novices of a religious order, or the ecclesiastics of Catholic colleges. Persons of all classes, including such as made men of the world lift up their eyes with uncontrolled amazement, sought entrance into the Church. The most honoured names of Anglo-Catholic and Evangelical families supplied their converts; no profession seemed secure; the lawyers appeared as convertible as any others; the commander of a British man-of-war became a Jesuit novice; every calculation of probabilities was put to flight, and every man began to distrust his neighbour. The early prognostications of rapid returns from Rome were falsified. Here and there, at extremely distant intervals, an eccentric young lady, or an ex-Protestant minister, who, from the moment of his conversion had been regarded by his Catholic friends as barely sane, or as not a real convert, returned to Anglicanism. But even of these the greater part apostatised only for a while, and under the compulsion of tyrannical relatives; and, on the whole, it could no longer be doubted that the converts from Puseyism were devoted heart and soul to the Catholic Church, and had submitted themselves to her without the shadow of a reservation.

On a sudden the sky seemed to brighten. A confessor stood forth from the episcopal bench, and announced himself a Bishop indeed. From the far west, where the waves of the Atlantic beat on Cornwall's stormy shores, the name of a troublesome individual found its way into Church newspaper

paragraphs, and it was whispered that the Rev. George Cornelius Gorham was engaged in a warfare with his "diocesan," the too-celebrated Dr. Henry Phillpotts, Bishop of Exeter, respecting the one chief foundation on which Anglo-Catholicism claimed to base itself—the doctrine of regeneration in baptism. For a time it was imagined that, in accordance with true Anglican precedent, a compromise would be effected. The Bishop, it was thought, would not push the vicar too far, but would induct him into his new living on his qualifying his previous heretical statements after the model of the Book of Common Prayer. All such expectations soon proved futile; a Gorham and a Phillpotts had never yet been matched; each was on his mettle, each represented a powerful party behind him, each was loudly cheered on, each loved the excitement of war, each was practised in the art of polemics, each was confident of success, and each—we may fairly assume—was sincere in his convictions.

The facts of the case were briefly as follows. Mr. Gorham, the vicar of St. Just, a parish at the western extremity of Cornwall, was presented by the Lord Chancellor (as representative of the Queen) to the living of Brampford-Speke in Devonshire. He was well known as a determined opponent of Tractarianism in any shape, even an episcopal one, and consequently had ever been a thorn in the side of Dr. Phillpotts, who "governs" as the Queen's deputy the counties of both Devonshire and Cornwall. The Bishop, however, could not touch him as incumbent of St. Just, though he might denounce baptismal regeneration as a soul-destroying figment. The laws of the Queen's Church, however, permit a Bishop to question a person who is presented to a new living, with a kind of theoretical permission to refuse him induction if his doctrines prove unsound. To this ordeal Dr. Phillpotts summoned the vicar elect of Brampford-Speke, who, nowise daunted, maintained his heresy without flinching, and scorned all compromise. The Bishop then declining to induct Mr. Gorham, the latter carried his grievance into the ecclesiastical court of Canterbury, and the cause was tried by the notorious Sir Herbert Jenner Fust. After long delay, the judge gave judgment in favour of the Bishop, towards the end of the year 1849. Mr. Gorham immediately appealed to the judicial committee of the Privy Council,—a court which represents the sovereign in person, both as ecclesiastical ruler of the Established Church, and as temporal ruler of the realm of England. Its function is to advise her Majesty on any case brought before her, and on its advice she decides. Before her final judgment thus given both the ecclesiastical courts



and the Archbishops, whom they theoretically represent, are compelled to bow.

By this time the "Gorham case" was attracting general attention. The Puseyites, on whom Sir Herbert Fust had inflicted some severe blows, were triumphing in his decision, and already preparing a song of victory for the anticipated decision of the Privy Council. Yet they trembled while they rejoiced, for they could not but fear that a judgment which should cast out from Anglican livings all men who denied regeneration in baptism, would be followed by an act of Parliament to readmit them. At length the trial came on; the ablest advocates pleaded before the lawyers who composed the tribunal; the Archbishops of Canterbury and York and the Bishop of London gave their counsel in private; and early in 1850 the judgment was given. All the world knows what it was, and we should but weary our readers with more details. It was, in brief, the common-sense reply to the special pleadings of Puseyism. Whatever is written in the baptismal service and the Catechism, said the judges, as a matter of fact the Anglican Church has always tolerated Mr. Gorham's views in her ministers. The Queen was therefore advised to send word to Sir Herbert Jenner Fust that his decision was reversed, and that he must desire Dr. Phillpotts to induct Mr. Gorham. Dr. Phillpotts, having written a bulky pamphlet, in which he protested that he would never yield, and that he "renounced communion" with the Archbishop of Canterbury and all Mr. Gorham's supporters, continued the sham fight through a few formalities more. The Court of Arches installed Mr. Gorham; and the Bishop turned the whole affair into a farce, by telling the parishioners of Brampford-Speke that they ought to attend the ministrations of their heretical vicar, but that if he preached heresy, they were to inform their diocesan.

Thus were the pretensions of Anglo-Catholicism, as a principle of the Anglican Church, legally extinguished. They who believed that the majority of the Puseyites were sincere expected many conversions. We, who believed them to be sincere *only up to a certain point*, anticipated what immediately followed. There was an outburst of words, which cost nothing, and a storm of pamphlets, which cost just the amount of the printers' bills; but the conversions were very few, and of these probably the greater part would have taken place if Mr. Gorham had lived and died a Puseyite.

Still, the Gorham decision was a fatal blow, though its *direct* consequences were small. It consummated the destruction of the Anglo-Catholic theory, and scattered the dust which obscured the vision of many awakened minds.



Three courageous Anglicans, Archdeacon Manning, Dr. Mill, and Mr. Robert Wilberforce, issued a declaration of *their* interpretation of the royal supremacy, which had inflicted this judgment upon the Establishment, and sent it round to the whole body of the established clergy. Their memorial was, in fact, a denial of the Queen's supremacy. In a victorious party it could not have been tolerated; in a vanquished minority it might be treated with contempt. Of the 15,000 established clergy, about 1700 signed this declaration of independence; but few did any thing more; they signed it one day, the next they signed receipts for tithes, or repeated their signatures to the Thirty-nine Articles. Ere the ink of the 1700 subscriptions was dry, Archdeacon Manning resigned his archdeaconry and his living.

Then, while the echoes of the "protesting" Puseyites—faithful to the one principle of Protestantism—yet lingered in the air, a wild shout arose, beneath which their sullen whippers were overwhelmed. From the whole of that class of Englishmen upon which Puseyism flattered itself that it had wrought an impression, a cry went forth and rent the air with imprecations against its most distant approach, sufficient to convince the most infatuated that "Anglo-Catholicism" was an abhorred thing in the eyes of the whole nation. That it had won the slightest hold upon the feelings of the poor, or upon the lowest of the middle classes, not even the Puseyite periodicals, habituated as they are to manufacture history according to their wishes, had ever ventured to say. Yet it was thought that among commercial, professional, and aristocratic Englishmen—in other words, among those who constitute the sole *bonâ fide* adherents of the Establishment,—a deep practical attachment to the principles of Church authority, Church independence, and the whole system of dogmatic and ceremonial Anglicanism, had taken firm root. A few days sufficed to dispel the illusion. No sooner was it known that the Pope had created Catholic dioceses throughout England than the whole Anglican body, with scarcely an exception, rose up and proclaimed itself ultra-Protestant to the heart's core.

And herein lay the peculiar force with which the agitation, while it struck one blow at the Pope, struck two against the Puseyites. The "Papal aggression" was denounced far less on account of the obnoxious nature of separate Catholic doctrines, than because it was a denial of the Queen's spiritual supremacy. Granting the stupidity which permitted the remonstrants to confound the Pope's denial of the Queen's ecclesiastical powers with a denial of her temporal rights, the *fact* was this, that the clergy and people of the Anglican commu-

nion identified the spiritual with the temporal power. So intensely Erastian is the entire body, that it could not separate the two supremacies even in idea. No sooner was the denial of the doctrinal basis of Puseyism consummated by the induction of Mr. Gorham, than the basis of its ecclesiastical claims was scattered to the winds. Who could be now so simple as to imagine the possibility of "Catholicising," in the Puseyite sense, such a nation as this? The Church of England *could* not regard itself as other than a function of the Government. Two things only it abhorred and cast out; and neither of these two was the great body of Catholic doctrine and worship as found existing in the Church of Rome. It abhorred the Papal supremacy, *because it is a denial of the Queen's supremacy*; or (to analyse the feeling) because it is a denial of the supremacy of each individual Englishman, the Queen being at once the sovereign and the servant of the nation; and it abhorred the Puseyite doctrines and ceremonies, not as being false and antichristian, but as being *in Protestants* mere mummeries, and as symptoms of a traitorous disaffection to the nationality of an Englishman's religion.

To the literal extinction of Puseyism nothing more is needed. It is but a few months since the course of Lectures whose title we have prefixed to the present sketch was delivered by Father Newman in London. If there was any point in these Lectures which was driven home into the innermost heart of Anglo-Catholicism, it was this, that the Anglican Establishment is a function of the state. And now, while the Anglo-Catholic readers of the Lectures were still writhing beneath the point of the preacher's spear, a new confirmation of the bitter truth springs up when least anticipated, and the Anglo-Catholic theory is razed to its foundations. The demonstration of the ineradicable Erastianism of the Establishment afforded by the recent agitation is far more complete than could have been supplied by parliamentary acts or judicial decrees. Its spontaneousness and its stupidity are the best proofs of its genuineness. The English Church *cannot* recognise a spiritual supremacy any where but in the head of the government. It is not that she will not, she has not the power to do otherwise; you cannot force into her mind the notion that the two supremacies are possibly separable. She sees two religions in the world, and two opposing spiritual chiefs: the one national, non-dogmatic, convenient, useful, and *her own*; the other anti-national, dogmatic, intolerant, unmanageable, and *foreign*. Each of these she views as a reality. She upholds the first, because she likes it; she resists the second, because she detests it. But as



for a bastard Popery, a religion of shams and imitations, she scorns it, she kicks it, she tramples on it, and yet all the while she so despises it that she would not stoop to strike it, but that she fears it will let in the true Catholicism, before which she is already trembling.

What, then, has the movement of 1833 done for the interests of the Catholic Church in this country? Has it conduced in any degree to the preparation of England for the reception of the Catholic faith? That it should have given many converts to the Church, now amounting to many hundreds, is so far a good deed; but the conversion of even thousands, as individuals, is quite different from the effecting a permanent change in the temper of the nation, or of the most influential classes in the nation. That the movement has wrought this latter result, for ourselves, we think undeniable. It has wrought it in two ways: partly by familiarising the minds of the upper and middle classes with the *idea* of Catholicism, and by bringing the existence, doctrines, and claims of the Church of Rome prominently before the national eye; and partly by attracting to itself the first outbursts of popular fury against the ideas thus brought forward. From the moment that the Oxford Tracts commenced, the Catholic Church assumed a position in the country which she had never before attained since the schism of the sixteenth century. With what a depth of indescribable horror of Catholicism the whole *mind* of England was formerly saturated, few can comprehend who have not personally experienced it. There are hundreds of persons now Catholics who can remember the time when they felt an aversion towards the very name of Rome, in comparison of which the recent displays of passion are gentle remonstrances. The sons and daughters of Anglicanism were brought up to regard the Catholic Church as the devil's masterpiece. The least bigoted and intolerant among them could not help feeling towards a living Catholic in much the same way as we should feel on finding ourselves side by side with a person who had the plague. The intensity and peculiar virulence of this hate was not brought into constant action, simply because the nation regarded the Catholic body as an utterly insignificant sect of ignorant simpletons or powerless knaves. When an occasional writer or speaker palliated the enormities of Rome, he was regarded as a charitable speculator, who could not see things in their real colours, but as no more likely to turn Protestants into Catholics than to turn Englishmen into Italians. No one read Catholic books; no one entered Catholic churches; no one



ever saw Catholic priests; few people even knew that there were any Catholic Bishops resident in England. Except in connexion with Ireland, the Catholic Church was forgotten.\*

See now the change which has come over the English people as a nation. Violently Protestant still, its attitude to the Catholic Church is extraordinarily changed. It dislikes her, but it no longer despises her. It is filled with misconceptions, and the dupe of an endless tissue of anticatholic nonsense; yet it will, in some circumstances, hear a Catholic in his own justification. It mocks at Catholic miracles, and accounts transubstantiation to be folly; but it no longer thinks it impossible for a pious man, a learned man, or an acute man, to submit to the Church of Rome with his whole heart and soul. Frantic against the "mummeries" of Puseyism, it half admits that in a Catholic these same ceremonies are mummeries no longer. Wildly crying for a penal law against the new hierarchy, it cannot find in its heart to ask for any thing peculiarly ferocious or bloody. Crowds attend the services of Catholic and of Puseyite churches; but while in the latter there is hissing and groaning, in the former a stillness the most profound pays strange homage to the elevation of the most Holy Sacrament. None but fools and fanatics deny *some* merits to the Church of Rome and her clergy. Every where the change appears; and could we but come forth before the eyes of our countrymen with those undeniable marks of an apostolic spirit which can spring only from an apostolic origin, we are persuaded that in a few years our position in the nation would exhibit even a more marvellous change from that which we now have gained, than our present position displays when contrasted with our humiliation a quarter of a century ago. And whatever other causes may have combined to work this wonderful result, to the movement of 1833 it surely must chiefly be attributed. Catholics are now before the eyes of their fellow-countrymen. The conversion of so many Anglicans has brought about a personal contact and familiar intercourse hitherto unknown, except among the very highest and the very poorest. Catholicism appears before the country as *an* English religion, as a reli-

\* An exemplification of the change that has taken place in regard to Catholic books is to be found in the present scarcity of old editions of the Missal and Breviary. Five or six years before the movement began, Dr. Lloyd, the Professor of Divinity at Oxford, lecturing on the Book of Common Prayer, recommended the students to procure Breviaries, in order that they might see the original of many portions of the Anglican formularies. At this time Catholic office-books were a drug in the bookselling market; many were to be found in the second-hand shops, through the dispersion of old libraries, and of the few books brought over by the emigrant French clergy. Ten or twelve years afterwards it was scarcely possible to obtain an old edition of a Breviary by any means.

gion which attracts the English mind wherever it is presented to it. Curiosity is roused; the timid eulogies of Catholic practices which men hear from cautious Puseyites, while they irritate them against Puseyism, stimulate their eagerness to know more of Rome. Thousands and thousands of minds have caught a glimpse of what a true system of revealed religion *ought* to be; and while they perceive that such Puseyism is *not*, they are daily becoming more and more convinced, that if Jesus Christ *did* give a revelation of doctrine to man, the Church of Rome, and the Church of Rome alone, is in possession of that revelation.

And thus we quit one of the most interesting themes that can occupy an English pen. When we commenced the historical sketch that we are now closing, it was with little expectation that the movement whose progress we proposed to trace would so rapidly *complete* its course. We saw that it had already entered on its second childhood; but how long its effete old age might linger on, no eye could foresee. For many years the self-delusion might linger among the clergy and households of our islands, and persons whom we had no right to condemn as dishonest might please themselves with a vision of the approaching "Catholicising" of the Established Church. But now this cannot be. The race of Puseyism is all but run. As a *movement* it has ceased to be; as the embodiment of a principle it can no longer hold up its head in the national Church; scarcely a name of repute yet lingers in its muster-roll; beyond those of Keble and Pusey, there is perhaps not one leader remaining who *commands* the homage of a single heart; and of these two, the former, as he was a teacher of old-fashioned High-Church doctrines before the movement began, so has he never been thoroughly identified with its progress, or been recognised as a captain in the field. One alone remains, bound to the fatal shore by (there is too much reason to fear) a hopeless, incurable, deep-seated attachment to the fundamental principle of Protestantism itself—the rejection of all *authority* save his own intellect. How many souls he may be enabled to continue to enthrall, crushing alike their reason and their hearts in an Egyptian bondage, no man can say; but if we may form an anticipation from the ordinary course of human things, it is not impossible that Dr. Pusey himself will be the last Puseyite.

## HOW SHALL WE MEET THE PROTESTANT AGGRESSION?

*A Digest of the Penal Laws.* By the Rev. J. Waterworth.  
London, Dolman.

It is with shame and humiliation that we have learnt that there are Catholics who regard Lord John Russell's attack upon the Hierarchy as a trifle. We are not speaking of those unhappy persons who have gained a notoriety by openly taking the part of the Government against the Pope. Such men as these are always to be found in the Church. There never was an assault planned against the true faith which did not find its most shameless supporters in the ranks of those who call themselves Catholics. It was by one of the twelve Apostles that our Blessed Lord was betrayed; and if the soul of Judas Iscariot could now escape from its eternal torments and visit this our country, it would doubtless be found haunting the back-stairs of Windsor Castle, and seeking private interviews with the Prime Minister in Downing Street.

But it is not of renegades or traitors that we are speaking. What shocks us is, the attitude of some who are excellent Catholics, pious men, and who would rather cut off their right hands than swell the vulgar Protestant clamour against the Pope and his recent measures. It is that spirit of timidity and of blindness to our true position, which has too often induced Catholics to come forward with cringing *apologies* for their creed, and which leads too many of us to submit tamely to this new penal law, against which we are called to protest with the energies of our whole heart and soul. From the moment that the outburst began until the present hour, with a very few illustrious exceptions, the whole tone in which we have met the madness of Protestantism has been unworthy of our cause and disgraceful to ourselves. We are far enough from lamenting that Catholics have not raised a counter-storm of antiprotestant agitation throughout the United Kingdom. No doubt, on every ground, it was best to permit the tempest to rage itself out without opposition. What we have to complain of is, that when Catholics *have* thought it desirable to come before the public in defence of their religion, they have so often shrunk from speaking the real truth, and have attempted to conciliate the fury of their adversaries by shewing that, after all, Catholics are as good as Protestants, and that their creed is not so very unlike the principles of Protestantism itself. While some have burst with indignation, real or ficti-



tious, against Lord John Russell's "mummeries of superstition,"—as if it mattered aught to us whether Lord John called our ceremonies "mummeries" or no,—others have laboured to prove that English Catholics have been always ultra-loyal, even to the worst oppressors of their religion; others, again, have essayed to convince Protestants that the Catholic Church does not forbid the laity to read the Bible, it being notorious that *in the sense in which Protestants mean it*, she does forbid it, to clergy and laity alike; while a still larger party have claimed "toleration" on the "glorious principles of civil and religious liberty, which are the birthright of every Briton!" And now at length our shame is consummated, when the secular power puts forth its hand to enchain the Church of God, and it is thought that no great harm is done, because we shall probably be able to *evade* the law, and because the blow is struck at the Pope and the Bishops, and not at the personal religious duties of the laity and the priesthood. Oh! sad and dishonourable testimony to the strength of that evil spirit, which since the cessation of the bloody persecutions that our fathers endured, has eaten like a canker into our hearts, and laid us open to the intrigues and blandishments of a Government whose sole aim is to *use* the Church Catholic as an instrument for its own purposes.

We entreat our fellow-Catholics who may be inclined to pass over this new law with contempt to pause for a few moments, and contemplate all that is really involved in it in principle. True it is, that whatever be the final shape it takes, it will be petty and contemptible as a measure of *repression*; true it is, that a more ludicrous termination was perhaps never heralded in by pompous pretensions and sounds of fury; true also, that the Catholic Hierarchy of England and Ireland can utterly defeat the law in spirit, while (if they think fit) they pay regard to it in the letter; true, again, that after all the Government might find it impossible to enforce the law, if openly disobeyed; true, lastly, that the practical result of the whole persecution will be infinitely to the advantage of the Church, and that it tends to increase conversions more rapidly than ever;—what is all this, when the principle on which the measure is based is a denial of the rights of the Church of Jesus Christ to fulfil her calling among men, independent of the will of any earthly power? When it pleased Almighty God to establish his Church upon earth, he invested her with his own divine rights over the world which He had created. He gave her no secular power, indeed; but so far as the fulfilment of her spiritual functions required it, He bade her go forth, clad in royal robes and wearing an imperial crown, to spread herself

throughout all lands, multiplying her Bishops, offering her sacrifices, and absolving the sins of her people, whether the sovereigns of the earth were her friends or her foes, and without taking counsel from them as to the course she should pursue. To the kings and the queens He issued a command that they should be the nursing-fathers and nursing-mothers of his Church, that is, *the servants who waited on her and did her bidding*; and He promised that they should "*worship her with their face towards the earth, and lick up the dust of her feet.*" If these secular powers would *not* hear the Church, but remain in their paganism or their heresy, still the course of the Church herself was not to be changed. If they obeyed her, she was to accept their obedience; if they neglected her, she was not to be troubled; if they resisted her, she was not to heed their opposition. She had her own work to do, and it was not their work, though they might, if they pleased, lend her their aid; and that work she would do herself, neither elated by their smiles nor terrified by their frowns. Independence was to be the very soul of her existence. If a secular supremacy was offered to her, she could not refuse it; if she was only "tolerated," she asked for nothing more; if she was persecuted, still her work must be accomplished, though her blood should be poured forth like water.

And it is against this very independence, which is the life of our polity, that the British Government has thought fit to strike a blow. We asked no favour of this Government; we prayed for no restitution of the wealth of which we were plundered 300 years ago; we made no claim for any temporal dominion. The visible Head of our Church simply exercised the rights with which his divine Master had entrusted him; and the result has been a proposed Act of Parliament denying the rights of the Church of Christ, and treating the claims of Almighty God with contempt and contumely. The Imperial Parliament is requested by the Queen and her ministers to declare that the Church of Jesus Christ shall not fulfil her functions without permission from the Sovereign and Parliament of England. Whether we obey the proposed law or not, whether or no it is accompanied with savage provisions against our prelates or ourselves;—what Lord John Russell has called upon the House of Commons to declare is nothing less than this, that the laws of man are superior to the laws of God.

We further entreat our readers' attention to the precise nature of the parallel which exists between the present proceedings of the Government and those of the Jewish and Roman authorities who crucified our divine Lord and Master. The Pope has just accomplished an act of spiritual jurisdic-



tion; Cardinal Wiseman has claimed to govern certain English counties, formally stating, in his first announcement of his new position, that it is *as ordinary*, in other words, as a *spiritual* ruler, that he makes his claim; again and again has he, with other Catholic prelates, repeated his original assertion that the new Bishops claim no temporal power, and their declarations have been echoed by the whole body of the Catholic clergy and laity. Still, the secular power insists upon fastening upon our words that very meaning which from the first we have repudiated; the Prime Minister has the folly and the wickedness to bring forward in his speech before the Commons that particular clause in Cardinal Wiseman's pastoral in which he claims to govern *as ordinary*, and with the very words in his mouth, passes over all reference to them, and insists upon it that they are a claim to secular jurisdiction.

Now turn to the whole history of our Blessed Saviour's condemnation by Pontius Pilate. The one sole charge brought against the Incarnate Son of God was, that He called Himself a King, and *that whosoever made himself a king, spoke against Cæsar*. The infuriated Jews would have murdered our Lord on purely "religious grounds," if they had been able. The priests hated Him, not because He called Himself a King, but because He came to abolish their tyranny over the souls of men; and when the Roman Government—the temporal power which they were compelled to obey—refused to take cognizance of a question between mere speculative creeds and superstitions (as it deemed them), the Jews gave a new colour to the accusation, charged our Blessed Saviour with setting up a claim to temporal sovereignty, and cried to Pilate, "If thou release this man, thou art not Cæsar's friend." Such, to the very letter, is the present state of things in England and Ireland. Protestantism, as a religious power, would persecute the Catholic Church on doctrinal grounds, as its own terrible foe; but the spirit of the age, to which the temporal government must ever bow, refuses, like Pilate, to punish us for our religion. Then come the Pharisees and priests, and cry, "If thou release this man, thou art not Cæsar's friend; *whosoever maketh himself a Bishop, speaketh against the Queen of England;*" and like Pilate washing his hands before he delivered Jesus to be crucified, Lord John Russell and his colleagues solemnly protest themselves devoted to the cause of religious liberty, and then proceed to enact penalties against the free exercise of the Catholic religion in the United Kingdom. "Crucify Him!" cried the Jews;—"No wafer-gods!" repeat the Protestants. "I am innocent of the blood of this just man," said Pilate;—"I never called the Catholic ceremo-



nies mummeries, I am a consistent supporter of their religious liberties," protests Lord John Russell. It is now as it has ever been; we see but the continuation of the awful mystery of the Passion; the scene is changed, and for Jerusalem we have London, and for the judgment-hall we have the House of Commons; but the actors in the new tragedy are the children of those in the old; there is Caiphas, and Pilate, and the chief priests and Pharisees, and the mob shouting without; and there is Jesus Christ Himself, in the person of those to whom He said, "He that heareth you, heareth Me; and he that despiseth you, despiseth Me."

Since, on the other hand, it may be said, our present persecution is but the prolongation of the passion and death of our Blessed Lord, ought we not to keep silence, and endure all patiently? Undoubtedly, provided our patience be Christian patience, and not cowardice or indifference; and provided our silence be not construed into a disregard for the rights which Jesus Christ has commissioned us not only to exercise, but to *maintain*. And such being clearly our duty, generally stated, it appears to us that we shall fall most grievously short of its performance unless with one uplifted voice we protest against the iniquity of the proposed law, whatever it may turn out in the end, *because it is a violation of the liberties of the Church of God, and an insult offered to his Supreme Majesty*. Let us remember this, that our Protestant fellow-countrymen have seen us struggle with indomitable perseverance for *secular* prosperity; they have beheld us carry Catholic Emancipation, and other subsequent measures; they see us now loud in asserting our rights to an equal share in the pecuniary aid which Parliament has voted for education; we cannot make them forget that so long as the laity had any thing to win *for themselves*, they left untried no means for moving the public mind in their favour; and meetings, petitions, pamphlets, books, and every species of agitation were put in requisition, in order that we might acquire a temporal equality with Protestants. What, then, will be the scandal we shall set before their eyes, if now, when it is only our *spiritual* independence that is assailed, when it is only the Bishops who are to be made the personal victims of state malignity, we coolly walk away to our homes, sit down by our firesides, and say, "There is nothing in it, after all; we may congratulate ourselves that it is no worse;" and so leave the Government to ride rough-shod over our heads, without a word of remonstrance against its wickedness?

What, shall it be said that the Catholics of England and

Ireland sat still and permitted the Queen's ministry to seek to fasten its chains around the Church of God, professing, with bland and impudent hypocrisy, that we, the laity of the whole kingdom, *desired* its interference, and preferred a bondage to the state to the liberty with which Christ has made us free? Doubtless we may not be able to stay the contemplated iniquity; but shall we therefore make ourselves guilty of *misprision of treason* against the Majesty of the Almighty, and not compel the world to hear our repudiation of the sentiments which the Government impute to us, and our glorying in that supremacy of the Pope by which alone our liberties as Christians can be guaranteed? Shall we be so base as to keep silence until our own property, our personal liberty, our civil rights are attacked? Shall we help to foster the opinion which so many Protestants entertain, that the more intelligent and educated of the Catholic laity would rejoice to shake off what they consider the *yoke* of priestly domination; that we dread the introduction of the canon law into this country; that we should dislike the holding of episcopal synods, as serving to rivet the fetters in which we are supposed to be held? Shall we suffer the Prime Minister solemnly to put forward the misrepresentations of two or three recreant peers, and some half-dozen disappointed, political, and ill-disposed priests, as our real sentiments, while we know that those who are opposed to the new Hierarchy are a miserable minority, at once in numbers, in piety, and in intelligence? What is it that *we* are well aware that the statements of Lord John Russell and his abettors, whether in Parliament or out of it, are among the grossest falsehoods ever uttered, so long as the world in general is permitted to believe them? What is it that an unexampled proportion of the intelligence, rank, and wealth of the Catholic laity have signed an address of congratulation to Cardinal Wiseman, and thus implied their repudiation of the Prime Minister's calumnies? Ought we not to repeat our rejection of these imputations again and again, in every possible form, by writings, by public meetings, by memorials and remonstrances? Would not this be the course adopted by every other class of the community, political or religious, on any occasion when the foundation of their rights and liberties was attacked, and their very assailants justified the assault by a pretence that it was actually desired by their intended victims? Are we alone to be miserable, helpless, dumb-struck, and compromising, and that at the very hour when the Catholic Church is brought forward before the eyes of the nation in a manner totally unprecedented, and when our fellow-countrymen *expect* us to say and to do something



worthy of the gigantic pretensions with which we come before them? How have we lately derided the wretched slavery of the Established Church to its supreme head, the Sovereign of England! How have we mocked at the Puseyites, as they writhed powerless beneath the iron grasp of the decision of a few lawyers on a great point of religious doctrine! How have we twitted them, and laughed at them, and taunted them, and bade them shew us that they were really as free as they declared themselves! If with one voice we do not repudiate Lord John Russell's imputations, echoed as they are by his supporters, and nearly the whole of the Protestant press—if we do not make the land ring again with the voice of our determination to support our Bishops in any course they may think fit to pursue—if we do not compel them to listen to the true grounds on which we oppose this tyrannical measure, and say: "We ask not toleration as a sect, but we demand liberty to do the work which our divine Master appointed us to do;"—then with justice will Lord John Russell continue to repeat his falsehoods, and represent himself as the guardian of the religious and temporal liberties of English Catholics, while the men whom we so lately taunted will turn round upon us and say: "Ay, you could agitate for emancipation; you could hang about the mock court of Dublin; your Irish priests could crowd to every political meeting for the repeal of the Union; you have never rested till you obtained your share in the money-grant for education;—but now that the boasted Head of your Church is the special object of assault, and the Bishops, whose independence you have been dinning into our ears, are forbidden by the Queen and Parliament to claim their vaunted rights, you are silent as dumb dogs, you hug yourselves with a quibble about *evading* the law, you suffer yourselves to be misrepresented as worldly, cowardly, and time-serving, before the whole body of the people of Great Britain and Ireland!"

Surely these are not days in which we can continue to conduct our affairs on the antiquated traditions of a past generation. Not only is the position of the Church in England wholly dissimilar from what it was ten years, or even one year ago, but our internal circumstances have undergone a decisive change. Until recently the English Catholic body was almost entirely either pauperised or aristocratic; consequently, as a body, it could only express itself by the united action of its aristocratic portion. Now all this is gone by. Every day finds our ranks recruited by fresh additions in those classes which constitute the real *power* of all religious and political sects in the United Kingdom. Every day, while the



aristocracy fall off in numbers rather than increase, the Catholic commercial and professional classes receive accessions. Every day our moral and intellectual strength becomes more formidable. In the memorial to Cardinal Wiseman were found the names of not less than thirty Catholic barristers,—a pregnant indication, partly of the advance which the faith is making in one of the most incredulous classes of the community, and partly of the true-hearted Catholic spirit which beats in the hearts of the younger members of our old Catholic families. Indeed, it is a fact pregnant with meaning to those who know how to estimate the sources of moral and intellectual power, that the three classes among whom conversions are most frequent are the Anglican clergy, the lawyers, and the poor; while at the same time, in the manufacturing and commercial ranks is to be found many a wealthy and intelligent Catholic, whose greatest happiness and glory it is to employ his possessions and his energies in the cause of the Church.

And such being the case, is it not manifest that the Catholic laity are now in a position to speak for themselves as men in every large town in the kingdom where they are congregated in tolerable numbers? Is it not clear that the old machinery, which could not work except under the patronage of noble and illustrious *names*, is henceforth out of date, and that we are called upon every where to speak out for ourselves, to act no longer as if in leading-strings, to claim to be heard in London, in Liverpool, in Manchester, in Preston, in York, in Bristol, and in every town in Ireland; each place by itself, by a spontaneous, unanimous action of that one spirit which animates us all? And is not the day come also for casting aside our old cringing, hesitating, ultra-prudential mode of approaching the Protestantism of the age? Is it not a dishonour and a shame that Catholics should condescend to put themselves on a level with the sects about them, and plead, and bow, and stoop, and apologise in the presence of that world which they are commissioned to conquer, and of those sham religions the emptiness of whose pretensions they are ever deriding? Shall we be found henceforth mingling with the herd of Socinians, and Baptists, and Anglicans, and adopting *their* phrases, *their* grounds for toleration, *their* maxims for obtaining power in their day? Oh, that we could convince all our fellow-Catholics how truly a thoroughly Catholic policy is not only most bold and most consistent, but also most prudent; that we could shew them how utterly all these semi-Protestant devices fail of affecting the English mind in the way that is expected of them; and that the *only* way for Catholics to obtain justice and liberty is to put forth their real

claims, as being the claims which Englishmen *expect* them to make, and in which they will give us credit for being at least sincere. For ignorant as the English world is of Catholic doctrine and Catholic practice, it knows one thing, namely, that our claim is nothing less than that of undivided sway; that we profess ourselves to have received a commission from Almighty God Himself to declare his will to the world, and to rule the consciences of all men in purely spiritual affairs; that we declare ourselves a vast polity, established directly by the Most High, and governed by a chief who has nothing less than a *divine right* to support him; and that he has been commanded to fulfil his mission in every people under heaven, irrespective of the favour or the anger of any secular potentate whatsoever. This, we say, Protestants *know* to be our claim; and whensoever Catholics attempt to explain it away, to lower its demands, to place themselves on a level either with religious sects or with the temporal power, and to ask for favours on the ground that Catholicism is no worse than Protestantism, they imagine that we are trying to deceive them; they think us cunning, crafty, priest-ridden, and jesuitical; and retaining all their ancient hatred and dread of our religion, they only tolerate us for awhile, because they despise us personally, as cowards afraid to avow the truths we hold.

This, therefore,—in our humble judgment,—is the clear course which the British and Irish laity ought to adopt at the present juncture. Whatsoever Lord John Russell's bill may turn out, under the manipulation of Lords and Commons, we are called with one voice to protest against the principle on which it is based, the principle that the Pope and the Bishops are bound to consult the temporal power in their arrangements for the government of the Church. We are bound, further, to shew to our own Bishops, both in England and Ireland, that, notwithstanding certain exceptions, the heart of the Catholic laity is sound to the core, and that our earnest sympathies are with them in any persecutions they may hereafter have to suffer in maintaining our religious liberties and the rights of the Pope. We ought to shew that, so far from regarding them, as foolish Protestants assert, as tyrants, against whose despotism we secretly rebel, we look to them as the guardians of our dearest liberties;—liberties as dear to the humblest lay Catholic as to the Sovereign Pontiff;—liberties compared to which all civil liberties are naught, because in them is involved our right to obey the law of God rather than the law of man. If we do this unanimously, heartily, and nobly, then, whatsoever may be the issue of the present agitation—whether the new penal law is thrown out, whether it is made doubly stringent in its provisions, whether our Bishops

think it best to evade it or to defy it—still a great work will have been done before the eyes of men. They will have seen that we are not ashamed of our faith, that we are not insensible to our privileges, that we are resolved to bate not a jot of our rights, and that whether we suffer or triumph, there is one thing which no human power can ever destroy—the independence of the Catholic Church, and the supremacy of the successor of St. Peter.

At the same time, it is perfectly fair, as an *argumentum ad hominem*, to insist with all possible energy and unanimity upon that perfect freedom for the practice of our religion which the laws of England have hitherto *professed* to give. Our claim to the enjoyment of our Hierarchy is twofold. We claim it because the Catholic Church is the institution of Almighty God; and therefore all temporal governments, *as such*, are bound by their *duty to Him* not to thwart her in the accomplishment of her work. But we claim it also because our adversaries themselves make it their boast that they do not wish to interfere with our liberties, and because the English legislature has positively recognised our demand for perfect toleration. Such claims as these not only may be put forward without the slightest derogation from our rights as a portion of the one only Church of God, they *must* be urged, again and again, with every variety of reiteration; for there can be little doubt that, notwithstanding all the frantic rage of the recent agitation, a large number of our fellow-countrymen would yield to such a demand, when we shew that while it will work them no injury, it is essential to the real toleration of the Catholic faith. All that we plead against is, the adoption in any measure of that preposterous cant of the age, that the secular power, as such, is bound by its duty to God to extend equal toleration to *all* religions, irrespective of the peculiar circumstances which may attach to each separate case. To say that every man has a *right* to adopt such a religious creed as he pleases, is untrue; to say also that the temporal power is never called upon to put obstacles in the way of the propagation of religious errors, is also untrue; but it is perfectly true that the English law *professes* to tolerate *us*; and on that ground, as well as on our indefeasible rights as the only true Church, while we meddle not with the claims of the sects about us, we take our stand.



## TOWNSEND'S JOURNAL IN ITALY.

*Journal of a Tour in Italy in 1850; with an Account of an Interview with the Pope at the Vatican.* By the Rev. George Townsend, D.D., Canon of Durham. London, Rivingtons.

WE do not remember to have read a work more trifling, more foolish, or more replete with offensive egotism, than this volume of travels. We have discovered little information, no amusement, but a lamentable deficiency of common sense and ordinary judgment. There are few travellers on the Continent who, by a bare narrative of their adventures and the common incidents of a journey in a foreign country, could not attach some slight interest to their journals. Dr. Townsend is one of these few unfortunates; but too egotistic to remain in oblivion, he has voluntarily exposed himself to the derision of the public. Determined to write his travels, and yet incompetent to fill a certain number of pages with useful or entertaining matter, he is forced in pure despair to inform his unhappy readers that he and his wife bought some oranges, or that the latter had the folly to pay twice for the same railway-tickets. He is careful to inform us of the subject of his conversations, however dull and commonplace. There is one point of frequent recurrence, whose recital seems to afford the humble clergyman most special delight. Though he pictures in vivid colours the heinous sin of preserving the Bible from profane abuse, he is himself unconscious of its most express injunctions. "When thou dost alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right doth." Dr. Townsend has taken a most laudable care to transgress in spirit and in deed this important command of the Holy Scriptures. When *he* does alms, he blows his trumpet at every turn; he energetically proclaims his virtues to the passers-by; and fearing lest the mere statement of his almsdeeds should be overlooked or forgotten, he repeats the fact with all possible humility.

We did not expect much *information* from Dr. Townsend, and have consequently, so far, not been disappointed. We knew the Durham Canon to be blinded by prejudice, and his late exhibition has not weakened our conviction. Keenly alive to all the faults, real or imaginary, of foreign Catholics, he has assiduously concealed or overlooked their acknowledged virtues. A diligent observer and a tediously minute recorder of any irreverence in a church, he has omitted all mention of the well-attended daily Mass, the frequent communions, and

the heroic practice of the evangelical counsels in the religious communities. We must confess our belief that the latter omission at least sprung from pure ignorance. But unless Dr. Townsend followed the usual example of his drowsy fellow-countrymen, and remained in the arms of Morpheus until the more healthy portion of the day was spent, he must have known that every day numerous Masses are celebrated in almost every church. However, whether or no Dr. Townsend observed this and innumerable other instances of the devotion of the people, he has not condescended to note them in his book for a very obvious reason. They would have formed a too-striking contrast with the religious apathy of his own countrymen, and would have annulled the force of his own strictures on the empty cathedrals of England.

As for the religious institutions, he appears to have been involved in invincible ignorance of their very existence. The celebrated seminary of St. Sulpice, with its 220 pupils at Paris, and its novices at Issy—all living most holy lives under the strictest discipline—is passed over in silence. The Christian Brothers, with their 200,000 poor children, are as though they existed not. The forty communities of religious women, the 60,000 Sisters of Charity in France alone, whose angelic lives provoke the admiration of the infidel, and rouse the dormant religion of the atheist, find no sympathy with our Canon. The Association of the Propagation of the Faith, with its ramifications in every civilised country of the globe; the Arch-confraternity of the Holy and Immaculate Heart of Mary, with its 10,000,000 members, and innumerable other pious institutions of all kinds, are disregarded with stoical indifference. Dr. Townsend may urge that it is not his object to give an account of the religious institutions of Paris or Rome;\* but if he pretends to give his readers any account of the state of religion, these are the most important facts, these are the real criteria of religious feeling. The simple enumeration of these statistics is of far greater weight, is more pregnant with matter for serious reflection, than the fact of Dr. Townsend's having beheld with his own eyes a scantily-attended service, or too great "vivacity" on the Lord's day.

Now for a few words on Dr. Townsend's qualifications for travelling to advantage. Surely an individual who has undertaken, without authority and of his own accord, the gigantic task of reconciling England and Rome, will possess all the attributes of a good negotiator. Yet our daring hero did not possess for the achievement of his exploit the usual

\* We have given no details of the institutions of Rome, but they are proportionably more numerous than those of Paris.

powers of an ordinary tourist. He could not exchange a syllable in the vernacular with the natives of the various states which he traversed. He is actually ignorant of French. Though he takes every opportunity of parading his Latin, we have heard from authentic sources in Rome and Durham, that he speaks but very imperfectly the magnificent tongue of Cicero and Pliny. This important defect alone would render him inefficient in amassing information, and his actual narrative doubtful in the extreme. It is important also to know the extent of his knowledge of Catholicity. Though he professes to have read many Catholic works, and has succeeded in deluding himself into the conviction that he is thoroughly acquainted with Catholic matters, never had the wildest phantasm of the brain a less real foundation. He is unable to grasp the first principles of our Faith, or comprehend the very elements of our children's catechism. Any ordinarily instructed Catholic boy of ten years of age would make the Rev. Canon of Durham blush through pure shame.

The volume numbers 300 octavo pages; but we shall not afflict our readers with any lengthened notice of its contents. The Doctor would have displayed greater discretion, and more regard for his reputation (which we are sure he prizes), had he published on a fly-leaf the little that was really worth knowing, and reserved the remainder for the amusement of his own domestic republic.

His object in journeying to Rome was to bend the mighty tree of the Universal Church, first planted by the hand of Christ Himself, watered by the blood of millions of Saints, and now, by the growth of 1850 years, developed into an enormous trunk with innumerable branches; his object was to bend this magnificent tree to the embraces of the young sapling in England, planted by the hand of Henry,\* the murderer of his wives; watered by Somerset, the murderer of his brother; and nourished by Elizabeth, the murderer of her guest.

No wonder that some of his friends pitied him, and one bade him farewell with shouts of "derisive laughter." After unimportant interviews with the Bishop of London and the Archbishop of Canterbury, who declines to allow even the most general use of his name, the traveller leaves London for Boulogne, *via* Folkestone, the 22d of January, 1850. On the 23d he arrives at Meurice's Hotel, which, with its neighbour the Windsor, is the usual resort of the English at Paris. Through the intervention of Lord Brougham, he contrives to

\* "The work (*i. e.* the so-called Reformation) had been begun by Henry, the murderer of his wives; was continued by Somerset, the murderer of his brother; and completed by Elizabeth, the murderer of her guest." *Macaulay.*



procure an introduction from the Marquis of Normanby to the Archbishop of Paris. A late correspondent of the *Times* newspaper acts the part of interpreter; and, after an interview, in which, as we have heard on good authority, he astonished and amused his Grace by his Quixotic scheme, he succeeded in obtaining the desired letters of introduction to his Holiness. As Galignani's Guide contains more interesting and more important matter than the pages of Dr. Townsend, we omit the tedious details of his visit to Paris. For the remainder of his journey in France, Murray's Handbook gives fuller information, with less bigotry. We cannot, however, resist the temptation of affording our readers a specimen of our traveller's style.

"By some mistake," says he, "our places for Avignon had been paid for twice over. The director was reasoned with by Mrs. Townsend upon the fairness and propriety of returning the amount which had been thus inadvertently overpaid. He refused. She became angry (!) and expostulated, saying that they never took such unfair advantages in England as to receive money through mistake, and then refuse to refund it. The director made some answer, and then Mrs. Townsend said: 'What, then, am I to do with these tickets?' 'Eh bien, Madame,' said he, 'you can sell them.' By this time a considerable number of French, smoking, bearded, gold-embroidered-capped loungers had gathered round, and seemed to be very much interested in what was going forward. Mrs. Townsend, with great good humour, turned to them and said, 'Gentlemen, monsieur le directeur tells me that I may sell these tickets; eh bien, gentlemen,' curtsying to them, 'will you, Monsieur, buy them? Will you, Monsieur? Will you?' turning successively to each. They all took the joke, capped her profoundly, and laughed heartily. The director was somewhat disconcerted to see the joke thus turned against him. Mrs. Townsend bowed, and tore up the tickets."

Dr. Townsend considers this an amusing scene. What must the rest of the book be? By way of solid reflection during the early part of his journey, our author roundly asserts that infallibility is not promised to the Church, but is contradicted by history. We have been accustomed to have recourse to the Fathers for the history of Church dogmas, but Dr. Townsend assures us that\* *all* the writings of *all* the Fathers contain some questionable doctrines.

On 20th of February, which we are informed was a very hot day, Dr. Townsend arrived in Rome. As the Pope had not yet returned to his capital, our traveller spends the inter-

\* Calvin affirmed the same of the Fathers, when their doctrines did not please him. "Omnes fere veteres, quorum libri existunt, ubi de satisfactione agitur, aut in hac parte lapsi sunt, aut nimis aspere et dure locuti."

val in surveying the common objects of interest, and throughout his narrative scatters with profusion the usual ignorant remarks of Protestants when they speak of Catholic doctrines and Catholic practices. He is received with undeserved kindness by many of the dignitaries of Rome, who seem to endure his bad Latin and the difference of pronunciation with wonderful equanimity. He acknowledges himself that even in Latin an interpreter was requisite. The narrative increases in tedium and foolish detail as he approaches the time appointed for his interview with the Supreme Pontiff. He describes his dress, and longs for the robes of an Anglican clergyman. He even records that he kept his carriage waiting.

We extract the first portion of his account regarding his visit to the Pope. Any thing regarding our noble-hearted Pontiff must interest every true child of the Church.

"No Quaker could have received us with more simplicity than Pio Nono, no sovereign with more dignified courtesy, no Presbyterian with more plainness. There were no lords-of-waiting, no tedious ceremony, no trains of state. The Pontiff was alone. The room in which he received us was about the size of a well-proportioned modern London drawing-room. The floor was brick, as is the custom in Italy. It was uncarpeted, except a small carpet on the dais on which the Pope was standing. It was unfurnished, except that two small ottomans were placed near an elevated seat, at which, close to a table resembling those in a merchant's counting-house, the Pope sat or stood. The dais was raised not more than a few inches above the rest of the floor. A canopy, not a very splendid one, was over the Pope's head. He was dressed in a long white fine cloth Dominican robe, reaching from the throat to the feet, and he wore the Dominican cap upon his head. We approached him as to a temporal prince, with the courtesies we should have paid to our own queen, bowing\* three times. He seemed to be about sixty years of age, of a fresh complexion, and most benevolent expression of countenance. He gazed at us, as we might have expected, with intense curiosity as we approached him. It was the first time, perhaps, that a Protestant clergyman, accompanied by his wife, had ever ventured to enter the Vatican upon such an errand as that which had brought me from England."

We are not sure that any Protestant clergyman *accompanied by his wife* ever made the Quixotic attempt; but certainly English men and English women have tried similar experiments, which in some cases have happily ended in their

\* A letter we have received from Rome states, that during the interview Dr. Townsend fell at the Pope's feet, and burst into tears. This is probably not correct, or of course the Canon would have mentioned the circumstance. Our correspondent adds, that his Holiness pitied him, and consequently was at that time willing to allow him a future interview.

own conversion. Can Dr. Townsend's erudition inform us, whether St. Augustine came to these shores accompanied by his wife, or whether the Fathers of the first Nicene Council—many of whom bore on their bodies the glorious marks of the late persecution—brought with them their *wives* also?

Dr. Townsend evidently desired another interview. The numerous and previous applications for that honour were the ostensible, and in fact a valid, reason for the refusal which he received; but perhaps Dr. Townsend is not aware that under any circumstances his request would probably have been declined, for his Holiness had been informed in the meantime of his real sentiments towards the Catholic Church, and the Utopian nature of his projects. Dr. Townsend, however, favours us with a long correspondence between himself and Dr. Grant regarding a second visit. The substance might have been stated in half a dozen lines, which would have saved his readers some loss of time. We have no intention of following Dr. Townsend through the remainder of his peregrinations, as we must devote our remaining space to a few of the errors of our Anglican Quixote.

With the unpracticalness of a true knight-errant, Dr. Townsend has a vague idea of some union between England and Rome, but he does not appear to have formed the remotest conception as to what is to be the real basis or nature of the union. He discards a union of government, for he expressly declares that the secular ruler of each state must be the recognised head of the spiritual Church. He sighs for a union of doctrine, yet is unable to suggest the "*fundamenta unitatis*."

He speaks in general terms of "the basis of a common Christianity," yet seems not to comprehend the meaning of his own words. He lauds the purity of the Primitive Church, yet is at a loss to know when she began to err.

He considers the teaching of St. Augustine (the English apostle) to have been "tainted with the incipient errors of Christianity." He entertains the Utopian scheme of summoning a general council of Catholic and heretical Bishops,\* and hopes to beget union from the strife of discordant ele-

\* We should here remind our author that he is quite mistaken in supposing that either he or the Bishop who ordained him is regarded by the Catholic Church as any other than a simple layman. He is no more a priest than his own servant. Should he ever become a Catholic, and have a vocation to the priesthood, the Church would ordain him *unconditionally*. He would be baptised *conditionally*, because he may perhaps have been already baptised; but he would be ordained *unconditionally*, because he has *certainly* never been ordained. This is not the case with the Oriental heretics. Thus Archbishop Nakar, on his conversion from the Jacobite heresy, was not reordained.



ments. Let the Church of England determine her own fundamental doctrines, before she presumes to dictate to others. Let her determine the question of baptismal regeneration, and her doctrine on original sin, which St. Augustine calls the very first of all religious knowledge. Let her chief archbishop learn her essential tenets, that he may not plead ignorance when consulted on vital questions by his own clergy. Let Dr. Townsend mention the names of the Protestant Bishops who agree on all the articles of Christian belief. It will be time enough to attempt a general union with Rome when they have learnt to agree among themselves.\*

But what are Dr. Townsend's opinions? He has not ventured to state them. But the Canon has more particularly failed in estimating the obstacles to be overcome in any such scheme. He seems to imagine that we are doubtful of the truth of our doctrines, and that, like himself, we have the power of accommodating our articles of faith to the fancies of men or the exigencies of the times. He supposes that we could meet some fine morning in council, and make short work of the decrees of the Council of Trent. It seems, according to his theory, to require but a desire for union, with an absence of all unreasonable opposition, and the apple of discord is for ever destroyed.

Let us suppose that Dr. Townsend had walked with our Blessed Redeemer and his two disciples to Emmaus. He would perhaps have heard an explanation of the doctrine of the Holy Trinity. Would he, immediately after the ascension of our Lord, have consented to admit that there were only two Persons in the Divine Nature? Certainly not. He would never have ventured to distrust the words of his Saviour, and enter into a compact with error. But supposing, further, that our Saviour had commissioned him to preserve the truth,—had warned him that the time would come when the doctrine of the Blessed Trinity would be questioned, and at the same time had bid him beware how he tampered with the divine word or yielded to error,—would he give up one iota of the truth to calm the clamours of sectaries? We

\* "Cum omnis hæresis ex novitate orta sit, ut hoc se titulo dignam ostendat, nunquam ab innovando desistit." *St. Hilarius.*

When travelling, a few years since, between Brussels and Cologne, a ludicrous instance of this defect of unity among Protestants (even on the most important points) occurred to ourselves. Being asked to explain the Catholic doctrine on the Eucharist, we desired first to hear the Protestant opinion, and we would afterwards explain the Catholic doctrine. Accordingly, one of the Protestants explained what *he* considered the true opinion of his Church; but he had not proceeded far in his explanation, when his fellow-Protestant assured him that he had entirely misstated the Protestant doctrine. This occasioned a discussion, which was interrupted by our arrival at Aix-la-Chapelle.

trust not. If, in addition to these injunctions, Jesus Christ had promised that he should never err, he would surely have remained absolutely certain that he possessed the truth, and consequently that whatever was at variance with *his tenets* was repugnant to the truth. This is the exact condition of the Catholic Church. She has heard, not the doctrine of the Holy Trinity alone, but her whole code of doctrine, from the lips of her divine Founder. She has received a commission to preserve it without addition or diminution; and finally, she has received a promise that she shall *never* err in the smallest tittle of her teaching. Dr. Townsend will now understand how impracticable is any doctrinal concession on the side of the Catholic Church. If she yields at all, she must yield what she *knows* to be the truth, and embrace what she *knows* to be error. This is well known by her children; and if this fact were once realised by Dr. Townsend, he would understand (what appears to have been a difficulty to him) why in the minds of Catholics any union of the Churches necessarily implies the submission of England to Rome, or in other words, of error to truth.

One of Dr. Townsend's most absurd blunders is in connexion with his assertion regarding the power of the Pope to "add articles to the Creed." In support of his views, he has quoted a long passage from the *Summa* of St. Thomas. Every student of theology is aware that the angelic Doctor is accustomed first to state the erroneous opinion which he is about to refute, with the arguments adduced in its support, and then, commencing with *sed contra est*, or similar words, to lay down his own doctrine, and to prove its truth. Now Dr. Townsend quotes the false doctrine on the subject we allude to, and gravely heralds it forth with the authority of St. Thomas. Are we to attribute this shameful error to ignorance, or wilful fraud? We trust the former; but we must add that Dr. Townsend is bound publicly to retract his error. We quote the words of St. Thomas, which embody his real doctrine, and place the refuted opinions in a parallel column:

*The erroneous doctrine quoted by Dr. Townsend, and condemned by St. Thomas.*

"Videtur quod non pertineat ad summum pontificem fidei symbolum ordinare."

*The real doctrine of St. Thomas.*

"Sed contra est quod editio symboli facta est in synodo generali. Sed hujusmodi synodus auctoritate solius summi pontificis potest congregari.

Ergo editio symboli ad auctoritatem summi pontificis pertinet."

It will at once be perceived that the one is in direct contradiction to the other. The exposure of this egregious blunder saves any necessity of entering at any length into the accusation that Pius IV. added twelve new doctrines to the creed. It is quite true that, from the seventeenth session, the Council of Trent was held under the authority of this Pontiff, and many doctrines which had always been believed by the faithful were now for the first time rigidly defined by the Church. The doctrines of Pius do not rest on his own authority alone; they were sanctioned by the œcumenical Council of Trent,\* consisting of 3 Patriarchs, 25 Archbishops, 168 Bishops, and 39 representatives of absent prelates, besides the Cardinals and Legates. Dr. Townsend is grievously in error when he supposes that any Bull of the Pope containing a declaration of doctrine, and once received by the Church, ever has been, or ever will be rescinded.†

The Canon of Durham frequently charges the Catholic Church‡ with keeping the holy Scriptures from the people. We wonder he did not substantiate his charge, by referring to the practice of the Catholic Church in this country, where one publisher alone has issued during the last three years 30,000 copies of the Bible and Testament. Any individual in the three kingdoms, man, woman, or child, may purchase his Bible without fault, and read it without the interference or disapprobation of any ecclesiastical authority whatsoever. For 1500 years, during the whole of which time the religion of Dr. Townsend was never thought of, the Catholic Church preserved the inspired writings with the most assiduous care. Before the "Reformation," the sacred Scriptures were translated into the languages of Italy, Spain, France, Germany, Holland, &c. Hallam acknowledges that in the middle ages translations were freely made, and that the Catholic Church evinced no desire to deprive the laity of the Scripture. At a later period, on account of the monstrous errors which were broached, and the absurdities which their authors pretended to sanction by the written Word of God, instances undoubtedly occur where

\* If Dr. Townsend doubts whether the Council of Trent was really œcumenical or not, he will do well to study the conditions requisite for an œcumenical council in the *Institutiones Theologicæ* of Bouvier, vol. i. p. 355. He can then test the Council of Trent.

† "Catholica vocatur Ecclesia, quia docet catholice, hoc est, universaliter, et sine ullo defectu vel *differentia* omnia dogmata." *St. Cyril*.

‡ Dr. Townsend always speaks of the "Romanist" Church; but the words of St. Augustine hold good. "Velint enim nolintve, ipsi quoque hæretici et schismatum alumni, quando non cum suis, sed extraneis loquuntur, Catholicam vocant. Non enim possunt intelligi, nisi hoc eam nomine discernant, quo ab universo orbe nuncupatur." Did Dr. Townsend ever inquire for the "Romanist" Church when he was out of England?



the ecclesiastical authorities in particular countries, calling to mind that many wrest the Scriptures to their own destruction, found it necessary to prohibit the *indiscriminate* reading, or in other words, the abuse of the sacred volume. When individuals contrived to prove from the words of Scripture that they were the appointed Messiahs to regenerate mankind, it was high time to have recourse to effectual remedial measures. However, though, under urgent circumstances, it is justly considered necessary to have recourse to these stringent regulations, no general decree of the Church has ever been issued to this effect. The abuse of the Scripture was a topic of discussion in the Council of Constance, but it resulted in no restrictive decree. In point of fact, the Catholic *laity* know more of the true spirit of the holy Scriptures than the *clergy* of any sectarian communion. The mere names of Cornelius a Lapide, Estius, Calmet, N. Alexander, Maldonatus, Menochius, Peguigny, and Piernio, are enough to satisfy any reasonable mind of the labours of the Catholic Church in interpreting what the Council of Trent calls *cœlestis ille sacrorum librorum thesaurus*. For our own part, we prefer a holy zeal for the preservation of the sacred volume from the hands of the profane, to the folly of those who distribute it with such reckless profusion, that it is bought as waste paper by manufacturers for the lining of slippers.

Dr. Townsend is not more accurate in matters of less importance. Thus, though he professes not to know whether Cardinal Franzoni is the General of the Jesuits, he believes him to be the head of the Society at Rome. What is the truth? Cardinal Franzoni has no connexion whatever with the order.

We have now said enough to give our readers a competent knowledge of this *Journal of a Tour in Italy*. We have exposed a few of its errors. For a refutation of the remainder we must entreat the inquirer to seek information in the numerous works of Catholic literature. We should add, however, that Dr. Townsend witnessed the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius. His testimony to the authenticity of this fact is perhaps the only paragraph of any value in his book.

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#### SHORT NOTICES.

MR. DODSWORTH has published his reasons for becoming a Catholic, in a pamphlet with the title *Anglicanism considered in its Results* (Pickering). All reasons for leaving Protestantism are held to be

"offensive," "irritating," "harsh," and so forth, by most Anglicans of every school; but certainly, if the *truth* could be stated in what they would admit to be a temperate and peace-making manner, Mr. Dodsworth has here achieved the difficulty. His argument is an appeal to the faith of Anglo-Catholics on their own principles, whose utter incompatibility with the facts of the Establishment he shews in full detail, and, especially in the earlier portion, with considerable clearness and force. The vulgar Anglican attacks on the *manner* of conversions to Catholicism, and on High-Church theories of unity, are remarkably well answered. Will the congregation who for so many years have rejoiced in Mr. Dodsworth's teaching, now do him the common *justice* to read and ponder on his grounds for taking a step so momentous in its consequences, and, with all its unspeakable blessings, accompanied with so many pangs of nature?

Mr. Dodsworth has also put forth *A Few Comments on Dr. Pusey's Letter to the Bishop of London* (Pickering), which satisfactorily and briefly dispose of Dr. Pusey's extraordinarily cool mode of refuting the charge brought against him by Mr. Dodsworth, of encouraging practices tending directly to Rome, and then turning round upon those who would be consistent, and argue from "Romanising" to "Romanism." That Dr. Pusey should persuade himself that the Church of England is what he imagines it, and that he is straightforward and ingenuous in his own proceedings, is one of the unexplained phenomena of the present day.

The *antipodes* to Mr. Dodsworth is Mr. Walter Savage Landor, and his *Popery British and Foreign* (Chapman and Hall) is as choice a specimen of hard words, coarse cleverness, and unblushing falsifications of fact, as the author of the *Imaginary Conversations* ever presented to an admiring public. Mr. Landor has his own peculiar crotchet in the matter of the "Papal Aggression;" he wants to have a committee of English historians, of the class of Hallam, Grote, and Macaulay, appointed to settle (?) the question whether St. Peter was ever at Rome. How Mr. Landor would make minced meat of history, may be judged from the following taste of his cookery. "On which side lies Christianity? It lies invariably on the side of those who knew not Christ. No persecution, no strife, no intolerance, on their part; no cessation or remission on the opposite." What will Messrs. Hallam, Grote, and Macaulay say to this?

*The Family Almanack and Educational Register* (J. H. Parker) contains a new feature in Almanacks, an account of all the grammar-schools in England and Wales, with much other educational information. We learn from it that "the Queen's University in Ireland" is now a *fait accompli*, and that it grants degrees to the students of the new Irish Colleges *only*. We see also three or four Catholic names on the senate. The Almanack to which this register

is appended is extremely well put together, and has more than the usual amount of really useful information.

*The London University Calendar for 1851* (Taylor), as in other years, will be serviceable to the students of Catholic Colleges who wish to graduate in London, in shewing the kind of examination they will have to undergo.

*Bertha, a Romance of the Dark Ages*, by Mr. MacCabe, the author of *A Catholic History of England* (Newby), is, as far as we know, the only attempt that has been made in our language to paint the *real* customs and spirit of the age of St. Gregory the Seventh in the form of fiction. Mr. MacCabe is well informed in his subject; there is a good deal of liveliness and incident in his story; and though the dialogue is now and then rather lengthy and conventional, the romance presents an agreeable and correct picture of those wonderful times, and may be safely recommended to Catholic readers of all kinds.

"Mary Monica," the clever authoress of *Cottage Conversations*, has written a lively and pointed little tract on the prevailing hubbub, called *Great Doings at Fearington* (York, Bradley), which will be of use for distribution among the poor.

Mr. Richard Doyle has charmingly illustrated a remarkably pretty book of *Fairy Tales from all Nations*, edited by Mr. A. R. Montalba (Chapman and Hall). The idea of the collection is ingenious; and it is curious to trace with what a uniform identity the genuine "idea" of the fairy tale pervades the tales of Europe, Asia, and Africa. Mr. Montalba has made his selection from above a hundred volumes of fairy stories with much judgment and good taste; and Mr. Doyle's pencil is never more at home than when illustrating that mixture of the supernatural, the quaint, and the comical, which go to make up the true fairy tale which is the delight of childhood. Some of the stories have, from their origin, a substratum of Catholic doctrine and practice prettily interwoven with the marvels of fairyland, which will make the book not less acceptable as a gift for Catholic children or for the Catholic drawing-room.

The incursion of the spirit of nineteenth-century *purpose*, as it is called, into the old regions of fairyland, is curiously instanced in another elegant work, illustrated by the same artist. *The King of the Golden River* (Smith and Elder), reported to be from the pen of a well-known critic on art, has a more decided "moral" than our more lightsome forefathers were wont to embody in their tales of wonder. This story also shews how naturally the poetry of Catholic practices may be made to mingle with the doings of the "little people." It is altogether one of the best of modern fairy tales, graceful, humorous, and marvellous; and Mr. Doyle's illustrations are perfect.



The *Tracts issued by the Brotherhood of St. Vincent of Paul* (Burns and Lambert), under the editorship of Messrs. Thompson and Northcote, are proving every thing that their well-wishers could desire. Of those hitherto issued, a larger proportion are purely historical than will be the case when the series is further advanced. The subjects, however, are capitally chosen, and they are handled with just that sufficiency of historical detail which is necessary for the writers' purposes, without presupposing too large an amount of knowledge in the uneducated reader. The salient points are then well worked out with candour and animation, and in the best possible spirit of charity, zeal, and good taste. We are rejoiced to learn that they are rapidly securing an extensive sale, and have no hesitation in strongly recommending them to all those who would spread a knowledge of the *truths* of Catholic history and Catholic doctrine among the poor.

As a popular exposition of the reasons on which all men ought to be Catholics, Mr. Henry Wilberforce's *Farewell Letter to his Parishioners* (Burns and Lambert) is the most useful little publication that has yet appeared. It is earnest, simple, and full of matter, and might be given away to both rich and poor with great advantage.

Mr. Anderdon, the late Vicar of St. Margaret's, Leicester, has also published *A Letter to his Parishioners* (Burns and Lambert) on his becoming a Catholic. It bears all the marks of that sincere and affectionate spirit which characterised Mr. Anderdon's ministrations among his parishioners even while still a Protestant.

The second piece in Dr. Crookall's "Sacred Songs" is a pleasing and lively motett of Casali's, *Lætatus sum* (Burns and Lambert), within the compass of all tolerably efficient choirs.

Mr. De Pentheny O'Kelly's pamphlet *On Papal Aggression and the Pope* (Pickering) is a production of which even Lord Beaumont would possibly be ashamed.

It is not often that so much vigour and originality of thought is packed into so small a compass as in Mr. H. H. Vaughan's *Two General Lectures on Modern History* (J. H. Parker), delivered at Oxford, in his capacity as Professor of Modern History in the University. A more clear and masterly exposition of the principles of History as a science we could not point out; and we warmly recommend the Lectures to the attention of the professors and higher classes of students in our own colleges.

*Aletheia; or, the Identity of the Truth of Christianity with the Truth of Catholicity* (Jones), is a little work very much above the ordinary run of controversial tracts, and displaying an acquaintance with the philosophy of religion which we could wish to see more common and more appreciated.

All who have to do with the education of young children will

find a collection of *Morning and Evening Prayers for Children*, issued by the same publisher, a very useful aid to the devotions of the young. The same may be said, as to secular instruction, of a clever *Abridgment of French Grammar, as used by the younger Pupils at the Convent of New Hall* (Jones).

D. C. L., the writer of some clever Puseyite letters in the *Morning Chronicle*, has reprinted them under the title of *Letters on Church Matters* (Ridgway). As addressed to the Ashley-Blomfield school, they contain not a few pungent truths. We cannot resist quoting a single sentence, for the benefit of our own architectural revivalists: "There stands on Cornhill a (Protestant) church called St. Peter's, *rebuilt* after the fire, and containing a *high chancel-screen!*"

Mr. Stephen De Vere's able and earnest pamphlet—*Is the Hierarchy an Aggression?* (Ridgway)—contains all that need be replied in answer to the question which is its title. The various points discussed are stated in the form of distinct propositions, with peculiar clearness and fulness. The fourth proposition,—“The Papal creation of an English Catholic Hierarchy no infringement of the Queen's supremacy as head of the Anglican Church,”—is, in particular, as satisfactory an exposition of the totally distinct character of the two supremacies as could be laid before reasonable Protestants. If the Catholic *religion* be tolerated in England, its *doctrines* must be tolerated. Now, “the Papal supremacy is a doctrine of the Catholic Church.” A Catholic, by the very fact that he *is* a Catholic, denies any claim of spiritual supremacy on the part of the Queen over himself, but admits her supremacy over those who choose her as their spiritual head. Either, therefore, these two claims do not touch or interfere, or it comes to this:—not only that the Catholic Hierarchy cannot be tolerated in this country, but that *the Catholic religion* is not tolerated. But while we strenuously contend that these two powers—that of conscience and the law of the land—must in justice be allowed not to interfere in a country which boasts of liberty of conscience, yet we suspect, however clearly this may be put, and however readily admitted as abstractedly fair and just, there exists among many Protestants a deep-rooted feeling of antipathy to the very claim itself of the rights of conscience as held by Catholics. It is, in truth, the claim to obey a Ruler who is above all kings and law and earthly government. The law of the land is the Protestant's highest notion of authority: it is not that of the Catholic, though no one obeys it more unhesitatingly, while it enjoins nothing contrary to God's law. A religion which teaches men to yield an uncompromising, an exclusive, and a loyal obedience to a *personal God*, is highly distasteful to the Protestant mind, certainly to that of the Protestant legislator. Lord John does not object to a “loyal Catholic;” by which he means such a Catholic as will, in all cases where government measures are concerned, act precisely as if he were not a Catholic.

Religion—even the Catholic religion—is a very good thing, so long as it only helps to make poor men obedient and contented, and rich men comfortable and kind; while it makes the rich give soup and blankets to the indigent, and teaches little children their catechism. Neither has Lord John any objection to “poor Catholic emigrants” getting some religious instruction. Religion tends to making men orderly, to bettering their condition; it washes and cleans them, and turns them out like respectable subjects. More than this the Protestant legislator will not endure. In fact, it is not the interference of “the foreign potentate” which Protestants so much deprecate, as that of Almighty God himself.

We quote Mr. De Vere’s concluding sentences, as pregnant with a truth which it would be well for every prudent statesman to ponder:—“Great truths must be spoken strongly and plainly. England cannot afford to legislate for the Catholics separately from the rest of her people; she cannot afford to lose their affections. It is an unwise thing to tell them that if they would know what the Constitution is, they must grope for it among the ruins of the penal laws. It is a dangerous thing to put enmity between a third part of the Queen’s subjects and the laws of their country. Abroad, events sudden and strange succeed one another with a dizzy swiftness. Men’s minds are disquieted, and dark clouds are sweeping across the political horizon of the world. England cannot afford to lose the respect of foreign nations; she must not be the libeller of her own great name. If, indeed, alike forgetful of justice, generosity, wisdom, and gratitude, she should attempt to restrict the religious liberty of her people, and recommence that warfare, of which the end comes not soon, let her remember that she assails with one blow the two principles which Englishmen count as first and second in the scale of things sacred. Such warfare is in vain. Religious zeal restricted gains strength from compression; and Liberty, denied a place in the Constitution, finds beneath it a secure if a sunless retreat. It was the voice from the catacombs, not that from the temples, which shook the foundations of imperial Rome.”

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## Ecclesiastical Register.

TRACTS OF THE BROTHERHOOD OF ST. VINCENT OF PAUL.—His Holiness the Pope has, unsolicited, sent his blessing to the Editors of these excellent Tracts, Mr. Thompson and Mr. Northcote, immediately on being informed of the nature of their undertaking. In our “Short Notices” will be found a brief review of the Tracts as far as hitherto published.

SCHOOLS FOR THE CLERKENWELL DISTRICT.—We take the following from the *Tablet*; and embrace the opportunity for most warmly



recommending the Clerkenwell Schools to the notice of such of our readers as have even a few shillings at their disposal. We can assure them that nowhere are such schools more earnestly called for, and nowhere can money be bestowed with a more perfect certainty that the pious intentions of its donors will be abundantly fulfilled. The change already wrought in the mission by Mr. Kyne is most remarkable. "The Rev. J. Kyne, the zealous Priest of the Clerkenwell district, has just engaged a building which requires a considerable outlay to be made fit for school-rooms, and has made an appeal to the Catholic body, in which he states that in his district there are between 1500 and 2000 children who require gratuitous instruction; that the present school-rooms, besides being totally unfit for their purpose, are not capable of accommodating more than 120 children; that the new building is conveniently situated for all parts of the parish, and, either as a day, Sunday, or evening school, will be nearly sufficient for the education of all of them; that the boys are to be entrusted to Christian or to Presentation Brothers, and the girls to English Ursuline Nuns from Sittard, in Holland. To complete this work, Mr. Kyne requires from four to five hundred pounds, which it is impossible to collect in his own district. He therefore appeals to the Catholic body, and that with more confidence, as it is to rescue Catholic children from the temptations of such notoriously infamous neighbourhoods as Gray's Inn Lane, Field Lane, Saffron Hill, and Cow Cross, Smithfield, that he proposes to provide for them a Catholic education."

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## THE BISHOP OF BIRMINGHAM AND LORD J. RUSSELL.

*To the Right Hon. Lord J. Russell.*

Bishop's House, Birmingham, Feb. 10.

MY LORD,—In reading the debates of Wednesday and Friday last, some observations that occurred to my mind appear to me of sufficient importance to justify my troubling your Lordship with them.

The reason hinted at by Mr. Anstey why Lord Minto could not have been shewn the Letter Apostolic will not hold good. True, the identical letter that was finally published could not have been shewn, for the Hierarchy was twice remodelled in a portion of its details. But at Rome they print documents of this nature at each stage of the proceedings. As I have heard the history from a very good source, before any discussion arose on the point, his Holiness took up the printed document—of course the one first prepared—and put it into his Lordship's hands, saying, "This concerns England," and Lord Minto laid it down on the table without saying a word. I can perfectly understand that his Lordship, not aware of the importance of the communication, and occupied with other thoughts, did not advert sufficiently to the circumstance to remember; but the conclusion drawn by his Holiness was of a different character. He read in it the continuance of the policy of non-interference in our spiritual affairs.

I have now on my table the minutes of sixteen separate conversations, held in 1848, with authorities of the Propaganda on the subject of the Hierarchy. They contain in substance whatever passed between myself and those authorities in either private or official interviews. In none of these is a single hint or allusion to any thing beyond the internal

and spiritual affairs of the English Catholic body. I have also lying before me copies of seven memorials, which, with the aid of an English priest, were drawn up and presented to the Holy See by the present writer. Upon the basis of these documents the English Catholic Hierarchy, in its present form, was constituted, with the exception of an additional Bishopric added in the arrangement of 1850. In no one of these documents is there any allusion to other objects as in contemplation beyond those of the English Catholic body and their Hierarchy; and nothing beyond this occupied the mind of any one engaged in making the arrangement. I assert this the more confidently as the Apostolic Letter embodies the principles of the memorials, with one remarkable exception. I had drawn up a memorial on the subject of the titles. In this I had strongly urged the expediency of appointing an Archbishop of London and a Bishop of York, and shewed that this was perfectly conformable to our laws. But on this point, and on this alone, I met with a steady and constant resistance, and that resistance was on the ground that it might give offence to the British Government. I was called in by the Commission of Cardinals whilst in consultation—a very unusual course—that I might be able to explain myself more fully and clearly. I heard and shared in the discussion, and urged my point to the utmost. I even quoted your Lordship's opinions, and those of other members of the Cabinet, as expressed in Parliament, besides shewing the state of the law, and the utility to ourselves of an arrangement which would leave the Bishops undisturbed in the positions where they had resided as Vicars-Apostolic, and realise better the dioceses they have to govern; but to no purpose. I was opposed on the ground of delicacy towards the Government. On this ground the whole of that memorial was set aside; and this was the only instance in which suspicion of offence arose. The Cardinals resolved to consult the English Bishops individually on this point, and in the interval the insurrection broke out in Rome. But for this the Apostolic Letter would have come to England in 1848, as the public supposed it had come, and we should most probably have had neither excitement nor persecution, for it would have been quietly promulgated amongst ourselves, and without *éclat*. Will your Lordship allow me to point out that the phrase "Court of Rome" is an ambiguous and offensive designation, as used instead of "the Holy See." It was invented by state canonists, and statesmen whose designs were directed against the liberty of the Church. It is of much the same calibre as the phrase "foreign sovereign." It incorporates an error, and is unfair, though your Lordship has not intended it to be so in this instance. Dupin describes a conflict, and takes one side of it; had your Lordship read the other side, you would have found the whole of your examples overthrown. Allow me to refer to an agreeable work which explains the true sense of this term, "Court of Rome"—Cardinal Pacea's *Memoirs of his Nunciature on the Rhine*.

Your Lordship has made much of the opinions of a few laymen and clergymen as indications of the sense of the English Catholics. But are all laymen, or even clergymen, capable of appreciating the fundamental principles of Church government, or of comprehending the bearings of a measure new to them as a reality? To talk of the establishing a local episcopacy independent of state intervention as ultramontanism, may serve for amusement to our tyros in canon law, but for what other purpose can such an absurdity be used? Why, the gentlemen who formed the Cisalpine Club clamoured for a Hierarchy as the surest safeguard against ultramontanism. Before collecting evidence against us from among ourselves, the inquiry should be made of the witnesses, if laymen,



whether they are even communicants to our Church; if clergymen, whether they are engaged in its ministry. Then, if they be right on these points, whether they are discontented or disappointed persons; whether they represent any number of their brethren, or only themselves; and whether they have any particular interest to serve or sympathies to conciliate. Not a single person has yet shewn himself opposed to us of whom we or any one might not have predicted the course he has taken. What are a dozen out of so large a number more or less disloyal to the body of which they are members?

I have to thank your Lordship for your satisfactory vindication of the Catholic Bishops from the charge of having violated the law. The labours undergone to find out a way of convicting us, so naively related in your speech, have proved our full acquittal. We are not, then, aggressors; for aggression is a crime, and a crime is a violation of the law. The aggression is against us and our Christian liberties. Yes, my Lord, I grieve to say it, it is not we who are affected by these acts, unless it be by arousing our pastoral vigilance, filling our churches, diffusing our books, and, according to the reports of our clergy, increasing the number of our converts. The hand of persecution points to one class amongst us, whilst it is another that is made to suffer. The persecution falls upon the tradesmen, workpeople, and poor servants, upon unoffending industry, and the poor seeking their bread. And see how quietly they have borne it all.

But there is one point for your Lordship seriously to consider. The Hierarchy is established; therefore it cannot be abolished, except through the physical extermination of the Catholic Church in these realms; or, which God forbid, through universal apostacy. How can you deal with this fact? You have quoted a legal principle from Jeremy Taylor, which he took, with many others, from the Jesuit Suarez. Allow me to suggest another. Is it wise, and in the spirit of a profound legislation, to put the religious teachers of a large body of her Majesty's subjects in conscientious opposition to the law,—to force them to put the principle of Divine law in opposition to a human enactment,—to make their very Bishops the incorporation of such a fact? Will it aid the sanctions of the State, and that opinion, which, as your Lordship views it, is the best support of law and government, to force us into a position, where, standing, as we are bound to do, upon the law of God and our conscience, we are compelled to count for nothing enactments which we can only consider as assaults upon the cause of Heaven and of our souls—enactments which, in fact, come from no divine fountain of justice, but are the offspring of party contests and sectarian dislikes? We can make distinctions between the just and the unjust, and keep our reverence for the former; but to the mind of the multitude the sense of one unjust law, which they are obliged in conscience to condemn, is a taint upon the whole course of justice.

I have the honour to be your Lordship's very obedient servant,  
✠ W. B. ULLATHORNE.



# The Rambler.

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## PART XL.

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### To Correspondents.

Correspondents who require answers in private are requested to send their complete address, a precaution not always observed.

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All communications must be *postpaid*. Communications respecting *Advertisements* must be addressed to the publishers, Messrs. BURNS and LAMBERT.

# The Rambler,

A CATHOLIC JOURNAL AND REVIEW.

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PART XL.

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## THE IRISH IN LONDON.

THE chronicles of the Irish poor are one of the marvels of modern history. Unlike the rest of the world alike in their faults and in their virtues, the part they have fulfilled and still are fulfilling in the accomplishment of the destiny of the mighty Anglo-Saxon race is equally without parallel. Trampled on for centuries; ground down, with few exceptions, by their own wealthier countrymen, both Catholic and Protestant; too many of them but ill-informed in their religion; agitated by incessant political storms; decimated by famines and pestilences,—they have preserved their faith amidst trials before which every other people would probably have succumbed; and to this hour they preserve it, even when visited, as is sometimes the case, by the severest of all trials, their own utter degradation and sin.

Certainly they are like none else. One person tells us they are like the people of southern Italy; another that they shew traces of Spanish blood; and so they may in a few particulars; but taken altogether, there is none like the poor Irishman or Irishwoman. If we must describe them in a word, they are grown-up children, both in their virtues and their faults. Impulsive, yet in certain things enduring and constant almost to a miracle; quick, clever, delighting in argument, yet often loving a perverse logic as well as a ready repartee; the sharpest and readiest of scholars, yet frequently unable to govern or teach; faithful in affection, not merely to their equals, but to their superiors, yet sometimes adepts in deceit, and thinking little of lying; cursed with a love of drink, yet chaste beyond parallel in Christendom; energetic and self-sacrificing in action when roused, yet needing a strong stimulus to be moved to act at all; abhorring Protestantism, and



zealous for the conversion of Protestants, at the very moment that they may be scandalising the world by their excesses; at once confiding and suspicious, forgiving and revengeful, humble and proud, patient and irritable,—they are, taken all in all, the most interesting, the most agreeable, and the most provoking people on the face of the earth.

To your true Anglo-Saxon Englishman, whether Catholic or Protestant, they are undeniably a most unsatisfactory race. He is utterly at fault with poor Paddy. He never knows when he has him. He is mad with indignation at his follies or perverseness, and the next moment he is disarmed by virtues that make him blush for his own failings. Never were two races linked together who were more absolutely dissimilar. Yet when there is a true Catholic heart and Christian affection on both sides, no two natures can be more fitted to unite than the English and the Irish. It is not dissimilarity of character that is the great bar to union of heart and action. The happiest marriages are usually those in which the husband and the wife have scarcely two points in common. The closest friendships are between men or women as unlike each other as differences can go. What is wanted in marriage and friendship is an identity in *principles* and in *aims*, and then the merits of each party to the union serve to fill up and sustain the faults of the other. And so with the English and the Irish natures. There is no inherent incompatibility between them. If each will but bear with the other's infirmities, and agree to aim at the same ends, they are of all nations the most fitted to work together in the glorious work of the propagation of the true faith.

And if ever there was a people whose faults were those of circumstances, and whose virtues were deeply seated and enduring, it is the poor of Ireland. Circumstances, of which the chief have been the tyranny of England, the misconduct of their own landlords and masters, and the impoverishment consequent upon these two evils together, have produced *all* the chief faults of the poor Irishman. His vices are those of a race trodden under foot by man; his virtues are those of a people blessed with a special gift from God, and destined by Him to be distinguished instruments in his hand for the destruction of his foes. Why are the poor Irish too often prone to lying, but because they have been treated as slaves, so that they could only regard every one above them as their enemy? Why are they given to drunkenness, but because the very heart has been worn out of them by a want of sufficient healthy food and clothing? Why are they indolent, but because for generations they have had no natural incentives to

labour, no adequate remuneration, and nothing they could safely call their own? Why are they apt to take offence and quarrel, but because the odious pride of their "betters" (a pride happily now so much diminished) has set them the example of a touchiness and readiness to be affronted, which made the Irish duellist a proverb in a duelling age? Why are they ignorant and illiterate—(though *less* so, we are convinced, than persons of the same rank in England)—but because persecuting laws so long made learning an impossibility in Ireland? What has filled Ireland with beggars, but the contemptible spirit of "gentility" of past generations, which thought it a shame that a man with "good blood" in his veins should "demean himself" with trade or commerce, and counted it more honourable to incur debts than to pay them? Why have outrages and assassinations, such as curdle the blood to hear of, been common in certain districts, but because for ages together the whole land was afflicted with a government and legislature insensible to its duties, its members caring only for their own profit and pleasures, and as unscrupulous in their legalised thefts and murders as any Ribbonman, or Rockite, or Whiteboy?

But, on the contrary, whence come the peculiar virtues of the Irish peasantry? Assuredly *not* from natural circumstances and advantages. Is it a superabundance of spiritual aids that has nurtured and preserved their faith? Is it the sun of prosperity that has lit up their smiles? Is it a freedom from the fearful crowding together of multitudes which has kept their women pure? Is it the close fence of domestic privacy and respectability, or a sullen puritanical precision, which has preserved to them their modesty? Is it a long experience of the trustworthiness of glowing professions which makes them still open to the advances of every man who calls himself their friend? Is it the result of good education that they yet retain their old love of learning, and flock to any thing that bears the name of a school?

We are as far as possible from being indiscriminate panegyrists of the Irish Catholic poor; but we think that no *candid* man, however wearied, however provoked with their faults, will look these questions in the face, and yet refuse to the Irishman this singular praise, that his sins are the result of circumstances, and that his merits are his own. And we are the more anxious to urge these considerations, because they are more likely to foster a true Christian spirit of love and forbearance towards our poor fellow-Catholics than any demonstrations of the peculiar follies and sins of the English race. That we have our own follies and sins, and in large abund-

ance, it would be absurd to deny. It is our infirmities, quite as much as our virtues, which make it difficult for us to amalgamate with the Irish as a people. But as it avails nothing to taunt the Irishman with *his* faults, so it avails nothing to scold John Bull for *his* delinquencies. By any such process we only aggravate the irritation of both parties. The only mode at once to humble our English pride (a national sin, from which we Catholics are very far from free), and to encourage us in our efforts for the benefit of our Irish fellow-Christians, is never to lose sight of the *origin* of the errors and miseries of Ireland.

At the same time, it were folly to overlook the fact that the faults of a large multitude, although only the faults of circumstances, may take a generation or two to remedy. Many and many a benevolent English Catholic, interested beyond measure in the welfare of the Irish who have fled to our shores, is disheartened when he sees how slight comparatively is the immediate success which attends too many schemes for their benefit. He wonders that the evils caused by centuries are not banished in a single twelvemonth. He forgets that a sin or an infirmity, when once deeply driven into the character, though only by adverse circumstances now no longer in existence, is yet become to a great extent a second nature. Nothing less than a long continuance of remedial measures will ensure its complete eradication. A whole generation must perhaps pass away before the seed sown begins to bear fruit, while, nevertheless, to the observant eye, the seed is germinating and putting forth first leaves, and then blossoms with fairer promise of the final harvest every day that passes by.

So much of the faulty portion of the poor Irish character is, further, the result of *habit*, that time alone can be its possible perfect cure. No power conceivable will root out a habit, except an opposite habit; and this, by the very nature of the case, demands long time for its formation. The faults of education, in people of all races, sometimes require more patience finally to eradicate than the deeper-seated sins of nature; *but then they are far easier to destroy in the end*. Once move an English heart from its natural godlessness or Protestantism, and the work is comparatively completed. Perhaps ten times the amount of labour and patience will be needed to strengthen the Irish heart, and preserve it to the end; but then, for one Englishman who by *any* means can be touched, there are perhaps ten Irishmen *sure* to be within reach of patience, perseverance, and love. The Irish harvest may need far more toil before it is gathered into the barns, but at last it is marvellously more plentiful.



That the peculiarities of the Irish poor are every day more urgently demanding the anxious attention of every intelligent English Catholic, is most certain. It is vain to suppose that the English Catholic body can direct their attention to the conversion of their Protestant fellow-countrymen, without *first*, or at least, without *chiefly*, contemplating the renovation of the innumerable Irish in our towns and cities. It matters not that English ladies and gentlemen cannot, as they say, "get on" with the Irish. It matters not that they dislike their dirt, and are disgusted with their blarney, and provoked with their unsteadiness. It is vain to be indignant with them for crowding into churches and chapels, built expressly for the salvation of the souls of Englishmen. Here they are, in thousands, tens of thousands, and hundreds of thousands, at our very doors. Poor, starving, sick, naked, wretched, filthy, begging, dying, or visited at once by all the calamities of pauperism and disease, still, here they are, and we cannot shake them off; nay, they will come in ever-increasing streams, till there is not an abode of peculiar destitution in any one of our proud cities, in which the Irish do not equal or out-number the English children of labour and want. For ourselves, we would not shake them off if we could. Almighty God has sent them, and they are our fellow-Catholics, and they bring with them that true faith, in comparison with which all British wealth and intellect is as dust and ashes. But whether English Catholics rejoice in the tide of Irish immigration or regret it, still there it is, as a fact, as a great fact, as *the* fact of our age. Every plan that is formed for the advantage of the Catholic poor must be designed especially for the Irish poor. Their character must be consulted, their wants must be supplied; in their peculiar failings will be our trial, in their peculiar virtues our consolation and reward. Moreover, in the case of the Irish immigrants, nothing is so fatal as delay. After six months or a year's residence in England, they become, if neglected, another race of beings. Even in the worst examples, whatever their misery and ignorance when they first leave Ireland, they have at least some good habits, some pure and bright features. But once cast them upon the wilderness of crime and sorrow and neglect which is the inevitable portion of so many thousands of their countrymen in England, and the work of mercy becomes a hundredfold more difficult. It is notorious that the Irish in England, when lost to a sense of duty and religion, are among the very worst of the worst slaves of crime and vice. They land on our shores comparatively innocent; unquestionably with materials for good in their character such as we should look

for in vain among the majority of the English poor. And encourage them only in a few good practices, give them a church to worship their God in, a zealous and affectionate priest who will not suffer them to neglect confession, a school for their children, and the barest sufficiency of money and means for finding employment, and they will be preserved intact amidst a world of wickedness, to an extent incredible except to a Catholic who knows the full power of his religion in the severest trials. Alas, that such a lot is the portion of so few among them!

The *extent* to which the Irish have already settled down in our towns and cities is probably known to few except the Catholic clergy. What their exact numbers are, it is impossible to say; but a few well-ascertained calculations will furnish some idea of their magnitude. In the year 1847, as we learn from the returns made to Sir George Grey by Mr. Rushton, the Liverpool magistrate, nearly *three hundred thousand* persons landed at Liverpool from Ireland. Of this number, about 130,000 emigrated to the United States; about 50,000 were passengers on business; the remainder, namely, above *one hundred and sixty thousand* (equal to the whole Catholic population of Rome), were mere paupers, and have settled somewhere in England and Scotland, after being decimated by the fever they brought with them. During the last year, about 16,000 Irish came from Ireland to London direct; and after making all allowances for subsequent emigration to America, Australia, &c., and for returns to Ireland, we must calculate upon an increase in our Irish population in London not very far short of 10,000 during the year 1850 alone.

The occupations to which they betake themselves are of course extremely various; but it may be taken as a certain rule, that they are almost always of the very poorest description. That the Irish settlers in England are indisposed to work is a mere calumny. Their capacities for work, *i. e.* for *skilled* labour, are indeed grievously limited; but it is undeniable that, with few exceptions, they leave Ireland with a resolute intention of supporting themselves by their toils, if only work can be found. An account of one of their chief employments in London, the selling of fruit and fish in the streets, has just been published in Mr. Mayhew's work on *London Labour and the London Poor*, which in many of its features is applicable to the Irish poor generally, both in the metropolis and elsewhere. Mr. Mayhew was the originator of the striking series of letters on the condition of the labouring poor which have recently appeared in the *Morning Chronicle*, and he is

now republishing them, revised, in a series of weekly numbers, with illustrations from daguerreotypes of the various classes whom he describes. One section, of some length, he devotes entirely to what he calls the "Street Irish;" and the history he has given of their habits and circumstances is full of interest, and on the whole trustworthy. If any fault is to be found with his sketch, it is that he is unacquainted both with the best and the worst portions of their character, or rather with the best and the worst examples of the entire body. With the singular piety and devotion which is to be found among many of them, he is naturally, as a Protestant, not familiar; while he is certainly not aware of the awful extent to which in *many* cases destitution has done its most fearful work among the once innocent daughters of a land of sorrow. On the whole, however, Mr. Mayhew's history is remarkably creditable both to his painstaking, his intelligence, and his fairness; while the style in which he tells his story is of that straightforward and unaffected kind which is most suitable to a tale whose pathos needs no elaborate "writing" to bring it home to our hearts. It is impossible that any candid Protestant should read his account of the Irish poor, in connexion with the rest of his narrative, and not admit that the Catholic religion is a mystery of love as yet unfathomed by him.

We shall now draw upon Mr. Mayhew's pages, with a view to shew our readers, who have not had the means of knowing what our Catholic poor are, what is the daily life of the vast majority of our fellow-Catholics in England, and what are the materials for good which they present to those who would labour, in any way, for their temporal or spiritual benefit. We should also again remind our readers that Mr. Mayhew is not a Catholic himself, that he had no prejudice whatsoever in favour of Catholics, and that he has all an Englishman's love for those virtues which are supposed (and sometimes truly) to be most wanting in the character of the poor Irish. The Irish appear in his pages just as they present themselves to every man who takes the trouble to learn their history, and to compare it with the history of what are sometimes called the Protestant poor, or, to speak truly, the English poor, for they are Protestants only in the sense of not being Catholics.

Where the Irish go to when they reach London, is one of the first questions that will naturally be asked. Their necessities have induced many of their fellow-countrymen to open lodging-houses for their reception. These, Mr. Mayhew tells us, "are of two kinds—clean and dirty. The better class of



Irish lodging-houses almost startle one by the comfort and cleanliness of the rooms; for after the descriptions you hear of the state in which the deck-passengers are landed from the Irish boats, their clothes stained with the manure of the pigs, and drenched with the spray, you somehow expect to find all the accommodations disgusting and unwholesome. But one in particular that I visited had the floor clean, and sprinkled with red sand, while the windows were sound, bright, and transparent. The hobs of the large fire-place were piled up with bright tin pots, and the chimney-piece was white and red with the china images ranged upon it. In one corner of the principal apartment there stood two or three boxes still corded up, and with bundles strung to the sides; and against the wall was hung a bunch of blue cloaks, such as the Irishwomen wear. The proprietor of the house,—who was dressed in a grey tail-coat and knee-breeches, that had somewhat the effect of a footman's livery,—told me that he had received seven lodgers the day before, but six were men, and they were all out seeking for work.

“In one of the worst class of lodging-houses I found ten human beings living together in a small room. The apartment was entirely devoid of all furniture, excepting an old mattress rolled up against the wall, and a dirty piece of cloth hung across one corner, to screen the women whilst dressing. An old man, the father of five out of the ten, was seated on a tea-chest, mending shoes, and the other men were looking on with their hands in their pockets. Two girls and a woman were huddled together on the floor in front of the fire, talking in Irish. All these people seemed to be utterly devoid of energy, and the men moved about so lazily that I couldn't help asking some of them if they had tried to obtain work. Every one turned to a good-looking young fellow lolling against the wall, as if they expected him to answer for them. ‘Ah, sure, and that they have,’ was the reply; ‘it's the docks they have tried, worrus luck.’ The others appeared struck with the truthfulness of the answer, for they all shook their heads, and said, ‘Sure an' that's thruth, anyhow.’”

In almost all the poorer and most densely-peopled districts of London, “nests of Irish” are to be found, alleys and courts inhabited almost solely by them. “Perhaps,” says Mr. Mayhew, “there is no quarter of London where the habits and habitations of the Irish can be better seen and studied than in Rosemary Lane, and the little courts and alleys that spring from it on each side. Some of these courts have other courts branching off from them, so that the locality is a perfect labyrinth of ‘blind alleys;’ and when once in the heart of the

maze, it is difficult to find the path that leads to the main-road. As you walk down 'the lane,' and peep through the narrow openings between the houses, the place seems like a huge peep-show, with dark holes of gateways to look through, while the court within appears bright with the daylight; and down it are seen rough-headed urchins running with their feet bare through the puddles, and bonnetless girls, huddled in shawls, lolling against the door-posts. Sometimes you see a long narrow alley with the houses so close together, that opposite neighbours are talking from their windows; while the ropes, stretched zig-zag from wall to wall, afford just room enough to dry a blanket or a couple of shirts, that swell out dropsically in the wind.

"In all the houses that I entered were traces of household care and neatness that I had little expected to have seen. The cupboard fastened in the corner of the room, and stocked with mugs and cups, the mantelpiece with its images, and the walls covered with showy-coloured prints of saints and martyrs, gave an air of comfort that strangely disagreed with the reports of the cabins in 'ould Ireland.' As the doors to the houses were nearly all of them kept open, I could, even whilst walking along, gain some notion of the furniture of the homes. In one house that I visited there was a family of five persons, living on the ground-floor and occupying two rooms. The boards were strewn with red sand, and the front apartment had three beds in it, with the printed curtains drawn closely round. In a dark room at the back lived the family itself. It was fitted up as a parlour, and crowded to excess with chairs and tables, the very staircase having pictures fastened against the wooden partition. The fire, although it was midday and a warm autumn morning, served as much for light as for heat, and round it crouched the mother, children, and visitors, bending over the flame as if in the severest winter-time. In a room above this were a man and woman lately arrived in England. The woman sat huddled up in a corner smoking, with the husband standing over her, in, what appeared at first, a menacing attitude; I was informed, however, that they were only planning for the future. This room was perfectly empty of furniture, and the once-whitewashed walls were black, excepting the little square patches which shewed where the pictures of the former tenants had hung. In another room I found a home so small and full of furniture, that it was almost a curiosity for domestic management. The bed, with its chintz curtains looped up, filled one end of the apartment, but the mattress of it served as a long bench for the visitors to sit on. The table was so large that it

divided the room in two; and if there was one picture, there must have been thirty—all of 'holy men,' with yellow glories round their heads. The window-ledge was dressed out with crockery, and in a tumbler were placed the beads.

"The one thing that struck me during my visit to this neighbourhood was the apparent listlessness and lazy appearance of the people. The boys at play were the only beings who seemed to have any life in their actions. The women in their plaid shawls strolled along the pavements, stopping each friend for a chat, or joining some circle, and leaning against the wall as though utterly deficient in energy. The men smoked, with their hands in their pockets, listening to the old crones talking, and only now and then grunting out a reply when a question was directly put to them. And yet it is curious that these people, who here seemed as inactive as negroes, will perform the severest bodily labour, undertaking tasks that the English are almost unfitted for."

It need not be said that nearly all the Irish in London are Catholics. Mr. Mayhew tells us that he met with only two who called themselves Protestants, and that these two were partly ignorant of, and partly indifferent to, any religion whatsoever. One Irishman, a fruit-seller, with a well-stocked barrow, "gave me," says Mr. Mayhew, "a clear account of his belief that the Blessed Virgin (he crossed himself repeatedly as he spoke) was the mother of our Lord Jesus Christ, and was a mediator with our Lord, who was God of heaven and earth; of the duty of praying to the holy saints; of attending Mass ('but the priest,' he said, 'won't exact too much of a poor man, either about that or about fasting'); of going to confession at Easter and Christmas times, at the least; of receiving the body of Christ, 'the rale prisince,' in the holy sacrament; of keeping all God's commandments; of purgatory being a purgation of sins; and of heaven and hell. I found the majority of those I spoke with at least as earnest in their faith, if they were not as well instructed in it, as my informant, who may be cited as an example of the better class of street-sellers."

After narrating what he had heard from another man, of the more ignorant class, Mr. Mayhew proceeds: "As I was anxious to witness the religious zeal that characterises these people, I obtained permission to follow one of the priests as he made his rounds among his flock. Every where the people ran out to meet him. He had just returned to them, I found, and the news spread round, and women crowded to their door-steps, and came creeping up from the cellars through the trap-doors, merely to curtsy to him. One old crone, as he passed,



cried, 'You're a good father, Heaven comfort you!' and the boys playing about stood still to watch him. A lad in a man's tail-coat, and a shirt-collar that nearly covered in his head—like the paper round a bouquet—was fortunate enough to be noticed, and his eyes sparkled, as he touched his hair at each word he spoke in answer. At a conversation that took place between the priest and a woman who kept a dry-fish stall, the dame excused herself for not having been up to take tea 'with his rivirince's mother lately, for thrade had been so bisy, and night was the fullest time.' Even as the priest walked along the street, boys running at full speed would pull up to touch their hair, and the stall-women would rise from their baskets; while all noise, even a quarrel, ceased until he had passed by. Still there was no look of fear in the people. He called them all by their names, and asked after their families; and once or twice the 'father' was taken aside, and held by the button while some point that required his advice was whispered in his ear.

"The religious fervour of the people whom I saw was intense. At one house that I entered, the woman set me marvelling at the strength of her zeal, by shewing me how she contrived to have in her sitting-room a sanctuary to pray before every night and morning, and even in the day 'when she felt weary and lonesome.' The room was rudely enough furnished, and the only decent table was covered with a new piece of varnished cloth; still, before a rude print of our Saviour there were placed two old plated candlesticks, pink, with the copper shining through; and here it was that she told her beads. In her bed-room, too, was a coloured engraving of 'the Blessed Lady,' which she never passed without curtsying to."

Mr. Mayhew is of opinion that the Irish in London are generally anxious for education, and that the desire is much on the increase. Of their amusements and morals he thus speaks: "The amusements of the street-Irish are not those of the English costermongers, though there are exceptions, of course, to the remark. The Irish fathers and mothers do not allow their daughters, even when they possess the means, to resort to the 'penny gaffs,' or the 'twopenny hops,' unaccompanied by them. Some of the men frequent the beer-shops, and are inveterate drinkers, and smokers too. I did not hear of any amusements popular among, or much resorted to, by the Irishmen, except dancing parties at one another's houses, where they jig and reel furiously. They frequent raffles also, but the article is often never thrown for, and the evening is spent in dancing.

"I may here observe, in reference to the statement that Irish parents will not expose their daughters to the risk of what they consider corrupt influences, that when a young Irishwoman *does* break through the pale of chastity, she often becomes, as I was assured, one of the most violent and depraved of, perhaps, *the* most depraved class.

"The Irish street-sellers who frequent the gin-palaces or public-houses drink a pot of beer in a company of three or four, but far more frequently a quartern of gin (very seldom whisky), oftener than do the English. Indeed, from all I could ascertain, the Irish street-sellers, whether from inferior earnings, their early training, or the restraints of their priests, drink less beer by one-fourth than their English brethren, but a larger proportion of gin. 'And you must bear this in mind, sir,' I was told by an innkeeper: 'I had rather have twenty poor Englishmen drunk in my tap-room than a couple of poor Irishmen. They'll quarrel with any body—the Irish will—and sometimes clear the room, by swearing they'll 'use their knives, by Jasus;' and if there's a scuffle, they'll kick like devils, and scratch and bite like women or cats, instead of using their fists. I wish all the drunkards were teetotallers, if it were only to be rid of them.'

"Whisky, I was told, would be drunk by the Irish in preference to gin, were it not that gin was about half the price. One old Irish fruit-seller, who admitted that he was fond of a glass of gin, told me that he had not tasted whisky for fourteen years, 'becase of the price.' The Irish, moreover, as I have shewn, live on stronger and coarser food than the English, buying all the rough (bad) fish; for, to use the words of one of my informants, they look to quantity more than quality; this may account for their preferring a stronger and fiercer stimulant by way of drink."

In Mr. Mayhew's account of the London flower-girls occurs a sketch of the history of two Irish orphans, which we quote both for its own interest, and as an example of the life of many and many a poor Catholic child and woman. "The elder was fifteen, and the younger eleven. Both were clad in old but not torn dark print frocks, hanging so closely and yet so loosely about them, as to shew the deficiency of under-clothing; they wore old broken black chip bonnets. The older sister (or rather half-sister) had a pair of old worn-out shoes on her feet; the younger was barefoot, but trotted along in a gait at once quick and feeble, as if the soles of her little feet were impervious, like horn, to the roughness of the road. The elder girl has a modest expression of countenance, with no pretensions to prettiness except in having tolerably good eyes.

Her complexion was somewhat muddy, and her features somewhat pinched. The younger child had a round, chubby, and even rosy face, and quite a healthful look.

"They lived in one of the streets near Drury Lane. They were inmates of a house not let out as a lodging-house, in separate beds, but in rooms, and inhabited by street-sellers and street-labourers. The room they occupied was large, and one dim candle lighted it so insufficiently that it seemed to exaggerate the dimensions. The walls were bare and discoloured with damp. The furniture consisted of a crazy table and a few chairs, and in the centre of the room was an old four-post bedstead of the larger size. This bed was occupied nightly by the two sisters and their brother, a lad just turned thirteen. In a sort of recess in a corner of the room was the decency of an old curtain—or something equivalent, for I could hardly see in the dimness—and behind this was, I presume, the bed of the married couple. The three children paid 2*s.* a week for the room, the tenant, an Irishman out of work, paying 2*s.* 9*d.*; but the furniture was his, and his wife aided the children in their trifle of washing, mended their clothes, where such a thing was possible, and such like. The husband was absent at the time of my visit, but the wife seemed of a better stamp, judging by her appearance, and by her refraining from any direct or even indirect way of begging, as well as from the 'Glory be to Gods!' 'the heavens be your honour's bed!' or 'it's the thruth I'm telling of you, sir,' that I so frequently meet with on similar visits."

"The elder girl said, in an English accent, not at all garulously, but merely in answer to my questions: 'I sell flowers, sir; we live almost on flowers when they are to be got. I sell, and so does my sister, all kinds; but it's very little use offering any that's not sweet. I think it's the sweetness as sells them. I sell primroses when they're in, and violets, and wall-flowers, and stocks, and roses of different sorts, and pinks, and carnations, and mixed flowers, and lilies of the valley, and green lavender, and mignonette (but that I do very seldom), and violets again at this time of the year, for we get them both in spring and winter.' [They are forced in hot-houses for winter sale, I may remark.] 'The best sale of all is, I think, moss-roses, young moss-roses. We do best of all on them. Primroses are good, for people say: 'Well, here's spring again to a certainty.' Gentlemen are our best customers. I've heard that they buy flowers to give to the ladies. Ladies have sometimes said: 'A penny, my poor girl? here's three-halfpence for the bunch.' Or they've given me the price of two bunches for one; so have gentlemen. I never



had a rude word said to me by a gentleman in my life. No, sir, neither lady nor gentleman ever gave me 6*d.* for a bunch of flowers. I never had a sixpence given to me in my life; never. I never go among boys; I know nobody but my brother. My father was a tradesman in Mitchel's Town, in the county Cork. I don't know what sort of a tradesman he was. I never saw him. He was a tradesman I've been told. I was born in London. Mother was a chairwoman, and lived very well. None of us ever saw a father.' [It was evident they were illegitimate children; but the landlady had never seen the mother, and could give me no information.] 'We don't know any thing about our fathers; we were all mother's children. Mother died seven years ago last Guy Faux day. I've got myself and my brother and sister a bit of bread ever since, and never had any help but from the neighbours. I never troubled the parish. Oh, yes, sir, the neighbours is all poor people, very poor some of them. We've lived with her' (indicating her landlady by a gesture) 'these two years, and off and on before that. I can't say how long.' 'Well, I don't know exactly,' said the landlady, 'but I've had them with me almost all the time for four years, as near as I can recollect; perhaps more. I've moved three times, and they always followed me.' In answer to my inquiries, the landlady assured me that these two poor girls were never out of doors all the time she had known them after six at night. 'We've always good health. We can all read.' [Here the three somewhat insisted upon proving to me their proficiency in reading; and having produced a Roman Catholic book, the *Garden of Heaven*, they read very well.] 'I put myself,' continued the girl, 'and I put my brother and sister, to a Roman Catholic school, and to ragged-schools, but *I* could read before mother died. My brother can write, and I pray to God that he'll do well with it. I buy my flowers at Covent Garden; sometimes, but very seldom, at Farringdon. I pay 1*s.* for a dozen bunches, whatever flowers are in. Out of every two bunches I can make three, at 1*d.* a-piece. Sometimes one or two over in the dozen, but not so often as I would like. We make the bunches up ourselves. We get the rush to tie them with for nothing. We put their own leaves round these violets (she produced a bunch). The paper for a dozen costs a penny; sometimes only a halfpenny. The two of us doesn't make less than 6*d.* a day, unless it's very ill luck. But religion teaches us that God will support us, and if we make less we say nothing. We do better on oranges in March or April, I think it is, than on flowers. Oranges keep better than flowers, you see, sir. We make 1*s.* a day, and 9*d.* a day, on oranges, the two

of us. I wish they was in all the year. I generally go St. John's Wood way, and Hampstead and Highgate way, with my flowers. I can get them nearly all the year; but oranges is better liked than flowers, I think. I always keep 1s. stock-money, if I can. If it's bad weather, so bad that we can't sell flowers at all, and so if we've had to spend our stock-money for a bit of bread, *she* (the landlady) lends us 1s. if she has one, or she borrows one of a neighbour if she hasn't, or if the neighbours hasn't it, she borrows it at a dolly-shop' (the illegal pawn-shop). 'There's 2*d.* a week to pay for 1s. at a dolly, and perhaps an old rug left for it; if it's very hard weather, the rug must be taken at night-time, or we are starved with the cold. It sometimes has to be put into the dolly again next morning, and then there's 2*d.* to pay for it for the day. We've had a frock in for 6*d.*, and that's a penny a week, and the same for a day. We never pawned any thing; we have nothing they would take in at the pawn-shop. We live on bread and tea, and sometimes a fresh herring of a night. Sometimes we don't eat a bit all day when we're out; sometimes we take a bit of bread with us, or buy a bit. My sister can't eat taters; they sicken her. I don't know what emigrating means.' [I informed her, and she continued:] 'No, sir, I wouldn't like to emigrate, and leave brother and sister. If they went with me, I don't think I should like it, not among strangers. I think our living costs us 2*s.* a week for the two of us; the rest goes in rent. That's all we make.'

"The brother earned from 1*s.* 6*d.* to 2*s.* a week, with an occasional meal, as a costermonger's boy. None of them ever missed Mass on a Sunday."

Such are some of the characteristics of the life of our poor fellow-Catholics. Certainly there is a darker and more wretched side, too often so dark that a veil must be drawn over its gloom. Still, is it not a marvel that so much should be true of a race of men and women suffering under nearly every temptation which destitution, persecution, and neglect can put before them? Can they be paralleled in the whole world?

The picture here drawn of the Irish in London is, further, applicable to the Irish poor in every part of England. Doubtless with certain variations, yet, on the whole, they are the same in Liverpool, Manchester, Bristol, Hull, Leeds, and wherever else any prospect of employment or relief may have tempted them to settle. In all these places it is too true that the police-courts and the gaols record a crowd of cases in which the Irishman and Irishwoman, when lost to all sense of reli-

gion, has plunged into the very worst excesses of crime. But, at the same time, it is most certain that, in a large proportion of these instances of depravity, the origin of the evil has begun in poverty and destitution, both bodily and spiritual. In the case of lost, wretched Irishwomen, this is pre-eminently true. And we say that it is spiritual as well as temporal destitution which is the fruitful source of their woes; for it is notorious that in every large town in England, and especially in the metropolis, the spiritual wants of the Irish are even less supplied than their corporeal. Two or three years ago, it was computed that about 30,000 of the poor Catholic children in London only never attended any school whatsoever. The boys and girls who *never* make their first communion must still be counted by tens of thousands. Ten times the number of clergy that we now possess, with a proportionate number of additional churches, would scarcely suffice for the ever-increasing necessities of Catholic London. Then, too, see how awfully the old system of pew-renting has operated, and in many cases still operates (even when the clergy struggle with all their powers to cast it off), upon the spiritual condition of the poor. What a fearful sight it is to see a Catholic chapel, at the very time that the holy Sacrifice is being offered, with its largest portion, and all its best parts, half empty, sometimes not a third or a quarter full; while below the bar, where the box-keeper sits, a multitude of poor men and women are crushed together, extending not only up to the doors, but through them into the street beyond! Who can wonder that the poor in England feel in many instances so little attraction for that house of God which ought to be their own peculiar and much-loved home? Who can wonder at the eager, passionate affection which they shew to those of the Catholic clergy who are enabled to escape from the thralldom of an effete and world-worshipping system, and really to become—what every Catholic priest must desire to become—the evangelists of the poor?

It is sometimes said, and with truth, that the misconduct of the Irish poor in England furnishes a grievous scandal to Protestants of their own class, and seriously tends to prevent conversions. Now, that their conduct at times *is* a scandal, and no small one, we do not for a moment deny; but if it is meant that, *on the whole*, the condition, habits, and spiritual privileges of the Irish in England are a cause of scandal to their English companions, we think the charge totally untrue. Putting their faults at the very worst, they are immeasurably more religious and more edifying than any section of the non-Catholic poor in London, or any other English city. The rest of the really poor, with rare exceptions, are absolutely of no



religion at all; and compared with the efforts of Protestant ministers for the welfare of *their* poor, the benefits which the Catholic clergy confer upon their innumerable flocks are so striking, as to leave no doubt on the minds of the labouring classes themselves as to which is the true Church of Jesus Christ, if the question between Catholicism and Protestantism is to be settled by the *fruits* of the two religions. All that is done by City Missionaries, Ragged-School teachers, Anglican and Dissenting ministers, is mere play compared with the overwhelming labours of many of the Catholic clergy; and we may rest assured, that if no one else observes the difference between the *self-sacrifice* of the Catholic priest, and the moderate, easy *labours* of the Protestant philanthropist, the poor know it, and ponder on it in the secret depths of their heart. In fact, this very contrast was one of the points which struck Mr. Mayhew when he was inquiring into the morals and religion of London. Speaking of the costermongers—a class whom he computes at 30,000—he says, that of those not Catholics “only one-tenth (at the outside one-tenth) of the couples living together are *married*.” He goes on with his account of their ideas on religion, which are sufficiently remarkable to deserve quoting at length:

“An intelligent and trustworthy man, until very recently actively engaged in costermongering, computed that not three in a hundred costermongers had ever been in the interior of a church, or any place of worship, or knew what was meant by Christianity. The same person gave me the following account, which was confirmed by others:—‘The costers have no religion at all, and very little notion, or none at all, of what religion or a future state is. Of all things, they hate tracts. They hate them because the people leaving them never give them any thing; and as they can’t read the tract—not one in forty—they’re vexed to be bothered with it. And really what is the use of giving people reading before you have taught them to read? Now, they respect the City Missionaries, because they read to them—and the costers will listen to reading when they don’t understand it—and because they visit the sick, and sometimes give oranges and such-like to them and the children. I’ve known a City Missionary buy a shilling’s worth of oranges of a coster, and give them away to the sick and the children—most of them belonging to the costermongers—down the court; and that made him respected there. I think the City Missionaries have done good. But I’m satisfied that if the costers had to profess themselves of some religion to-morrow, they would all become Roman Catholics, every one of them. This is the reason: London costers live very

often in the same courts and streets as the poor Irish; and if the Irish are sick, be sure there comes to them the priest, the Sisters of Charity—they *are* good women—and some other ladies. Many a man that's not a Catholic has rotted and died without any good person near him. Why, I lived a good while in Lambeth, and there wasn't one coster in a hundred, I'm satisfied, knew so much as the rector's name, though Mr. Dalton's a very good man. But the reason I was telling you of, sir, is, that the costers reckon *that* religion's the best that gives the most in charity; and they think the Catholics do this. I'm not a Catholic myself; but I believe every word of the Bible, and have the greater belief that it's the word of God because it teaches democracy. The Irish in the courts get sadly chaffed by the others about their priests; but they'll die for the priest. \* \* There's another thing that makes the costers think so well of the Catholics: if a Catholic coster—there's only very few of them—is 'cracked up' (penniless), he's often started again; and the others have a notion that it's through some chapel-fund. I don't know whether it is so or not, but I know the cracked-up men are started again, if they're Catholics. It's still the stranger that the regular costermongers, who are nearly all Londoners, should have such respect for the Roman Catholics, when they have such a hatred of the Irish, whom they look upon as intruders and underminers.'—'If a missionary came among us with plenty of money,' said another costermonger, 'he might make us all Christians or Turks, or any thing he liked.' Neither the Latter-day Saints, nor any similar sect, have made converts among the costermongers."

And really, if we are to estimate rigidly the amount of scandal caused to Protestants by the errors or misconduct of Catholics, the mischief done by the poor Irish is, we are convinced, considerably less than that which we ourselves, the richer classes, are guilty of. The scandals of St. James's are assuredly more heinous than those of St. Giles's. Which do we think serves most to keep Protestants back from the true faith, the trials of the Irish in the police-courts, and their drunken freaks in the gin-palaces, or the recent letters of such men as the Duke of Norfolk, Lord Beaumont, and Lord Camoys; or the outrageous attacks upon Cardinal Wiseman and other of our Bishops from the pens of pseudo-Catholics, in such papers as the *Daily News* and *Sunday Times*; or the aspect of a Catholic church where the precept given by St. James in holy Scripture is set at nought with even an unblushing ostentation? Who are they who, *as a matter of fact*, do make the largest proportion of converts in the intercourse of

private life, the Catholic rich and middle classes, or the Catholic poor? What can we allege in answer to this undeniable truth, that while the poor are incessantly converting Protestants to the true faith, the converts from Protestantism among the middle and higher ranks are, with few exceptions, made, not by their equals and companions in society, but by the words and writings of foreign Catholics, alive or dead — by the study of Christian antiquity and the office-books of the Church — or by intercourse with old friends who have preceded them in their submission to the truth? Where have the prayers for the conversion of English Protestants made such slow progress as among the comfortable and wealthy ranks of English Catholics? Truly *we* may take shame to ourselves, and be sparing in our complaints of the scandals caused by Irishmen, while we have such startling proofs that the grace of God has chosen almost any channel rather than ourselves through which to pour itself forth upon the people of England.

Such, then, are the myriads of our fellow-Catholics who are now crying out at our very doors for some to save them, for it is literally this. Here they are, yearly, weekly, daily multiplying. With all that English and Anglo-Irish zeal and piety has as yet done for them, it is probable that their necessities have increased in a still faster degree. What shall we do for them? Prevent their streaming in upon us we cannot; nor, when they have once become absorbed into the vortex of English pauperism, will they remain only what they are now; if nothing is done for them, they will develop into our worst enemies, into a curse instead of a blessing to England. An Irishman, as we have repeatedly urged, when really lost, outstrips an Englishman in vice and reckless daring. Shall we suffer these helpless myriads to be degraded to such an end as this? Shall we so frustrate (as far as in us lies) the merciful designs of Almighty God in sending us such multitudes, to become either Christian missionaries or avenging demons? What is it that their misery is well-nigh overwhelming, and their faults numerous, and slow in yielding to remedial measures? Are not their virtues more striking than their vices? Are not they in possession of divine graces for which England sighs in vain? Are not their sins to be traced to our ill deeds, and their merits to the long-suffering and bountiful hand of God, which alone has never forsaken them? What if the present number of our clergy is totally inadequate to the call for their services, and they multiply so slowly that their increase bears no proportion at all to the increase of the poor Catholic laity? Will not Almighty God grant a voca-



tion to the ecclesiastical state to numbers sufficient for all our needs, if only we fervently pray Him to grant it? Was not the Western World originally won to Christianity in the face of difficulties more appalling to the eye of natural sight than any that we have to contend against? Was it by means of a highly-educated, eminently respectable, and richly-endowed organisation, that the first Christians fought their way, not onwards, but upwards, against odds appalling to any thing less courageous than faith; until, after three centuries of toil and suffering, during which they shed their own blood not by thousands or hundreds of thousands, but by millions, they found the crown of the Roman Empire at their feet? Surely, whatever be the difficulties that *we* have to contend with, however suddenly the present state of things has come upon us, and however unprepared it has found us, the obstacles to our success are but as playthings compared to the mountains which fled before the zeal and faith of our earliest fathers. Shall it, then, be said by the future historian of our times, that in the day when Protestantism as a religious power expired in England, when all the old bonds of society and government were loosened and broken up, when, as if by a miracle, the Catholic Church was brought forward before the eyes of the whole nation, and all men turned towards her, and watched to see what would be *her* bearing and *her* victories in the hour when all others were baffled,—shall it be said that in such a day the Catholics of England were unequal to their task, afraid of their duty, cold in love, and trembling in faith; so that when an opportunity was accorded to them absolutely unparalleled in the modern history of their country, they succumbed before a few difficulties, which demanded for their conquest nothing more than ordinary patience and perseverance, a little self-sacrifice, a rejection of the base maxims of expediency, and an undoubting faith in the promises of God to uphold all who trust Him through every trial?

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## Passion, Love, and Rest;

OR,

## THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BASIL MORLEY.

(Continued from p. 214.)

### CHAPTER VII.—*Arthur Wilbraham.*

THE time for the conclusion of my Oxford life at length drew nigh, and I was preparing with more zeal than ever for my examination. I saw a good deal of Wilbraham, and a good deal also of Churchill, though of the latter not quite so much as formerly. He and Wilbraham never—as the phrase is—got on together. Wilbraham's saturnine disposition, and his caustic satires on *every thing*, whether worldly or religious, irritated Churchill's buoyant spirit; and he was half vexed with me for associating so much with a person so little to his own taste. As to communicating my sceptical feelings to Churchill, I never thought of it. He would have been shocked, I was sure, little as he troubled himself about religion as a matter of daily practice. Taking life as it came to him, knowing no troubles, and succeeding in every thing that he cared for, he was on too good terms with himself and with the world in general, to torment himself with any speculations beyond the range of his immediate pursuits. But as to a theoretical infidelity, he would as soon have thought of taking it up as of turning monk or hermit. Christianity was one of the institutions of the British constitution, under which he, Churchill, enjoyed as large a share of the good things of life as any man could desire. Christianity, therefore, must be upheld, he considered. Deism was, in his judgment, both ungentlemanly and absurd; and after once or twice cautiously sounding him, I dropped the subject altogether. As soon as he had taken his degree, he left the University, intending to travel on the continent for a year or two. We parted as good friends as ever, externally; but for myself, I was conscious that a gulf of *some kind* was already opening between us.

Strange as it may seem, Churchill's clinging to the faith he was brought up in, slight as was his real attachment to it, served only to confirm me in my unbelief in every species of creed. It impressed me afresh with a sense of the unreality of all professions of religion. That a thorough man of the world should be touchy and angry at any assaults on the

religion which in practice he himself systematically set at nought, was a phenomenon which I could not explain, but which confirmed me in my conviction that some sort of humbug and self-deception was a necessary accompaniment of *every* creed. When a transparent, hearty, good-humoured fellow, like Churchill, thought it becoming to play the hypocrite (as I thought it) in this way, a sense of disgust towards every thing that bore the very title of religion stole upon me. "It is all lying and deception and trickery together," I said to myself; "the whole world is in a league to dupe and be duped." And so meditating from day to day, I came to despise even the idea that I owed any thing like *duty* to God or man.

Of course I was not happy. I had not even the low, wild pleasure of the devoted man of the world, because I never could completely shake off the thought of the subjects which harassed me. Scorning the very notion of a revelation of doctrine; even hating it, as I certainly did; I could not help admitting the *importance* of the question between faith and unbelief. In a certain sense it never left me. I moved as it were in fetters, and under a cloud. Now and then—perhaps at the very last moments when one would have expected such a thing—such thoughts as these would strike me: "Is this visible world the whole existing creation? Is it even *possible* that God has spoken to man? Am I so sure of the foundations of my unbelief as to be warranted in believing nothing? Do I escape *all* intellectual difficulties by embracing the Deistical theory? Is Deism a whit more rational than Christianity? Or is Atheism a whit more rational than Deism? Ay; but *what* is Christianity? *There* is the question. Till I can answer this, there is no help." Doubts like these would thus dart across my brain like lightning, but like lightning they were gone in a moment, and left the gloom in my mind more intense than before.

It was the middle of June, and Oxford was alive with the bustle and gaieties of a "Grand Commemoration." Always beautiful, it is in the early summer that the city and colleges are more attractively brilliant than at any other season. The blossoms have scarcely fallen from the horse-chestnuts; the thorns and laburnums in New College and St. John's gardens, the stately elms in Christ Church meadow and Magdalen walks, have clothed themselves in their shadowy foliage; the river is alive with skiffs and wherries and sailing-vessels, and gay with the colours of the various colleges, as every evening calls forth the candidates for victory in the boat-races. The quaint old houses in the streets smile or stare with new white-



washings and paintings; the colleges awake themselves from their stiff decorum to play the gallant to troops of ladies; the placarded walls set forth what singers are to sing at the approaching concerts, and where the ball is to be held; while the studious and the misanthropical groan in secret over the destruction of their quiet, and long for the sudden stillness which a few more days will grant them.

The "Commemoration" itself is a Protestantised relic of the old days of England, when Oxford commemorated not only the gifts of her "founders and benefactors," but prayed for their souls with enduring gratitude. At present, the Commemoration is a grand gala, and nothing more. The theatre—which, for the sake of some of my readers, I may add is not a play-house—is crowded with resident members of the University, and a considerable sprinkling of ladies, placed in one of the galleries by themselves. Latin speeches are made, prize essays and poems are recited, and honorary degrees are conferred on persons whom the Dons for the time being desire to honour. Foreign princes and scientific quakers, politicians, literary men, and victorious generals, there receive an honorary degree, and are dubbed "Doctors of Laws," with all the ceremonial which Oxford delights in. At intervals, the mob of undergraduates in the topmost gallery shout forth their praises or execrations of the idol or the abomination of the hour. One man they cheer, at another they yell, at the mention of another name hissings and clappings strive for a mastery; one "sentiment" alone never fails to call forth their juvenile raptures,—at the cry of "The Ladies!" the incipient clerics burst forth into never-wearying shouts of satisfaction.

Of all the sights of this time of pleasure-seeking, one of the gayest is the University boat-race. As many of the colleges as can muster a sufficiency of good rowers, supply each in eight-oared boat; and after several weeks of practising and training, (this last being about the only instance of the enforcement of *strict* discipline which the University affords,) the race takes place a day or two previous to the commemoration-day. The Thames, or Isis (as it is termed in the higher part of its stream), being narrow, the boats do not start side by side as in common races, but one behind another, a short interval being left between each, and the order of precedence being determined by the order of coming in at the race of the preceding year. The moment any one of the hindermost boats succeeds in touching, or *bumping*, the boat immediately before it, the whole race instantly stops, and the *bumped* boat gives place to the *bumper*. The whole little fleet then starts afresh, and the

same proceeding is repeated on any fresh *bump*, until the whole distance from Iffley to Oxford, a mile and a half, is completed. The confusion incidental to a race thus managed is often very great, especially if, as sometimes happens, the boat which starts the last succeeds in bumping every one of its competitors, and comes in victorious. If the weather is fine, the scene is brilliant. The banks of the river swarm with spectators, male and female, old and young. The tradespeople, and the very scouts, catch the infectious enthusiasm, and mixed up with wild undergraduates, half-solemnised bachelors, and a few of the more youthful "Dons," tear along the banks in hundreds and thousands, shouting to the boats and cheering, every man his own favourite, till panting and exhausted they arrive at the goal in time to see the rowers, half dead with their frantic struggles, stepping from their boats, or lifted fainting by their comrades. The mischief of the boat-racing system is in some cases great. The damage done to the health of youths just grown into men, by the excessive violence of their exertions both in practising and in the race itself, frequently leads to serious after evils; and the rigid training exacted before the race is often followed by as shameful excesses of debauchery as any of which the undergraduate world of Oxford is ever guilty.

On the occasion I am particularly speaking of, I had walked down to the river with Wilbraham to see the race. Wilbraham always laughed at the boat-racing: though he was fond of an occasional quiet pull in a skiff or wherry. Nothing would induce him to join in the crowd of shouting runners, and we sauntered quietly along the banks. I never had remarked him so little misanthropical or severe in his remarks. Whether it was the soft radiance of a superb summer evening, or the brightness of the general scene, that touched him, a kind of spell seemed thrown over his spirit, and I never knew him talk so much like other young men of his own age. When the boats came in, we pressed near to see how the winners enjoyed their victory. If such, I could not help thinking, are the pleasures of *conquest*, what must be the misery of *defeat*? The steersman, one of the smallest "men" in Oxford, and still a boy in appearance, though his only exertions had been with his voice, was ghastly pale with the excitement, and lay, rather than sat, on the seat, looking almost a corpse. Two or three of the eight rowers appeared merely fatigued; most of the rest trembled so helplessly as they got out of the boat, that without support they would have fallen into the water; one was carried out in a swoon; and one, with a look of terror in his face, was applying a handkerchief to his mouth, whence a slight effusion of blood shewed too plainly that a blood-vessel had given way.

A bitter smile passed over Wilbraham's countenance, and I heard him mutter the word "Fools!" as we turned away.

After a turn or two by the river-side, we agreed each to take a skiff, and amuse ourselves quietly on the water for an hour or two. The light soon began to wane, but the summer moon was promising to shine with all its brightness. We sculled lazily down the river, now and then exchanging a word or two. Wilbraham, I could see, was full of thoughts of some kind, and was indisposed even for the only kind of fragmentary talk which was possible. The sun soon set; but we continued rowing gently up and down the stream near Iffley, ceasing to pull every now and then, and leaving the skiffs to float down the stream almost at hazard, for the river was now clear, and there was not a boat to be seen. By and by I saw Wilbraham bending over the side of his skiff, and watching the dark water intently. I pulled to his side, and made some trifling remark. He paid no heed to what I said; and as the moonlight fell full upon his head, I perceived a singular look of sadness in his features, such as I had hardly thought him capable of feeling. His eyes were fixed upon the dark water, which rippled against the sides of the boats with a scarcely perceptible gurgling sound. Now and then the moonbeams caught the tiny waves as they rose and fell, and made them glisten with a delicate brightness, tender, lovely, and strangely soothing. At last, Wilbraham, without looking up, half whispered, half said aloud,

"I was thinking how like this water is to that futurity that you and I have sometimes talked about. *If* there is a futurity for us, we shall drop into it headlong, as a stone drops into this stream. And yet of that future life I see no more than we can see below this surface. There is the moon now glimmering on these little waves, just as some *say* that a light is thrown on the depths of eternity; but it goes and comes again, and then leaves all as dark as before; and just so this eternity they speak of is to me. It is dark, and cold, and unfathomable. And yet once—yes, once—I thought it not so. O my God!"

At these last words I started; for the exclamation was so new from Wilbraham's lips, that it convinced me that something unusual was passing in his mind. I had never heard him utter the name of God except when arguing on some religious subject. And now when it broke from him with a subdued intensity of feeling, I was so surprised that I could only gaze at him with curiosity. He turned away his face, however, immediately; and I could not bring myself to break the silence that followed. Thus we sat, our boats still



floating down the river, when a sudden quickening of their motion and a turning of their heads made us simultaneously grasp our sculls with energy. We listened for two or three seconds, and I found that we had been so intently occupied with our meditations as to have been deaf to the sound of rushing waters, which ought to have alarmed us.

"Pull! pull for your life, Wilbraham!" I cried, so soon as I had collected my thoughts; "it's the lasher, and we shall be over in an instant!"

I should say that we had been floating down the stream with the sterns of our skiffs foremost; and as it was utterly impossible to turn them at such a moment, we had to pull not only against the force of the water hurrying onwards to the edge of the lasher, or dam, over which the torrent rushed impetuously, but against the ordinary force of the stream as it flows down its channel from Oxford towards London. The whole peril of our situation was revealed in a second. I knew well that occasional deaths had taken place at this and other lashers on the river, even in the daytime; and what must be our fate, when our only light was from the moon, so deceptive when its guidance is most sure? We pulled with the frantic strength of those who struggle for life, but at first seemed to make no way against the tremendous force of the water. Not a word passed between us, though the skiffs were still side by side, and so close, as barely to allow room for the sculls to play. At length we felt that we were moving. Moments seemed like hours, but still we strove on. The hope of success now made us pull with more calmness and decision, and we made progress accordingly. Just then the still air was disturbed by a gentle breeze, and Wilbraham exclaimed, "If the wind gets up quickly, we are lost!"

The wind did rise almost instantly, and despair began to chill my very heart. For with all our efforts, and though some minutes had now passed since we discovered our danger, the swiftness of the current was so excessive, that we were as yet not above a couple of boats' length from the spot where we first took the alarm; in fact, we were so near the brink of the lasher, that we could discern the dashing of the waters on the other side at the bottom, boiling and glancing in the moonlight.

"What if we were to try to turn?" asked Wilbraham, as the wind continued to blow.

"Not unless we are mad," I cried, positively shuddering at the thought. "If we turn the sides of the skiffs to the stream, we shall be over without a chance of safety. Pull! pull!" I continued, "the wind is dropping; we have a chance yet!"

At this moment I turned my head aside to watch Wilbraham, without relaxing my own efforts, and to my horror saw him miss his stroke with one of his sculls. The scull smote the mere surface of the stream, while the force of the other, ploughing violently through the water, turned the skiff half round before I could utter a cry. Then shooting athwart my boat, Wilbraham's skiff struck it violently on the stern, and turned it out of its course sufficiently to expose its side to the current. The torrent took the broadsides of both skiffs; all possibility of resistance was past; and at the same moment the two little vessels dashed against one another, and were whirled over the brink of the lasher down its foaming side. The real fall of the lasher was only a few feet; but before we were half way down, both skiffs were capsized. I lost all sight of Wilbraham, and was plunged far deep into the water below. In a few moments I rose to the surface, and with inexpressible delight felt one of the sculls strike against me. I seized it, supposing it would support me from sinking, but my weight was too much for it. As I was a strong swimmer, I then struck out, still with hopes of life, aiming across the current for the shore. I shouted aloud for Wilbraham, but the hoarse roar of the waters drowned my cries, and I could hear no answer. The moon, as it happened, shone full in my face, and prevented me from seeing any object that might be in the water immediately before me; and I was beginning to think that I must be already near the shore, as the violence of the stream was perceptibly diminished, when I struck my head against some obstacle, and immediately sunk. Scarcely had I touched the bottom, when I rose rapidly, but suddenly found myself entangled in some way below the surface of the water. After a short struggle I was free, and rising into the air, found myself close to the large boughs of a tree which grew on the banks, and had fallen into the stream. I climbed upon the branches, and in a few moments was on the shore. Then straining my eyes in every direction, I hallooed to Wilbraham. No sound replied, and I feared all was lost, till I descried something floating swiftly a few yards from the bank, and nearing the fallen tree by which I had been landed. It *was* a human form, but not that of a man swimming. I threw myself on the trunk of the tree, and crawled to its extremity just as the body reached it. It *was* Wilbraham; but senseless, if not dead; and preserved from sinking by a huge fragment of the skiff, which he grasped in his arms, and to which he must have clung at the moment that it was shivered by its plunge down the lasher.

I lay down upon the extreme branches of the tree, and

stretching out my hands, had no difficulty in seizing the body as it passed along. To lift it up to the tree was impossible, for I must have raised not only its whole weight, but the weight of the fragment of the boat. There was but one chance, and that was to tow it along by the side of the tree, crawling myself along the trunk. This I proceeded to do, trembling lest at any moment Wilbraham should loosen his hold upon the broken boat, and sink. When within two or three yards of the shore, the trunk of the tree curved upwards, and I could no longer reach the water. Into the water I therefore dropped, the current being now slight, and passing my arm through Wilbraham's, swam for the shore. With half a dozen strokes I should have reached it, when the water suddenly grew shallow, and the broken boat striking against the ground, refused to move. The body was now literally within a foot or two of the bank, but by no possible effort could I draw it ashore. The arms still clung to the broken boat, and resisted all my struggles to unloose them. Wilbraham gave no sign of life, and it was with the utmost difficulty that I could preserve his head from sinking below the surface. I again dashed into the water, and strove to push the whole weight ashore, but of course in vain. I rent the air with cries for help, but not a sound was returned. My agonies were becoming unendurable; the horrors of death appeared in their most appalling forms. It was so awful to see one like Wilbraham thus instantaneously plunged into that futurity whose terrors and joys he had alike treated as fictions, that my new scepticism gave way before the terrible reality. That the *experiment* of eternity should be thus tried, was so inexpressibly dreadful, that I groaned aloud, and gave way to frantic distress. Then, in hopes that help might be at hand, I once more shouted, and to my unspeakable joy, was answered by voices that could not be far off. I called to them to hasten, and was still crying to them, when two labouring men came running up. It seemed that they had been walking on the other side of the river, and were looking at our two skiffs in the moonlight, just before we were precipitated over the lasher. They had seen the accident, and had lost no time in searching for a boat to carry them across, though with scarcely a hope of finding either of us alive. Fortunately a boat had been quickly found, and they were hastening along when my cries reached them. Our united strength soon served to draw Wilbraham's body to shore, though we could not disengage the fragment of the boat to which he still clung. It proved to be so large, that it was not to be wondered at that I had not been able to drag it to land.



It was, in fact, nearly one whole side of the shattered skiff, a large portion being broken away in the middle, so that Wilbraham had been able to throw his arms round it and clasp his hands together. To carry him to the nearest house, with this enormous piece of wood besides, was clearly impossible; and I was compelled to endure the further delay occasioned by our devices for shattering the planks, so as to slip them through his arms. This was at length accomplished by means of a large stone we found on the bank, and we bore the senseless body in the direction of a farm-house at some little distance.

The house had, fortunately, several inmates. One young man I despatched into Oxford for a doctor and some conveyance; and as it turned out that this was not the first time that a body had been brought from the river to the house in question, the mother of the family knew something of the treatment to be adopted. Some time before the doctor had arrived, Wilbraham gave signs of returning animation; and it was not long past midnight when he was pronounced free from *immediate* danger. At the same time, the doctor assured me that, though revived, my friend's system had evidently received so severe a shock that it was not unlikely that some serious mischief might follow.

"I can't make him out," said he; "I have seen many a half-drowned man recover, but there is something about Mr. Wilbraham that puzzles me. I don't like the look of his eyes. He seems as if he had something on his mind; and if he has, depend upon it, it *may* interfere with his permanent recovery. You young men—you'll excuse me, Mr. Morley, for my interference—but you young men, you know, *are* rather wild at times; and I've known too many an aching heart beneath a boisterous laugh, not to suspect *something* with your friend. I don't like that trick of sighing that he has; there's no *physical* reason for it, as far as I can make out. He shuts his eyes too, and shudders, as if something terrified him. Now I know he has had a terribly near escape, but you young fellows generally fly off into some wild way of shewing your fears and your gratitude. Mr. Wilbraham's too quiet; he *can* speak, I am sure, by his pulse and his colour, but he *won't*. I don't like it; I don't like it."

"But you said his system *had* received a severe shock," I replied, wishing to avoid any direct answer.

"So it has, there's no doubt," said the doctor; "and that's what makes me fear. If it was only the body, or only the mind, I should not care; but I perceive, as plainly as eyes can see, that there's something amiss in both. So take my advice, Mr. Morley: don't let your friend be alone during the night.

I must go back into Oxford directly, and you shall have a composing draught in an hour or two. It *may* set him to sleep, but it may *not*. It's out of the question moving him; so we will make some arrangement with these good people, and I shall be here the first thing to-morrow, or rather to-day after breakfast, for it's past midnight already."

Matters were soon arranged; I borrowed a change of dress from the good-natured farmer, and prepared to sit up all night with Wilbraham. Anxious not to do any thing to increase his sleeplessness, I did not attempt conversation for the first hour or so, until I saw that he shewed no signs of sleep. Even after the opiate had arrived, which he took without uttering a word, his wakefulness remained unabated. He lay on his back, with his eyes open, but fixed on no definite object. Now and then he closed them for a few seconds, with a look of suffering, slightly marked, but intensely expressive. I asked him if he was in pain; he shook his head, but made no other reply. His heavy sighs had soon ceased, but now and then a low sigh breathed from his lips, so slow and sad that it wrung my very heart. I sat watching him with ever-increasing earnestness, till my nervous restlessness grew almost past endurance. The deadly paleness of the countenance, the fixed gaze of the eyes, the occasional compression of the lips, and the entire absence of any thing like a violent expression of anguish, either bodily or mental, was so unlike any thing I had ever seen or conceived of, that it overcame me more completely than if I had witnessed the ravings of delirium and the wildest agonies of despair. When I spoke, he paid not the slightest heed to my words; and I said as little as I could, though the effort I was compelled to make in order to restrain myself tasked my utmost powers.

Thus hour after hour rolled on. At length I remarked that whenever the house-clock (which struck every quarter of an hour, with a hard, clicking noise) sounded, an additional pallor overspread Wilbraham's cheeks, while his breathing was perceptibly quickened. About four o'clock, he evidently noticed that the morning light was beginning to appear through the chinks in the closed shutters, and I asked him if I should open them, as the day had begun. He faintly moved his head in acquiescence, and for a short time seemed eased by the return of the daylight. The change was, however, short-lived. The former dreadful look of inward but repressed anguish returned more strongly marked than before. I thought over every conceivable subject on which to found a few words of inquiry or comfort, for the full awfulness of his situation was every moment rising before me in more appalling colours.



Yet amid the tumult of fear and hope and unbelief in my own mind, I could not find a solitary ground of consolation. I at length reminded him of his words to me on the previous night, just before our accident had befallen us.

"Forgive me, my dear Wilbraham," I said, "but I cannot bear to see you as you are now, and not speak to you. You *may* die soon, and I cannot help asking you what you meant by what you said last night, just before the current took our boats. Tell me, for God's sake, how the future you then spoke about appears to you now? Is it as dark as you said it was?"

He closed his eyes, and replied in tones so low that it was with difficulty I could catch his words:

"Dark! Oh, dark as night, dark as hell! Yet no! not all dark! There is light around me; it is my soul that is dark. I tremble, I shudder, my heart is frozen. Oh, the past! the past! that fearful, awful, never-dying past! Can I be as if I had never been? Ah no!—never!—never!"

Completely bewildered, I made no reply, but sat watching him in silence. He soon spoke again:

"I see nothing, yet not altogether nothing. I know that I am deceiving myself when I say there is nothing before me. Once I saw it, but now—oh, is it gone from my sight for ever?—And then myself!—Morley, you do not know what it is to be, to *exist*; but I know it *now*. It clings to me, it presses on me, it binds me down. I cannot shake off myself; not this wretched body,—*that* may go;—but myself, my soul, my life, my being. I *am*! Oh, horrible fate!"

Again he was silent, and again he murmured:

"And where is He whom once I knew? I cannot see Him; I would deny his existence, but I cannot. He sees me; I feel his eye upon my soul; He sees all, He knows all; and He abhors me! No! He *cannot* hate me; not yet, not yet! Oh! Name that once I loved, and that never for so many years has now passed my lips; I cannot utter it, I dare not. Could I but call Him by that name, would He hear me? Is it possible? Should I feel the tenderness of that eye that now burns my very soul with its piercing look? Oh, my ——! I *cannot* speak it. Yet He still looks upon me; and He cannot hate me; no! not yet, not yet!"

Once more he was silent, and I fancied there was a softening in the rigidity of his terror-struck countenance, though his words spoke only of despair and horror. He soon began again:

"Could I but call upon Him! Who will shew Him to me, and loosen my lips? My Mother! my Mother! where art thou? Remember that in all my sins and apostacy I have never blas-



phemed thy name, any more than *his*. The hour is come; it is my hour, but it is thine also. 'Pray for me now, and in the hour of my death;'—so I often said to thee before the time of my guilt began. Hast thou forgotten me, Mary? Oh, unlock my lips, that I may speak *his* name, for I am not yet dead. But I die, I die, and there is none to help. Mary, my Mother, help me, or I am lost for ever!"

At length, after some little interval, during which his lips still moved as if he were speaking, he turned towards me, and said:

"Morley, put your hand round my neck, and see if there is any thing hanging there."

I did as he bade me, but could find nothing.

"Where are the clothes that were taken off me last night?" he then asked.

"They were taken into another room to dry," I replied.

"Could you get at them?" rejoined Wilbraham. "If you could, pray see if there is not something like a locket, tied to a piece of ribbon, that was pulled off my neck in the hurry; and bring it me. It is the last office of kindness you will ever do me; and how little I deserve it, none can tell but myself."

I left the room, and soon found what I sought. The locket was large-sized, and of gold, very old-fashioned in workmanship. Wondering what it was, I brought it to Wilbraham. He took it, and tried to open it, but his strength was so far gone, that the clasp was too stiff for him. He handed it to me, and asked me to unfasten it. I did so; and to my amazement saw that it contained a very small crucifix, apparently of gold, like the case. That Wilbraham should have carried (as I supposed) such a thing about his person, struck me as one of the most inexplicable parts of his inexplicable history. I handed it to him, and with one hand he held it before his eyes, while with the other he clasped the bed-clothes with an agonised grasp. As he looked, his lips began to quiver, his whole expression changed, and at length he dropped the crucifix, covered his eyes with his hands, and uttering the word "Jesus!" sobbed and wept. I dared not speak to him, I was so overcome with a mysterious fear and dread. He soon grew calm, and for about half an hour lay perfectly motionless and silent. Then extending his hand to me, he whispered faintly:

"Morley, will you feel my pulse?"

I did so, and with great difficulty, for its beatings could scarcely be perceived.

"Is it *very* faint?" he asked.

"I can scarcely feel it," I replied.

"How do I look?" he then murmured.

I let in as much light from the window as was possible, and turned to observe him more narrowly. The change in his features was fearful, and I was convinced that he was dying.

"I must send off for the doctor instantly, Wilbraham," I said.

"Perhaps you had better," he rejoined; "but—but—Morley, you will be astonished, but it *must* be done. There is another person I must send for: I must see a priest."

"A *Catholic* priest?" I cried.

He bowed his head slightly in acquiescence; and as I still lingered, he added:

"Surely you will not refuse me, my dear Morley."

"His mind is gone," I said to myself, as I left the room; but nevertheless I did what he desired me. The people in the house were soon roused, and a messenger was despatched into Oxford, who promised to return with doctor and priest together. I then went back to Wilbraham, and would fain have renewed the conversation, but he was disinclined to speak. His lips still moved occasionally, but he said nothing. Suddenly he was roused, and a look of indescribable horror darkened his face. His voice was almost gone, but I could hear him hoarsely murmuring, "Save me! save me!" Then he bade me shew him the crucifix, which he could not hold himself. I held it before him, and he seemed to be looking at it, but his sight was evidently failing, for he whispered, "Where is it? where is *He*? Oh, my God!" Two or three times I thought all was over; but the master and mistress of the house, who were up and had come into the room, declared that he was still alive. We tried to get him to take some stimulants; but, as had been the case nearly all through the night, he could not drink when he attempted. At length the noise of wheels driving rapidly up to the house caught our ear. He heard it also, and murmured, "Are they come? is it possible?"

But all human help was too late. At the very moment that the room-door opened, he murmured, "Jesus! Mary!" and ceased to breathe.

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## ANGLO-CATHOLICS IN THEORY AND IN FACT.

1. They profess their belief in the *visible unity* of the Church.

2. They profess their belief in the *infallibility* of the Church Catholic.

3. They profess to believe that a confession of the true faith, in the article of the Creed "one baptism for the remission of sins," is *essential* to Christian communion.

4. They profess to believe in the real Presence of Christ upon the altar, under the form of bread and wine; and that wherever He is, He ought to be adored.

5. They profess to believe in the sacrifice of the Mass, or holy Eucharist.

6. They profess to believe that absolution is a sacrament (in a secondary sense), and that the general practice of confession is most salutary and healthful to the soul.

7. They profess to believe in the perpetuity of the Church, and they account as Saints many who lived in the middle ages.

1. They admit that *visibly* the Church is *divided* into the Roman, Greek, and Anglican communions.

2. They believe that general councils *may err*, and sometimes *have erred*. *Art. 21.*

3. They hold communion with those who openly, avowedly, and by the law of their Church, deny that sin is remitted to infants in and by baptism.

4. They assign a reason for "kneeling at the Lord's Supper" quite irrespective of any such presence. *See rubric at the end of the Communion Office.*

5. They call "the sacrifices of Masses," without qualification or explanation, "blasphemous fables and dangerous deceits."

6. They deny that persons ought to be urged or enjoined to avail themselves of so great a benefit; and that although the way to heaven is very difficult, yet persons may safely neglect this means of grace.

7. They judge that the homilies should be read in churches (as containing "a godly and wholesome doctrine"), which declare that "laity, clergy, learned and unlearned, all ages, sects, and degrees of men, women, and children, of whole Christendom (an horrible and most dreadful thing to think),



8. They profess to believe the Bishop of Rome a true Bishop of the Catholic Church, and that a primacy of order among all Bishops belongs to him.

9. They account the Lutheran doctrine of "justification by faith only" to be heresy.

10. They would not venture to affirm that the doctrine of transubstantiation, as held and taught by Roman doctors, is not the true doctrine of the Church.

11. They profess to believe that the spiritual independence of their Church, both in discipline and doctrine, is *essential* to its position as a true branch of the Church Catholic.

have been at once drowned in abominable idolatry, of all other vices most detested of God, and most damnable to man; and that by the space of 800 years and more." *Homily against Peril of Idolatry.*

8. They most solemnly and without qualification commend a book (the Homilies) which speaks of the Bishop of Rome as Antichrist.

9. The Articles of their Church plainly admit that heresy, if they do not favour it. *Art. 11, 12, 13.*

10. The article of their Church declares that "transubstantiation (or the change of the substance of bread and wine in the Supper of the Lord) is repugnant to the plain words of Scripture, and overthroweth the nature of a sacrament."

11. They have recently received a Bishop forced upon their Church by the power of the State, both Church and State combining in the refusal to hear objections, on account of alleged heresy, against the said Bishop's appointment, *on the express ground* that such appointment was *absolutely* vested in the Crown.

More recently still they have received into communion, and acquiesced in his being admitted to the cure of souls, one whom the courts of their Church had pronounced unsound in doctrine, but whom the Queen in council determined to be sound.

12. They profess to believe that "Catholic" doctrine (as distinguished from what they term "Roman") is the truth of God, and is essential to the saving of souls; and that the practices arising therefrom, such as penance (including confession), the offering of the daily Sacrifice, the reservation of the blessed Sacrament and devotions to it, the adoration of Christ really present on the altar, the use of the crucifix,—that these are most salutary and helpful to the salvation of souls; and this, too, where salvation is so difficult that "the righteous are scarcely saved."

12. They form a part of a communion composed of persons the vast majority of whom cast out the very name of Catholic as evil, denounce the doctrines of Catholics to be "blasphemous fables and dangerous deceits" (see the Address of the English Bishops to the Queen). They form a part of a system, and therefore support and aid that system, in which the doctrines and practices here specified are regarded with abhorrence; which allies itself with all kinds of Protestant Dissenters against Rome as "a common enemy;" which supports societies for sending forth missionaries and distributing books for the express purpose of opposing the Catholic Church, and denouncing the doctrines and practices which they themselves approve of.

Such are some of the inconsistencies in which persons of the High-Church party are necessarily involved by continuing in a body with which they can have no sympathy, and which they know and acknowledge to be in many points untruthful and corrupt. Let such persons try to place themselves outside of the system in which they are, and there can be no doubt that many would cut off their right hand rather than subscribe to those principles in which it involves them. Especially let every clergyman of the Established Church remember, that as it is only in virtue of his subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles that he is allowed to officiate at all, so every time that he officiates, he virtually renews his subscription to those Articles, and avows *ex animo* his "assent and consent to every thing in the Book of Common Prayer." Is it possible that he can deliberately do this? Is it possible that any one of the many High-Church clergy now officiating in the Established Church, can deliberately, and on reflection, with the certainty that recent events have stamped on such an act, set his hand to a document which, amongst other things, pro-

nounces that the Church is *not* infallible, in that "general councils may err, and have erred;" that transubstantiation is a false doctrine; which *seems*, at least, to say that even the sacrifice of the holy Eucharist is a blasphemous fable and dangerous deceit; which refuses adoration to Christ on the altar; and which countenances and highly commends a book which pronounces the first Bishop in Christendom to be Antichrist, and declares that the whole of Christendom for 800 years has been "drowned in abominable idolatry."

Let those who shrink from such fearful assertions remember the words of their Lord: "He that is not with me is against me, and he that gathereth not with me scattereth."

## COLLECTIONS ILLUSTRATING THE HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH BENEDICTINE CONGREGATION.

### CHAPTER VII. (*continued.*)

CROWDER, ANSELM, of Montgomeryshire, was amongst the earliest novices at Douay, assuming the habit on 15th April, 1609. He was younger brother of Dom Mark. (*Weldon*, p. 49.) Singularly devoted to the Blessed Virgin, he set up a noble confraternity, in her honour, of the Rosary in London. It was powerfully supported, for Robert Earl of Cardigan was prefect of the sodality. (*Ibid.* p. 185.) Its dean kept here the inestimable relic of the holy thorn, which had belonged to Glastonbury Abbey, before the suppression of the Catholic religion in England. (*Ibid.* p. 176.) F. Crowder died in the Old Bailey, London, 5th May, 1666, æt. 73. In conjunction with Thomas Vincent Sadler, O.S.B., he published the pious work entitled, *Jesus, Mary, Joseph, or the Devout Pilgrim of the ever-blessed Virgin Mary*, by A. C. and T. V. 12mo, pp. 646. Amsterdam, 1657.

ELLIS, (MICHAEL) PHILIP, third son of Rev. John Ellis, Rector of Waddesden, Bucks, by his wife Susanna Welbore, whilst a pupil in Westminster School, was called to the Catholic faith and to the grace of religion in St. Gregory's convent, Douay, where he made his profession, 30th November, 1670, æt. 18.\* After duly qualifying himself for the ministry,

\* The compiler of the *Ellis Correspondence*, vol. i. p. 18, ignorantly asserts that Philip was *kidnapped* by the Jesuits, and brought up by them in the Roman Catholic religion in their College of St. Omer!



he was sent to labour in the English vineyard. His great abilities recommended him to the notice of King James II., who appointed him one of his chaplains and preachers; and when Pope Innocent XI., on 30th January, 1688, signified his wish that his majesty would nominate three fit subjects to fill the newly-constituted vicariats, midland, northern, and western (for Dr. John Leybourne, Bishop of Adrumetum,\* in Libya, during the last three years, had governed the whole of England), Dom Ellis, then thirty-six years of age, was selected for the western vicariat, and was consecrated Bishop, on Sunday, 6th May, 1688, at St. James's, where the king had established a convent of fourteen Benedictine monks, by the title of Aureliopolis. In the second week of July, the new prelate confirmed a considerable number of youths, some of them recent converts, in the new chapel of the Savoy. (*Ellis Correspondence*, vol. ii. p. 62.) In his letter (*ibid.* p. 145) to his brother John,† dated from St. James's, 26th August, 1688, he describes the uneasiness of the court at the preparations making in Holland by the Prince of Orange. We doubt if this vicar-apostolic attempted to visit his diocese; for on the breaking out of the Revolution at London in the ensuing November, he was apprehended and committed to Newgate (*Macaulay's History*, vol. ii. p. 563); yet he was soon restored to liberty. Foreseeing but faint prospect of serving the cause of religion in such turbulent times, he left England for the court of his exiled sovereign, at St. Germaines, and after staying some time, obtained permission to visit the Eternal City. In 1693, Pope Innocent XII. made him an assistant prelate; and on the feast of St. Lewis, six years later, says Weldon (p. 218), "he sung the High Mass in the French Church at Rome, before many Cardinals, invited and received by the Cardinal de Bouillon. The Prince of Monaco, ambassador of France, being then incognito, assisted in a tribune." Resigning his western vicariat, he was promoted by Pope Clement XI. to the vacant see of Segni, in the Campagna di Roma. There he originated a seminary, over which he watched with parental zeal and solicitude. In November 1710, he

\* On his arrival in London, the king provided him with suitable quarters in Whitehall, and a pension of one thousand pounds. Mr. Macaulay (*Hist. of Engl.* vol. ii. p. 21) will have it that he was a *Dominican*! Obiit 1703, æt. 83.

† This eldest brother, John, became under-secretary of state to King William III., and died s.p. in London in 1738, æt. 93. The second, Sir William Ellis, knt., was secretary of state to the exiled King James, and died at Rome in 1734, s.p. Welbore Ellis, younger brother to Philip, made Bishop of Kildare in 1705, and translated to the valuable see of Meath in 1731, died in January 1734, leaving a family ennobled with the titles of Lords Mendip, Clifden, and Dover. Brother Samuel was marshal of the King's Bench; and the youngest brother, Charles, took holy orders in the Established Church.

held a synod in the choir of his cathedral, which was hung with red silk for the occasion: about seventy of his clergy attended, all of whom he entertained with generous hospitality. The acts of this synod received the formal approbation of several divines; even Pope Clement XI. ordered them to be published. In addition to his many meritorious works, he substantially repaired and embellished his palace; and to his cathedral he left a splendid mitre and some costly vestments; but the bulk of his property he bequeathed to his beloved seminary. A dropsy of the chest carried him off on 16th November, 1726, æt. 74; and his honoured remains were deposited in the centre of the seminary church.

Besides the acts of the synod above mentioned, several sermons of this learned divine were committed to the press.

1. A sermon preached at Windsor on the first Sunday of October, 1685, on the text Matt. xxii. 37. 2. At St. James's on 1st November, 1685. 3. At ditto on the third Sunday of Advent that year. 4. At ditto on new year's day, 1686. 5. At ditto on Ash-Wednesday following. 6. At ditto on the feast of All Saints, 1686; in which he announced that the English Benedictine Congregation had authorised him to declare absolute renunciation on their part to all titles or rights, which might possibly be inherent in them, to possessions formerly in their hands; that the Church, and in her name the supreme pastor, had quitted all pretensions to them, and prayed that what she had loosed upon earth may be loosed in heaven; and that every person concerned may enjoy a quiet conscience, and continue for ever in the undisturbed possession of their present holdings. The monks solemnly protest, that they desire nothing to be restored but their reputation, and to be thought by their countrymen neither pernicious nor useless members of their common country.\* 7. A sermon on the second Sunday of Advent, 1686.

\* The public good and tranquillity of the country had induced the Catholic clergy of England, in 1554, to petition the Pope and the parliament to ratify their absolute renunciation of all claim to their former Church property, so that the actual possessors of Church lands hold them by as secure a tenure as the holders of any private property. On 24th December, 1554, Cardinal Pole published the dispensation from Lambeth, proclaiming that "*Bonorum ecclesiasticorum tam mobilium quam immobilium possessores non possint in presenti, nec in posterum, seu per conciliorum generalium vel provincialium dispositiones, seu decretales Romanorum Pontificum epistolas, seu aliam quamcumque censuram ecclesiasticam in dictis bonis seu eorundem possessione molestari, inquietari, vel perturbari, nec eis aliquæ censuræ vel pænæ ecclesiasticæ propter hujusmodi detentionem, seu non restitutionem irrogari vel infligi, et sic per quoscunque judices et auditores, sublata eis quavis aliter judicandi et interpretandi facultate et autoritate judicari et definiri debere, et quicquid secus attentari contigerit, irritum et inane fore decernimus.*" This the Cardinal published *authoritate apostolica per litteras Smi. D. N. D. Julii Papæ III. nobis concessa.* In the preamble



A beautiful portrait of the Bishop, engraved by Meyer, is prefixed to the *Ellis Correspondence*, published by the Hon. George Agar Ellis, in 2 vols. 8vo, 1829.

**EUSTACE, JOHN CHETWODE.** This elegant scholar and classical tourist received his gratuitous education at St. Gregory's, Douay; but after receiving the habit, quitted without making his profession; yet ever retained a warm attachment to the order. He died of fever during his second visit to Naples, on 1st August, 1815, æt. 54, and was buried in the church of the Crocelle. Dr. Weedall, in his interesting *Correspondence on the Januarian Controversy*, inserted in the *Catholic Magazine* of March 1832, affirms, on the best authority, that Mr. Eustace retracted his crude and hastily pronounced sentiments on the miracle of St. Januarius, and acknowledged to a friend that he was in the wrong, adding, "But I am preparing another edition of my work, and I hope that on *that* point, and on some others, you and the public will be contented with me" (p. 9). His *Classical Tour*, 2 vols. 4to, published in 1814, was well received by the public, and had a large circulation. His beautiful *Elegy to the Duchess of Leinster*, on the loss of an infant son, left on an urn in a little temple erected to his memory, is fortunately preserved in Keating's *Catholicon*, vol. v. November 1817, p. 205. At Downside is a ms. Course of Rhetoric from his pen.

**FECKENHAM, JOHN, alias HOWMAN**, born in Worcestershire, of poor but industrious parents, discovered in early life such dispositions to piety, and such capacity for learning, that his parish priest took charge of his tuition, and in due time obtained his admittance into Evesham Abbey. At the age of eighteen he was sent by the Abbot Clement Lichfield, *alias* Wych, to Gloucester Hall, Oxford, to finish his academical course; but shortly after his return, the suppression of religious houses took place, and he was thrown adrift on the world with a pension of ten pounds. King Edward VI. had scarcely acceded to the crown, when Cranmer, provoked at Feckenham's zeal for the ancient faith and practice, caused his commitment to the Tower of London. Through the interest of Philip Hobbie, the purchaser, I believe, of the site of Evesham Monastery, his enlargement was procured for a time; but as his courage and constancy in asserting his religious convictions could not be subdued, he was re-

this Cardinal legate observes, that the Bishops and clergy, who had been the principal injured parties, had supplicated for this conciliatory and satisfactory measure.



manded to his former prison, where he remained until the accession of Queen Mary. Her majesty, in reward of his exemplary fidelity, appointed him one of her chaplains, and on 10th March, 1554, preferred him to the deanery of St. Paul's, void by the deprivation of Dr. William May. Enlightened, moderate, frank, and full of the charities which true religion inspires, the society of the new dean was courted by all parties. It was his pleasure and delight to administer relief and consolation to all in distress; hence he became a general favourite. When the queen and her royal husband Philip determined, by their charter, dated from Croydon, 7th September, 1556, to restore to the Benedictine monks their former Abbey of Westminster,\* Dr. Feckenham was judged the fittest party to govern it. On the feast of the Presentation of our Lady, 21st November, that year, he appeared there with fourteen monks, clothed in the venerable Benedictine habit. "With great zeal," says Pennant (*London*, p. 83), "had the queen collected many of the rich vestments and insignia of Catholic worship;" and Strype adds, "the morrow after, the lord abbot from his convent went a procession after the old fashion, in their monks' weeds, in coats of black say, with two vergers carrying two silver rods in their hands; and at even-song the vergers went through the cloisters to the abbot, and so went into the church before the high altar; and there my lord kneeled down and his convent; and after his prayer made, was brought into the choir with the vergers, and so into his place, and presently he began the even-song, being St. Clement's eve. On the 29th day, at Westminster Abbey, was the lord stalled, and did wear a mitre. The Lord Cardinal Pole was there, and many Bishops, and the lord treasury, and a great company. On the 6th of December following, the abbot went a procession with his convent; before him went all the Sanctuary men with cross keys upon their garments." He further states, "that on 21st of March following was made the paschal candle of the Abbey, of 300lbs of wax: there were at the making the master and warden of the Wax Chandlers; and after a grand dinner."

In Henry Martyn's *Diary*, p. 130, we read of a translation of the body of St. Edward, king and confessor, unnoticed in the learned Alban Butler's *Saint's Lives*. "The 20th day of March, 1557, was taken up at Westminster again (with a hundred lights) King Edward the Confessor, in the same place

\* Some of our readers may not be aware that Edward Duke of Somerset had intended to pull down this abbey and church, in order to erect a palace proportionable to his greatness. See at what a price it was rescued from demolition, in Heylyn's *Hist. of Edw. VI.* p. 60.

where the shrine was; and it shall be set up again as fast as my Lord Abbot Feckenham can have it done. It was a goodly sight to have seen it: how reverently he was carried from the place; he was taken up where he was laid when the Abbey was spoiled and robbed. And so he was carried; and goodly singing and censing as has been seen, and Mass sung."

Under the presidency of such an abbot, the religious increased to the number of twenty-eight: every day witnessed some improvement. For ornament, as well as for the benefit of future times, he took delight in planting; and Holborn was indebted to him for an aqueduct. But soon the horizon was overclouded, and a deluge of woes was to burst upon England. Queen Mary died on the 17th November, 1558, in the absence of her royal husband; Cardinal Pole survived her majesty but twenty-two hours; and her proud and heartless sister Elizabeth succeeded to the throne. Before her coronation she sent for the abbot, to whom she had been under peculiar obligations, and she endeavoured to win him over to support her meditated project of subverting the national religion; but she found that she could as easily turn the sun from its course as induce him to turn traitor to his conscience, to his God. At her first parliament this mitred abbot took his seat in the House of Peers, and nobly defended the interests of the Catholic Church. The consequence was, that he was ejected with his monks from the abbey on the 12th of July, 1559, and was committed once more to the Tower. Other prisons also were sanctified by the sufferings of this patriotic, accomplished, and benevolent man; and he closed his honourable life within the walls of Wisbich Castle in 1585. Who would not prefer his Christian end to that of his merciless sovereign? Of this "good old man," as even Heylyn calls him (p. 36), we learn from a note of Bishop Kennet, prefixed to a copy at Oxford of Wood's *Athenæ*, that "Abbot Feckenham left what he had to the Church of Westminster, and gave the dean good directions about such lands leased out which could not otherwise have been easily discovered, in letters which are still preserved among the records." "As for the Queen," says Heylyn, "*she* pleased herself in the choice of some of the best lands belonging to the abbey" (p. 136). The mantle of the holy abbot devolved upon one of his religious, F. Robert (Sigebert) Buckley, whom Providence reserved for better times to keep up the perpetual fire (Levit. vi.), and to become, as we have shewn already, the restorer of the English Benedictine Congregation.

For an account of Dr. Feckenham's works we refer the reader to Wood's *Athenæ*, part i. pp. 178-9.

GIFFORD, WM. Under the Priory of St. Malo, we have given a brief sketch of this truly learned and honoured dignitary of the Church and "*Anglorum lucidum decus*," *Apostolatus*, part ii. p. 193. He is known to have assisted Dr. Anthony Champney in his *Treatise on the Protestant Ordinations*, 4to, Douay, 1616, pp. 326. His *Sermons for Advent*, delivered in French, and translated by himself into Latin, were published at Rheims, in 8vo, 1625. The treatise *Calvino-Turcismus* had been commenced by Dr. Wm. Reynolds, but was finished by Dr. Gifford. But most of his mss. perished in the fire that consumed the archives of Dieulwart on 13th Oct. 1717.

GLOVER, (BENEDICTUS) EDWARD, born at Prescott, 4th March, 1787, with his younger brother Vincent (born 11th February, 1791, died at Brownedge, 6th August, 1840), reached Lambspring on 7th November, 1798, and both exemplary members of the order. Edward, appointed to the mission of Little Crosby, county of Lancaster, published *An Explanation of the Prayers and Ceremonies of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass*; a most useful work, full of unction and wisdom and moderation. It was followed by an *Explanation of the Sacraments and some Practices of the Catholic Church*. This zealous religious died prematurely 14th May, 1834.

GRAY, ALEXIA, was a religious in the Benedictine nunnery at Ghent. Her translation of the *Rule of St. Benedict*, dedicated to the Abbess Eugenia Poulton, was printed in that city by Joos Dooms in 1632.

HILL (OF ST. GREGORY), THOMAS, D.D., was admitted into the English College at Rome, November 1593. Whilst a priest on the mission, and a prisoner for the faith, and under sentence of death, he was admitted to the habit in 1612. Weldon (p. 164) relates that "he first detected the error of the Illuminati, who expected the incarnation of the Holy Ghost from a certain young virgin." He died at Douay, æt. 84; of his priesthood 53, of his religious profession 33, of his labours in the Apostolic mission 50. He wrote a very devout book entitled the *Plain Pathway to Heaven*.

HUDDLESTON, RICHARD, youngest son of Andrew Huddleston, of Farrington Hall, Lancashire, was born in 1583. Sent to Rheims College, says Weldon (or rather Douay, to which the students returned in 1593, after thirteen years' unworthy exile), he became an exquisite proficient in his humanities; then was transferred to Rome, where he pursued a course of philosophy and divinity with singular credit. Following the bent of his mind towards a religious state, he made his profes-



sion in the ancient Benedictine monastery at Monte Cassino, and there spent several years in solitude, in prayer, and reading the holy Scriptures, Councils, Fathers, &c. And now, thoroughly qualified for an apostolical missionary, he exercised his zeal and talents in reducing his strayed countrymen to the sheepfold of Christ, and in confirming the faithful in the principles and practice of their religion. It pleased the Divine goodness to bless his endeavours. Many leading families, the Irelands, Watertons, Middletons, Trapps, Thimblebys, &c. in Yorkshire; those of the Prestons, Andertons, Downs, Straffords, Sherbourns, Inglebys, &c. in Lancashire; with numberless others of all states and conditions, owe, next to God, their respective reconciliations to this worthy Benedictine. He wrote several treatises. The one entitled *A Short and Plain Way to the Faith and Church*, which King Charles II., during his visit at Mosely Hall (after the defeat at Worcester, 3d September, 1651), carefully digested, was pronounced by his majesty to be most satisfactory and conclusive. It would be wise to reprint it and encourage its circulation. The venerable Father died in England on 26th November, 1655, æt. 72.

His worthy nephew, F. JOHN HUDDLESTON, whose name will be cherished and honoured whilst loyalty and patriotism shall be held in estimation, and who, after being instrumental in preserving the person of his sovereign Charles II. in September 1651 from the envenomed malice of his rebellious subjects, was employed to prepare his soul for eternity on 5th February, 1685, has left in print a circumstantial description of that last scene. This good man was chaplain to the Queen Catherine as early as 1671, with a salary of 100*l.*, besides a pension of another 100*l.* The Lords, by their vote recorded in their journals of 7th December, 1678, had protected this defender and guardian of his king from trouble during the national delirium excited by Oates' plot; he weathered the hurricane of the Revolution; and was suffered to die in peace at Somerset House, 22d September, 1698, æt. 90.

HULL, FRANCIS. All that I can learn from Weldon (p. 167) is, that he was a very devout man, and author of several pious books; but mistaking the spiritual conduct of Rev. F. Austin (Baker) caused him very great troubles, of which he sorely repented himself on his deathbed. He was the first person buried in St. Bennet's Church at St. Malo's, and was laid near the pulpit. His death occurred on the last day of the year 1645.

JOHN JONES, *alias* LANDER A SANTO MARTINO. We have briefly mentioned this ornament of the English Benedictines

as fourth prior of St. Gregory's, Douay; and under the article of F. Austin Baker, as the translator of the materials collected by F. Baker for the *Apostolatus Benedictinorum in Anglia*, into Latin. We have from his pen: *Sacra Ars Memoriae*, Douay, 8vo, 1623; *Conciliatio Locorum communium totius Scripturæ*, Douay, 1623; *Biblia Sacra cum Glossa interlineari*, 6 vols. folio. *Opera Ludovici Blossii* were edited by this learned scholar; as also *Arnobius contra Gentes*, with annotations, Douay, 1634. In Wood's account of this eminent man, may be observed some manifest mistakes. *Athenæ*, part i. p. 514.

JOHNSTON, JOSEPH. He was one of the monks at St. James's Chapel, during the reign of King James II. F. Weldon (p. 230) informs us that he translated into English some of Bossuet's controversial works. He died 9th July, 1723. I suspect he translated also the prelate's *L'Histoire Universelle*, which appeared in English, 8vo, 1686.

MANNOCK, (ANSELM) JOHN, the admired author of the *Poor Man's Catechism* and of the *Poor Man's Controversy*. The pious writer went to his recompense on 30th November, 1764.

MACDONALD, (BENEDICT) ARCHIBALD, for many years was settled at Liverpool, where he published *Moral Essays*, in 2 vols.; also a portion of *Ossian's Poems*, in rhyme; also a prayer-book, entitled a *Companion to the Altar*. He died there, 29th July, 1814.

MARSH, (CUTHBERT) WILLIAM. I think he was professed at Lamspring, 11th January, 1668. His sermon delivered at St. James's before their majesties, on Sunday, 24th October, 1686, was printed. He died 4th October, 1704.

MARSH, RICHARD, S.T.D. We have mentioned him as the last prior of St. Lawrence's, at Dieulwart. We have read his interesting narrative of the violent seizure of that establishment in Oct. 1793, and of his escape, in Mr. Andrew's *Orthodox Journal* of 1834 and 1835, and have been delighted with his moral courage, presence of mind, tender consideration for all under his charge, and indefatigable activity. Towards the conclusion, it is gratifying to observe his tribute to the English ex-Jesuits at Liege. "At Liege I rested three days with my countrymen, the gentlemen of the Academy, from whom I received so many kindnesses, that, in my situation, I was almost ashamed of them. I had all the money offered me that I could desire." He landed at Deal, after an absence of eighteen years from England. In May 1802, he re-visited

his convent, to see if any thing could be recovered, and succeeded in resuscitating St. Edmund's College, of Paris, at Douay. Chosen president, as successor to Dr. Brewer, he worthily governed his brethren for twenty years. At the age of 81, and on 23d February, 1843, at Rixton, he closed a well-spent and honourable life.

MAYHEW, EDWARD, or MAY, says Weldon (p. 40), of Dinton, Wilts, not far from Salisbury, who, after twelve years spent in the mission, took the habit at the hands of F. Beech; and on 21st November, 1607, was professed with F. Robert (Vincent) Sadler by the venerable restorer of his brethren, F. Sigebert Buckley, and was very efficient, in the sequel, in promoting the welfare of the Congregation. His learned labours are: *Notes upon the Sarum Manual*; *The Grounds of the New and Old Religion*; *An Answer to Mr. Field's Objections*; *A Paradise of Prayers*; and especially *Congregationis Anglicanæ Ordinis S. Benedicti Trophæa*, dedicated to his dear friend, Dr. William Gifford. Mr. Dodd (*Church Hist.* vol ii. p. 401) says he can give no account of the time of his death. Weldon (p. 124) expressly records his death at Cambray, 14th September, 1625, and that he lies buried in the parish-church of St. Vedast.

METCALF, (PLACID) EDWARD. This zealous and well-informed priest of Ampleforth, after his religious profession, was induced to accept secularisation. He published a Catechism, and the *Garden of the Soul*, in Welsh. He died at Leeds, 28th May, 1847, æt. 56.

MORE, GERTRUDE, was the author of *Spiritual Exercises, or a Lover's Confessions*. The portrait in the beginning is beautiful. Her address to the reader is extended to 112 pages: the work itself consists of 312 pages. It is a posthumous publication, in 1658, for she had died in her nunnery at Cambray on 18th August, 1633. The pious writer dedicated it to her sister Bridget, afterwards prioress of the English Benedictine Dames at Paris, who survived till 12th October, 1692.

[To be continued.]

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## Reviews.

### THE CHURCH AND THE ANTIQUARIANS.

*The Christian Remembrancer for January 1851.* London  
Mozley.

IT is not often that we find the *Christian Remembrancer* a very *readable* publication. Whatever be the merits of Protestant theological writers, it is difficult for a Catholic to peruse their speculations without a sense of weariness which such writers themselves can scarcely comprehend. They cannot tell how utterly unreal nearly all their disquisitions seem to us; how they appear to be playing at religion; how wide their arguments fall from the mark at which they are aimed; how hopelessly ignorant they shew themselves of the nature and inward existence of a true Catholic; what a "much ado about nothing" are all their internal broils and controversy; and with what a singular mixture of respect, pity, indignation, curiosity, surprise, and affectionate interest, we watch their wanderings to and fro, marvelling how persons with so much that seems honourable, honest, and well-informed, can believe in such hypocrisies, utter so much nonsense, and linger so miserably in their land of delusions.

Protestants, whether High-Church or Low-Church, sometimes wonder why Catholics will not read Protestant books; and Puseyites especially are astonished and hurt that we do not more sympathise with their open and apparently sincere expressions of respect for the Catholic Church and her children. Other reasons, doubtless, may be assigned for our general neglect of Protestant religious writings, but unquestionably no reason is more powerful than the oppressive dulness of their publications of every school. They are interesting to us only in two ways, neither of them, we fear, peculiarly flattering to Protestants themselves. They please us when they give signs of the probable future conversion of their writers, or instruct us in the precise details of the ceaseless conflicts going on among them; and they amuse us when they would come more personally into conflict with living Catholics and Catholic affairs, and betray the nature of that anti-Catholic gossip which enlivens Protestant coteries. Now and then, of course, but at rare intervals, they put forth something in the way of controversy which is clearly worth attending to, which paints real difficulties, or is the utterance of a soul in anguish, and which

not only demands a serious, straightforward reply, but awakes our sincerest sympathy, and redoubles our prayers.

The last-published Number of the *Christian Remembrancer* contains an article which comes under one of the exceptional heads we have thus specified, and which, if it arouses no very tender emotions, at least furnishes very tolerable entertainment. The writer is Mr. Beresford Hope, as he himself informs us in the article itself, not in so many exact words, but by telling us that he personally paid a visit to St. Wilfrid's, Staffordshire, for architectural and—we can scarcely doubt—for *reviewing* purposes. He is also so very free in touching upon the personal identity and history of certain Catholics, including the editor of these very pages (to whom, by the way, he attributes an act which, meritorious as it seems in Protestant eyes, he must entirely disclaim), that he can scarcely be surprised if he finds his hints at the authorship of his article filled up with his real name.

The object of the paper, which is entitled "Oratorianism and Ecclesiology," is curious, and the honesty of its admissions is not less remarkable. Mr. Hope is one of those Anglican Churchmen who, finding themselves not only cut off from all spiritual connexion with the Catholic Church, but plunged in their own communion into a system radically anti-Catholic, have devised a new phase of the old heresy which, under various guises, has infested the nominally Christian world for so many centuries. He is a chief supporter of the *architectural* school of objectors to the claims of the living Church. This school is pretty numerous among the followers of Dr. Pusey, who himself is the chief upholder of the same heresy on pretended *patristic* grounds. The old story of "antiquity against novelty" is at the root of every fresh development of the one same principle of rebellion. "The Roman Church of to-day is corrupt; the Roman Church of former days was perfectly pure and apostolic; *we*, if we are discountenanced, or even disowned, by Rome, are at least right in theory, and we endeavour to be right in practice; Rome is wrong in practice, and in order to justify herself, devises theories to suit her modern innovations; and therefore we are, perhaps, all on a level; each party has its losses and its sins, each its gains and its merits." So said the Jansenists and Gallicans, and so now say the Puseyites.

These objectors, of course, are sufficiently divided in their applications of their theory. Every man has his own *beau idéal* in some epoch of the Church not now existing. Every man has his own favourite "Roman" corruption, against which he feels called to testify, and which he makes his excuse for

acting as though our Blessed Lord had not established one Church, and one only, upon earth. Mr. Hope's anti-Catholicism is of the *æsthetic* species. He is a Protestant on ritualistic and architectural grounds. One man says that the Pope has usurped an unlawful supremacy; another protests that he cannot see the doctrine of Purgatory or Invocation of Saints in the writings of the Fathers; a third hates the Reformation, but is scandalised at the Mariolatry of the post-Reformation "Romanists;" a fourth can tolerate all the *old* orders, but the Jesuits and St. Alphonsus Liguori are more than any enlightened Christian can endure. The reviewer in the *Remembrancer* informs us also of a new ground of offence in the "modern Romanists:" they dishonour the Blessed Virgin, it seems, and worship *St. Joseph* too devotedly, placing him above the Mother of our Lord in the heavenly choir. This appears to be one of the reviewer's own difficulties; but, as we have said, and judging from the present article, he finds the Church of Rome especially unendurable because she has altered the shape of her churches, pulled down the rood-screens, popularised her services, and multiplied her altars, and brought them close to the gaze of the people. All this, he says, is a departure from the mediæval type, and therefore wrong. It is not a mere question of superficial error or abuse, he is of opinion, but a symptom of deep-seated evil; it shews that Rome is a time-server, a betrayer of her trust, ignorant of the highest species of religious worship, a corrupter of the *sacri-ficial* doctrine of the holy Eucharist, and a slave to the spirit of the age.

This change, Mr. Hope not only admits, but maintains, has been universal throughout the Catholic Church, or, as he calls it, the Roman Communion. The *theory* of the mediæval type remains, he tells us, in the Anglican Establishment. The part of Christendom where Mr. Hope considers that the revolutionising spirit of Rome has been least felt is the schismatic Greek Church, where every form of worship and ceremonial has been stereotyped under the rule of a Russian autocrat; as the branch of a tree when severed from its stem retains its pristine shape unchanged, while the mighty boughs of the parent trunk cease not to grow, and to develope their living strength in fresh shoots and leaves through each succeeding year. Mr. Hope also reminds us of the very significant statement made by Mouravieff, in his history of the Russian Church, that when a *Catholic* church in Russia is handed over from the Roman to the schismatic Greek Communion, one of the first results is the erection of a chancel-screen!

And it is on this very universality in the *æsthetic* changes



which have been adopted throughout the true Church, that speculators like our reviewer build their accusations against her. If the system which Mr. Hope denounces had not swept, as he says, like a deluge over the whole Roman Communion, he would not have been able to charge her with that *fundamental* corruption of Christian worship on which he and his fellow-theorists profess to excuse their rebellion against her authority. Unusually well informed, both by hereditary tradition and personal study, in the architectural history of Europe, he is perfectly aware that Catholic Christendom has unanimously, for more than 300 years, adopted in her sacred buildings a type different from that which prevailed from the thirteenth to the sixteenth century, and that certain additional outward changes have been introduced in her ritual and customs which absolutely *necessitated* a rejection of the mediæval standard. Mourning, as he does, over what he thinks the devastation of those ancient glories, and necessarily incompetent to sympathise in the living worship of the Church as she presents herself to him in his own day, he still is too well instructed in facts to overlook the history and meaning of Catholic architectural art during the last three or four centuries.

For we must do Mr. Hope the justice to state, that he does not pervert the whole matter into an architectural squabble about arches, and mullions, and tracery, and vestments. He sees plainly that the question involved is not whether Gothic architecture is better than Italian, whether St. Peter's at Rome is ugly or glorious, or even whether one style of architecture is suited to one climate and another to another. We suspect that he knows so well the peculiarities and capabilities of both the Gothic and Italian styles, as to be superior to the superficial cant of the day; and that however he may personally prefer one style to another, he is ready to admit that the Roman, the Romanesque, the Gothic, and the Italian styles, are all more or less capable of fulfilling the wants of a Catholic church of this present day. He perceives that the subject involves in a most serious degree the exclusive claims of the Church of Rome; and that if it could be once granted that the mediæval plans and arrangements of churches were better *in themselves, and as connected with the essentials of Catholic doctrine*, than those of more modern times, a charge will have been substantiated against the Roman Church which she would never be able satisfactorily to explain away.

Yet with all this knowledge and acuteness, Mr. Hope has the incredible silliness to invent a *name* for the Catholic idea of church-building of the last 350 years, which is about as

correct as a distinctive title, as it would be to say that Gloucester, or Birmingham, or Norwich, was the proper name of the island of Great Britain. Admitting that by one unanimous and spontaneous feeling the whole Roman Church rejected the mediæval type, he has (even while confessing that he adopts the term *for want of a better*) designated the Catholic idea as "Oratorianism." The *cause* which induced Mr. Hope to put forth so brilliant a specimen of his terminological powers is of course pretty evident. In England, where the living Church comes into most unpleasant conflict with the Establishment to which he belongs, and with his personal æsthetic predilections, he has happened to be especially drawn to visit the Oratorian communities. His case has been that of many others. During the last few years, many an Anglican who would not defile his feet by entering a Catholic church in England (whatever he might do abroad), has been tempted by old associations and friendships to wander into the oratories of St. Philip Neri, and to converse with the Fathers on subjects the most interesting to both parties. The position formerly held by Father Newman in the Anglican Church has given the Oratories a sort of *respectability* in the eyes of those who once looked up to him with affectionate veneration, which they are too haughty to conceive possible in the ordinary clergy and laity of a communion which they affect to treat as a mere sect of schismatics. Thus, what is to be seen every where in the Catholic Church, seems in their reminiscences to be a peculiarity of the oratories of St. Philip; and while, as in the present case, they attack the Church on the ground of the universality of her modern customs, they fasten upon them a name which, as a designation of that which is universal, is simply ridiculous.

Here, however, appears the cunning which fosters the blunder in nomenclature. While persons of this class are in fact assaulting the whole Church of Christ on earth, they *seem* to be merely criticising the exaggerations of a single, and not very numerous, section of her religious communities. The device is ingenious in the present phase of the Puseyite mind. It is convenient to be able to mask their attacks on *Catholicism* under a battery with the word *Anti-Oratorianism* emblazoned on its standard. No! they would not revile the *Roman Church* for any earthly consideration. This is necessary to the continuance of the self-deception of their "position." Like the Jansenists, they must alternate their onslaughts on Catholic doctrine and duty with professions of veneration for the Church. While they in fact accuse *her* of a dereliction of duty not less than anti-Christian, they must seem to be playing the part of

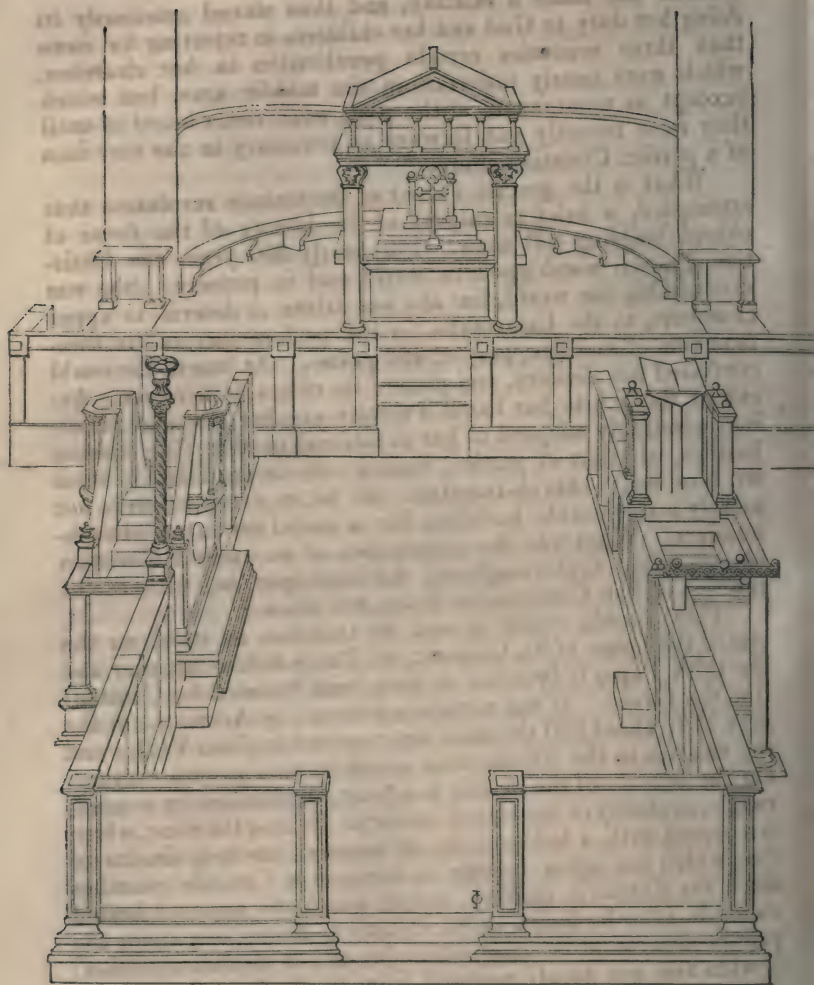
her truest friends, and to abhor the vulgar charge that Rome is Antichrist, as sincerely as if they were the most devoted of her children.

At the same time, the writer before us unconsciously pays striking homage to the living strength of that very system which he denounces. While he treats the wisdom of the Catholic Church as a worldly wisdom, he confesses to its power to overcome the world. It is not for nothing that the Catholic Church continues to present herself in England under the same guise which she has so long worn throughout the rest of the world. Mr. Hope *feels* that England is not to be won by a stiff, unbending antiquarianism; and that the armies of the secular power might as reasonably clothe themselves in mediæval coats of mail when they go out to battle, as the hosts of the spiritual kingdom revive the outward forms of mediæval Christendom in their warfare with the sins and errors of to-day. We accept his attacks, therefore, as a tacit eulogy; we rejoice to see antiquarianism confess our wisdom; we are contented that our enemies should busy themselves with dreams and shadows, and leave the realities and energies of never-dying but ever-growing life in our hands alone. Puseyism, in its architectural, as well as dogmatic forms, is powerless to touch the heart of England; it is a vision, baseless though (to some eyes) both venerable and attractive. Its æsthetic crotchets may now and then tempt a Catholic as well as an Anglican, to commit himself to what is in fact nothing less than an attack upon the Catholic Church herself; but it needs only to have its foundations laid bare, to repel the attacks of every mind that truly believes that Jesus Christ is with his Church *equally* in every age of her existence.

But let us see what this novelty of our times really is, when stripped of all its borrowed plumes, and divested of those mere personal likings which blind so many persons to its essentially anti-Catholic character. It is *not*, then, a question between Gothic and Roman architecture; it is not a dispute as to whether symbolism, as a principle of religious design, is to be cultivated or thrust aside; it has nothing to do with magnificence or paltriness in ecclesiastical expenditure, with the cut of chasubles and the height of mitres, with the grace or the deformity of religious pictures, with unreadable or readable inscriptions, with images painted or dressed out in muslin and spangles; all these things may be, or may not be, associated with it, accidentally or in particular cases, but only *associated* with it. The question which we ask of mediæval revivalists is this: "Do you assert that the whole Catholic







INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH OF SAN CLEMENTE, ROME.

Church has made a mistake, and thus sinned grievously in doing her duty to God and her children, in rejecting for more than three centuries certain peculiarities in her churches, which were nearly universal in the middle ages, but which (except as monuments of the past) were never heard of until they were recently put forward as necessary to the very idea of a perfect Christian church?"

What is the precise extent of the strange revolution thus attempted, a brief retrospect of the history of the *forms* of church-building will shew. For nearly 300 years the Christian Church worshipped in secret and in poverty. She was vanquishing the world, but she was driven to deserts, to upper chambers, to the Catacombs, for the performance of her common acts of sacrifice, prayer, and praise. At length the world confessed her divinity, and poured its riches at her feet. Accident threw into her hands a certain number of public buildings admirably adapted to her devotional needs. The Roman basilica, or court of justice, needed only the addition of what we now call "church-furniture" to be in every respect, not merely a serviceable building, but a model for future church-builders. What was the appearance of an ancient Christian church when thus completed, the accompanying view of the interior of San Clemente at Rome will shew.\*

This church, which is said by tradition to stand on the site of the house of St. Clement, St. Paul's fellow-labourer and the third Pope, is believed to have been founded by Constantine the Great. It was certainly restored by Adrian I., in the year 772; about 880 the choir was repaired by John VIII.; and the mosaics in the tribune were added in the eleventh century. On the outside of the church is a court, surrounded by a quadrangle, probably of the eighth century. Behind the altar, which is covered with a baldacchino, or canopy, precisely similar to that which has again become so common in Catholic churches since the sixteenth century, and of which the most celebrated example is to be found in St. Peter's at Rome, a seat for the priests runs round the apse, which (as also in modern churches) is wide and not deeply recessed from the body of the church. This *sanctuary* is fenced off by a low marble enclosure, of about the same height as the altar-rails of modern Catholic usage. A further portion of the church, taken out from what we now call the nave, is enclosed by a continuation of the same low railing,

\* We are indebted to the kindness of Dr. Rock for the use of the block from which this most interesting view is printed. It will be found in his *Church of our Fathers*; a work full of interesting and valuable information on Christian antiquities, especially those of the Anglo-Saxon Church.



for the singers and lower orders of the clergy. On the left side of the choir rises a pulpit, or *ambo*, for the gospel, with a tall candlestick for the Paschal candle; and on the right another *ambo*, for the epistle and the lessons. The enclosure bears the monogram of Pope John VIII., and is therefore of the date of the ninth century.

Such were the churches of the whole of Christendom. For about 1200 years the Church thus remained utterly ignorant of the forms which a new state of society and of ecclesiastical usages were about to develope. And if the mediæval forms were not merely expedient in mediæval times, but right for adoption in all ages, then the Church for the first twelve centuries of her existence must share the condemnation which is now so liberally bestowed on her buildings and customs of the last three centuries.

At length a new condition of Christian and civil society arose, and almost simultaneously a new style of architecture was brought into use in Europe. With the various causes of the changes in church-building which took place in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, we are not now concerned. The fact is, that for reasons *whose validity we should be the very last to impugn*, the primitive ecclesiological traditions were set aside. The wide, shallow apse became a narrow, deep chancel. The low parapet sprung up into a tall screen, and ultimately into a solid wall, ten, fifteen, or twenty feet high. Windows were brought down from the lofty elevation they held in the old churches, almost to a level with the eyes of the congregation. Pictures in mosaic gave way to paintings on glass; while images in stone sank into an integral portion of the architectural structure or decoration, to an extent unknown alike in primitive and in recent times. The whole tendency of the new customs was to fence in the rites of religion from the touch and gaze of the people; and, we cannot doubt, was in a great degree necessitated by the outrageous violence which characterised European society all through those wonderful and stirring times.

After 300 years' trial of the new ideas, Gothic architecture, as an art, was found to have debased and hopelessly ruined itself, and its plans for church-arrangement were found no longer applicable to the condition of the Church and the world. Unanimously, without effort, without the enacting of a single law, without the devising of a single theory, the whole Catholic Church reverted to the more ancient type, only altering it so far as to bring it into harmony with modern devotions, modern feelings, and modern rubrics. The deep chancels disappeared; the altars again assumed their prominent position

before the eyes of the whole body of worshippers; screens were pulled down, and the low railing of antiquity restored; the number of altars in each church was multiplied to an extraordinary extent;\* painting in its new forms of fresco and oil covered the churches with religious subjects, as the old mosaics had done in days of old; images increased to a degree quite unknown either to early or mediæval Christians, and were no longer (as in Gothic times) made subservient to mere architectural decoration; while the chief characteristic feature of modern external devotion, the boundless use of lights, was cultivated by Catholics of every country and rank with an ardour which to this day has seen no diminution. At the same time, the Gothic arrangement of the windows was replaced by the more ancient usage, the external light being admitted at a considerable height from the ground, so as not to interfere with the view of the altars, the images, and the pictures, or with the brilliancy of the galaxies of wax candles.

That modern Catholic churches have been built in some modification of the old Roman styles, and not in some kind of Gothic, is a mere accident. If Gothic architecture, viewed simply as a matter of good taste, had not become well nigh worthless in the sixteenth century, for all we can tell, the Gothic styles would have been retained, while the plans and furniture of the interior were remodelled. For it cannot be too strongly urged, that the difference between the mediæval churches and our own is *not* one of the shape of arches and the flow of vestments. There is no reason on earth why a faultless Gothic church should not be erected *with every one of those peculiarities of plan and furniture* which modern devotions and rubrics require. So, too, an Italian church may be built on the mediæval type. Some few such, more or less, there are. We are not required to renounce all our personal predilections and tastes, in order to avoid this Puseyitical disparagement of the usages of recent and of the most ancient times. A Gothic church may have a noble, open, spreading sanctuary, with no glaring windows near the altar to interfere with the blaze of lights at High Mass and Benediction, and the devotion of the Forty Hours. There is no law in Gothic art to forbid the placing of altars in every part of a church, east, west, north, or south. A low railing can as easily be designed on Gothic rules as on the rules of the 17th or the 7th century. The windows throughout the building may be placed sufficiently high, so as to allow the multiplication of

\* Mr. Hope admits that as early as the ninth century the modern multiplication of altars was in use. At the Abbey Church of St. Gall, of that date, *fifteen* altars are found in the original design.

altars, images, and pictures, and so as to allow the eye to look at them without discomfort. The absurd custom of too many Catholic architects, in making the chancel lighter than the nave, may be replaced by the common-sense plan of giving the larger proportion of light to the nave, where the people need it for reading, and the less proportion to the chancel, where candles burn in crowds. The church itself may be all in one vast open space, like the glorious old halls of the mediæval palaces and colleges,—where, by the way, the windows frequently *are* placed high up in the walls,—or like the still unrivalled hall at Westminster; or it may be planned, like the old basilicas, and like many modern Italian churches, with a large wide nave and narrow aisles, the latter serving for passages to and fro, for altars, and for confessionals. Gothic churches may be cheap and simple, they may be costly and magnificent; they may be dark and mysterious-looking, or they may be light and joyous. When a “Gothic architect” tells us that these things cannot be in *Gothic architecture*, he either exposes his own ignorance, and dishonours the art he professes to eulogise, or he confounds his personal antipathy to the modern and primitive usages of the Catholic Church with the capabilities of an art.

What, then, we cannot cease to uphold, whether against Protestants like the reviewer in the *Christian Remembrancer*, or against the advocates of an abject mediævalism of any school, is this great truth, that the Catholic Church *has done right* in rejecting those mediæval peculiarities in her churches which she began to cast aside more than 300 years ago; and that no plea for their revival can be made good, except by shewing that her modern usages, as they have existed up to this time, are inapplicable to her present needs, her position towards the world, the character of her children, and her actual rubrics and devotions. That such a plea should be urged by Puseyites, as a kind of sham justification of their own heresy and schism, is but natural; but when the universal usages of three centuries, sanctioned by the Popes, extending through every clime, rejoiced in by saints, confessors, and martyrs, issuing in a condition of general orthodoxy, independence, and sanctity, unsurpassed in *any* previous age, and signalised by miracles as stupendous and as humbling to mortal pride as the Church has ever witnessed,—when these usages are attacked by *Catholics*, upon a mere theory, upon personal likings, upon considerations of æsthetics, upon a passion for old buildings, upon a fondness for nationalism in religion, we can regard the assault as nothing less than an accusation against the Catholic Church herself, such as every good Catholic, *if he would but*



consider to what he is committing himself, would shrink from with horror and self-reproach. That they who thus urge upon us this mediæval restoration are actuated by any un-Catholic motives, we are as far as possible from alleging. Disgusted—and sometimes reasonably so—with the worthlessness and hollowness of some of the externals of religious worship which they see about them in England, they mistake a perversion of taste for a corruption in doctrine and in devotional spirit. Personally preferring Gothic art to Italian, they identify their individual preferences with a zeal for the glory of the house of God. Abhorring galleries, and plaster ornaments, and French-cut vestments, and spangled muslins, they jump to the conclusion, that as *these* offences against good taste were unknown in Gothic times, therefore the Gothic churches ought to be revived in their antique completeness, with all the deep chancels, tall rood-screens, narrow naves, wide aisles, glaring east windows, freezing stone pavements, and every other of those peculiarities which the Catholic Church for so many generations has unanimously set aside.

For one of these peculiarities, the rood-screen, *one* practical reason, indeed, has been urged. At first sight, also, it is not merely practical, but professes to base itself on the actually existing state of the Church and the world. Screens, it is said, are necessary for security; without them, the Blessed Sacrament could not be left in the tabernacle throughout the day in a church open for the visits of the faithful. Here, at least, is a sensible plea, whether it will bear investigation or not. That it will *not* bear investigation is clear from the amusing fact, that in almost every existing rood-screen, whether mediæval or new (except the solid walls preserved by the Protestants in our old cathedrals for Protestant purposes), not only can an ill-disposed person push himself through the apertures in the tracery, but there is at least one low door, not much higher than the orthodox low railings of primitive and modern times, over which any one can clamber just as easily as if no screen was there at all! Modern screens, therefore, have not been put up for purposes of security, nor do they ever answer such a purpose one whit more than a low parapet railing.

But in truth all *real* security is attained by a railing, from three to four feet high. No doubt such an enclosure would not keep out a burglar, or a violent mad iconoclast; but then *no* fence, not even a solid wall ten feet high, would protect an altar from such assailants as these. What we want to guard the altar from, is the rush of a thoughtless crowd, or the intrusion of impertinent levity; and such evils as these are prevented effectually by a railing of three or four feet in height. Nobody

can *step* over such a fence; and a man who would deliberately *clamber* over it would not be kept back by any rood-screen. Observe what a complete guard is furnished against intruders by the common iron railings of our houses. They are so low that any one can see over them, but in practice no one ever bodily crosses them. For, let us repeat, it is not the midnight thief against whom we have to protect our chancels and altars. If he comes at all, he will not come when a church is left open for the visits of the faithful, and when he may be surprised at any moment. Neither screens, railings, doors, bolts, or locks, are any security against *him*. It is the chance impertinence of the Protestant idler that we have to guard against, who will thrust in his nose wherever an open door is found, and touch and handle every object on which he can lay his fingers; but who will no more climb over a chancel-railing of three or four feet high than over a brick wall or an iron paling in the streets.

Let us, then, be contented with the ecclesiological system of the Catholic Church, as she has presented it to us in our own days. We may rely upon it, that if the utter abolition of the mediæval type had been an evil, the Council of Trent (which was held after that abolition was consummated), would have taken it in hand, and not left it to a few English antiquarians and Puseyites in the nineteenth century to set the Church to rights, and shew her how to honour the adorable sacrifice of the Eucharist. Let us be content with that liberty which she allows us all in following our own personal predilections, so long as we confine them within their legitimate sphere. Let us, in all faith and love, accept the *principles* of church-building which she has so long adopted; let us have large and striking altars, with every provision for multitudes of blazing tapers, with no windows close upon them to extinguish their brilliancy by the light of day; not buried in long chancels, so that their beauty is lost and the sweet odour of the incense can never reach the congregation; not shut in behind screens, *pleasant enough to those who are within them*, but even in their least disagreeable forms sufficiently repelling and chilling to the heart of a Catholic of the present day; with altars, too, scattered over the church in true Catholic fashion, as numerous as the size of the building and the number of ministering priests will permit, and as the devotion of the people may desire; with abundance of space on the walls for images and pictures, and these not alternating with windows on a level with the eye, so as to distract the sight of those who look; with wooden floors such as we are now accustomed to in our homes, in place of mediæval stone or brick, to create clouds of dust and dirt, and a clattering noise, whenever a chair is lifted, or a man's foot

moves; and above all, without that fearful separation between rich and poor, to the benefit of the former, which the Holy Ghost has condemned by the mouth of St. James, in terms that may well make Catholic England tremble;—let us have such churches as these, and then, whether the arches are round or pointed, the roofs flat or high-pitched, the vestments Gothic or Roman, we shall have at least Christian buildings, such as our fellow-Catholics love and worship in throughout Christendom, whatsoever Puseyism may say in their condemnation.

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B. IPPOLITO GALANTINI, THE APOSTOLIC SILK-WEAVER.

*The Life of the Blessed Ippolito Galantini, Founder of the Congregation of Christian Doctrine.* London, Richardson.

IT is always a token of the spiritual prosperity of any portion of the Church, when the laity emulate the clergy in their zeal for the salvation of souls. For if ever there was a notion as anti-Catholic as it is absurd, it is the idea that the priesthood *alone* are bound to labour for the good of their fellow-creatures. And it may safely be assumed, that when the laity display a listless apathy in regard to the spread of the true faith and the conversion of sinners, there is some serious mischief at work among themselves, of which this carelessness is at once a result and a symptom.

In fact, the distinction between the clergy and the laity as Evangelists is quite different in kind from that which exists between them by virtue of the *sacerdotal* character of the former. It is by virtue of their *priesthood* that a line which never can be passed is drawn between them and the people for whom they offer sacrifice, and to whom they are the channel of *sacramental grace*. Anglicans and Protestants generally being unable to appreciate this essential and ineradicable difference between the two classes, are often puzzled at what they imagine to be the intrusion of each class into the proper domain of the other. They are scandalised and amazed at reading of the extent to which priests and prelates, in former times throughout Christendom, and to this day in the Papal States, devote themselves to political and other secular occupations. They do not see that their *sacerdotal* character is wholly untouched by their ceasing, when the good of religion requires it, to exercise any of the functions of the ministry save that of



sacrifice. When a priest or bishop leaves off preaching, and catechising, and visiting the sick, and administering spiritual consolation, and all other modes of fulfilling what Protestants consider the essential duties of the Christian ministry, they cry out, "What a worldly man! What a scandal to religion! What a proof of the unspiritual nature of Popery!"

And so, again, they find themselves at fault in their calculations when they hear of laymen being employed in services which they have supposed to be absolutely forbidden them by the rigid rules of the Catholic Church. They enter a Catholic church abroad, and hear prayers recited and hymns sung, and after straining their eyes in every direction, discover at last there is not a priest in the building. They are told of confraternities for all kinds of religious and charitable purposes, in which the practical management is vested in secular persons, married and living in the world. And when they hear of laymen preaching, their astonishment is complete, and they confess their utter inability to comprehend a system in which every thing is different from what they expected to find it, and to which their own personal experience furnishes no parallel.

These bewilderments are further increased by the inability of Protestants to understand the true nature of Catholic episcopal authority. How a bishop has equal power over *all* his flock, whether lay or clerical; and how that authority extends—(of course within the limits assigned by the general laws of the Church)—to *all* spiritual matters, they cannot comprehend. What is really the perfection of obedience, and the mutual interdependence of all classes for the benefit of all, seems to them something very like anarchy; and while the highest authorities are in fact gladly *employing* the zeal and services of seculars for the glory of God, they imagine they are but *tolerating* excesses which they cannot prevent.

Undoubtedly, the *extent* to which laymen are bound to devote themselves to the spiritual good of their fellow-creatures is very different from that which measures the obligations of the clergy. With the former, secular affairs, for the most part, constitute the chief occupations of daily life. What is done for religion must, generally, be superadded to the ordinary business of this world. But, at the same time, while this is generally true, it is not universally true. A man may devote himself *wholly* to the work of aiding in the conversion of souls and other spiritual works for the good of his neighbour, without making the most distant approach to the sacerdotal order. Such are the members of religious bodies like the Christian Brothers; such are all nuns of the "active

orders," like the Sisters of Charity, of Penance, or of Mercy; and such may be any individual men or women who, without entering a religious order, place themselves under the direction of an ecclesiastical superior, with a view of giving up their entire time to corporal and spiritual works of mercy. The great fact, in short, which distinguishes the Catholic Church from all other religious bodies is this, that her bishops are real *rulers*, and not the mere administrators of a body of written regulations. *Nothing* can be done against their authority, or contrary to the fixed laws of the Church; but with their authority there is scarcely a limit to which all classes of Catholics may not be employed in promoting the glory of God by the edification of the faithful and the conversion of unbelievers.

These reflections are naturally suggested by the life of one of the most remarkable of the servants of God to whose sanctity the Church has set her seal in very recent times. The beatification of Ippolito Galantini, the apostolic silk-weaver, took place only six-and-twenty years ago, under the pontificate of Leo XII. His life, written by Sorgenti, a secular priest, and dedicated to Leo XII., was issued a few months ago in the series of Saints' Lives originally commenced under the editorship of Father Faber; and it is so striking an illustration of what may be done for the good of religion by persons in every rank of life, that a brief outline of his history can scarcely fail of being acceptable to our readers.

Some persons, moreover, find fault with the lives of many of the greatest Saints, as presenting little for direct imitation by ordinary Christians. Their histories are thought so marvellous, their experiences so entirely exceptional in the records of the interior life, and their austerities so unfit for general adoption, that many persons ask for models of a different class, and more adapted to the circumstances of devout Catholics of the ordinary kind. That, notwithstanding these objections, the most extraordinary of the Saints' lives are full of practical edification to the enlightened reader, whatever his personal circumstances, we need not now stop to shew; especially as the history of the very extraordinary man now before us supplies precisely that very example of Christian perfection in the midst of common secular occupations, which is asked for by those to whom St. Rose of Lima or St. Catherine of Sienna is an inexplicable mystery. Not, indeed, that Ippolito Galantini was an *ordinary* Catholic, or that in all the details of his life his conduct is to be copied by Catholics in general. Still, his circumstances were of the *most* ordinary description. Saving his heroic virtues, and his undeniably great natural abili-

ties, he possessed not one of those advantages which are too often supposed to be necessary to enable a man to be a blessing in his generation. A more interesting and edifying life it would be difficult to name. He is an example of what *may be done* for the glory of God even by a common mechanic, with little save a religious education, without money, and without ceasing for a single day from supporting himself and others dependent on him by the work of his hands.

"We have here," says his biographer, "a man ignorant of letters, wholly unprovided with worldly substance, in a word, a poor silk-weaver, who founded a distinguished congregation of seculars, ruled and propagated by himself, destined to the exercise of the most sublime and beautiful of the Christian virtues; a man who to the toils of a workshop added a thousand others, that he might both by word and example promote the glory of God; a man who, inflamed with charity, never lost sight of the conversion of sinners, upon whom he threatened vengeance like a true gospel-labourer, and like a true apostle of Jesus Christ; a man, in fine, who, being placed by the hand of God in circumstances the most trying and afflicting to the human heart, cannot but excite the admiration of the pious reader: all of which ought surely to destroy the mistaken opinion of those who so erroneously assert, that sanctity of life is not compatible with every state, and with every rank of persons."

Ippolito Galantini was born of poor parents in Florence in the year 1565. His childhood was remarkable for its innocence, liveliness, and intelligence; and from his earliest years he began to exercise a striking influence for good over his playfellows and companions. At nine years old he made his first communion, and three years afterwards was appointed to an office rarely committed to one of such tender years. The Cardinal Archbishop of Florence, Alessandro de' Medici, afterwards Pope Leo XI., was maturing a plan for the better religious education of the children throughout his diocese; and had commissioned Dr. Jacopo Ansaldi to look out for fit persons to be formed into a new institute for the purpose. Ippolito was immediately fixed upon to preside over the rest, and the church of Santa Lucia in Prato was assigned for their use. Ippolito urgently pressed his youth and want of experience as disqualifying him from so arduous a task; but his objections were overruled, and he at once undertook his new duties. The result is thus described:

"It would be impossible to describe the care and assiduity with which Ippolito devoted himself to this duty; he sedulously repaired to the church on all festivals, inviting the people by the sound of a bell, and lost not a moment in regulating his plans. Raising the standard of the cross, he sallied forth through the streets and squares



of the city, singing pious canticles, and inviting every one to join with him in this holy function. On reaching the church, it was admirable to see him in the midst of a numerous troop of children, dividing them into different classes, and then, with the assistance of a few other zealous persons, instructing them all in the saving mysteries of our faith. Such was his gentle sweetness of manner, that he completely gained the affections of the whole class confided to his care. Sometimes he made them teach one another, by questions, in the way of dialogue; sometimes he awakened their emulation by the distribution of trifling premiums; sometimes he aroused them by his fervent exhortations; and sometimes encouraged them by praising their diligent attendance at the meetings. The careful zeal of Ippolito was not limited to children only; persons of every age and sex derived benefit and fruit from his instructions. He made it his aim to instil in all hearts a love of virtue, a knowledge of God their Creator and Preserver, together with gratitude to Him who by his blood has freed them from the yoke of sin, has made them co-heirs with Him in glory, and has strengthened them with the gifts of his grace, to enable them to attain everlasting happiness. It is worthy of notice too, that Ippolito was obliged to instruct a class of young girls, who crowded round him for this purpose; yet he constantly maintained a holy modesty and dignified comportment with them, such as is seldom seen except in persons of well-proved virtue. In this respect he was the admiration of all who saw him; nor could any one reproach him with an idle word, an unruly gesture, or an immodest glance of the eye. In the mean time, good people rejoiced in the success of the holy enterprise, which Almighty God so well seconded by his grace, that the reformation of manners amongst the youth of Florence may almost be said to have been universal. Games were abolished, vain ornaments laid aside, the pious practices of religion were adopted, the sacraments were frequented, and great numbers, abandoning the fallacious attractions of the world, retired to the cloister, there to lead a life of greater perfection and sanctity."

While these were his occupations on Sundays and festivals, Ippolito spent his working-days in following his father's humble trade as a silk-weaver. At fifteen, however, he formed an anxious desire to enter religion. He was first attracted to the Capuchins by the severity of their rule; but the fathers soon discovered that his health was too delicate to endure the austerities of their order. He then, at different times, made similar attempts elsewhere, but always without success. His spiritual director at length convinced him that he would serve God best by remaining in the world, and devoting all his leisure moments to the instruction and edification of the poor and ignorant. His father appears to have been a harsh man; for with all Ippolito's gentleness and diligence, he now began to quarrel with his son for his devout mode of passing his time.

"The devil," says his biographer, "seeing that Ippolito persevered unflinchingly in his career of sanctity, and that, not content with attending to his own sanctification, he would also extend his zeal to the spiritual welfare of others, strove to give him a check by setting all his malicious artifices at work, and managed so well that, irreprehensible as was the life of the young man, his family began to treat him with great severity and harshness. So exact and so economical was he of his time, that after employing the greater part of it in silk-weaving, he spent the little remaining portion of it in his room in devout prayer or spiritual reading, or some other practice of piety. Instead of approving this virtuous conduct, and rejoicing to see his son thus rapidly advancing in the paths of sanctity, his father was annoyed at these retiring habits, and, instigated by the devil, he expressed himself dissatisfied at the fair amount of work which his son daily executed, and began to abuse him in a most unjustifiable manner. The pious youth was not dismayed; in gentle terms he requested that his father would himself fix the quantity of work which he was to complete in the course of each week; the harsh father willingly agreed to this. Our Lord did not fail to assist his servant in a most special manner, so that, in addition to the regular task assigned him, he was able to accomplish yet more; and this little overplus, being of course at his own disposal, was expended on pious books, and such articles of clothing as were necessary. His father was utterly astonished when he found that, notwithstanding the extra amount of work which he had imposed upon him, he still had time to devote to his usual exercises of piety, and was unreasonable enough to break his own terms: he renewed his abuse, even using blows, and laid claim to all that he could earn by his work. For a long time Ippolito submitted to the trial which God was pleased to make of his humility and patience, until at last he became victorious, for his father saw his own error, and even offered excuses for it."

These troubles, united with his austerities and his delicacy of constitution, brought on a fever, which speedily so much reduced him, that he received the last sacraments, and expected death. Immediately after communicating, however, his health began to mend, and in a few days he was restored to his ordinary measure of health and strength.

When seventeen years old, he was appointed guardian of the Congregation of St. Lucia, and by the advice of his director accepted the trust. The vicious state of morals then prevalent in Florence now roused his zeal more fervently than before; and he obtained the necessary permission to instruct his brethren by preaching. The Confraternity of St. Lucia had been originally instituted for the purpose of accompanying the Blessed Sacrament when taken to the sick of the parish. "As soon as the government of it was consigned to Ippolito, he directed his anxious cares to this object, insisting much on

it in the new spiritual exercises, intended to lead to a reform by means of wise rules, adapted to promote Christian piety. Being sensible that rules are the springs which nourish and maintain fervour of spirit, he strongly urged his brethren to the exact observance of them. On all festivals he would have them assemble in the morning, at mid-day, and in the evening. From the custom which he introduced of meeting together three hours before day, the brothers obtained the name of 'the vigil-keepers of St. Lucia;' this time was spent in singing the divine office, and in other pious prayers, chiefly in favour of the dead, in preparing for holy communion, which was received by the whole confraternity on the second Sunday of each month. By way of honouring the dolorous passion and death of our Redeemer, Ippolito required the brothers to assemble every Friday night, he himself making them a suitable discourse, and then spending some time in holy meditation, after which followed the exercise of Christian mortification commonly styled the discipline." The number of children and young men whom Ippolito speedily weaned from vice rapidly increased to such an extent, that several priests were at times employed in hearing their general confessions.

At length troubles rose in a new quarter. Several of the members of the confraternity deserted it, disliking its austere character; and it seemed on the eve of dissolution. Another congregation, that of St. Salvatore, then elected Ippolito their guardian, and, without abandoning the remnant of the Confraternity of St. Lucia, he acceded to their wishes. So striking were the results of his management, that after six months the Confraternity of St. Salvatore chose him their guardian for life. His zeal now was called forth into redoubled exercise by the famine which afflicted Florence in the year 1590; and the assistance, both spiritual and temporal, which he was enabled to give to the starving and sick, was wonderful. His new colleagues, nevertheless, turned out unworthy of such a companion, and their intrigues after two years drove him away, though the Archbishop's vicar expressed the utmost indignation at their conduct towards him. For a time he then took the government of a third confraternity, to which the Archbishop's vicar appointed him; but ultimately he returned to his old locality of St. Lucia with his more faithful companions, and there devoted himself more assiduously than ever to his apostolic labours. His health remained still very delicate, and a violent attack of sciatica and other maladies so interrupted his secular labours, that he was reduced to such extreme poverty as to be compelled to sell the very furniture of his poor cottage, leaving nothing but a few spiritual books, an old cru-



cifix, and a miserable bed stuffed with chaff. The usual inward trials of so many holy men also afflicted him. For four years together he was tormented with temptations against faith, which occasioned him indescribable anguish; besides those other temptations which assault the lowest portions of man's nature. At length the conflicts ended, and peace and rest became his general portion. All this time he cherished the idea which he had formed when he first gave up the idea of becoming a monk, that he should one day be enabled to found a congregation specially devoted to the instruction of the poor and ignorant, with an oratory of its own, and fixed chaplains attached to it.

His style of preaching, and its effects, at this time, are thus described by his biographer :

"Although, as we have said, he was uneducated, yet to hear him one would have supposed that he had studied under the first masters of eloquence, and had learnt from them the best method of convincing the intellect and of moving the will. Many trustworthy witnesses deposed that his sermons were a compound of sacred eloquence, of efficacious reasoning, of powerful effects, and, above all, of ardour of spirit; so that, when listening to him, he might have been taken for a Xavier in the Indies. Having chosen for the subject of his discourse some touching Gospel truth, for instance, the absolute necessity of penance, the fearful risk of those who defer it until death, the grievousness of mortal sin, the rigours of Divine justice, or the inexplicable torments of hell (all subjects calculated to arouse those who rested in the deadly sleep of mortal sin); he next entered upon more particular details, inveighing against those more prevalent vices, such as ruining souls by scandals, concealing sins in confession out of shame, fomenting enmities and hatred, depriving others of their goods or of their good fame, and taking part in such games as give rise to dishonesty or other sins: he concluded his discourse with some fervent colloquy to our Lord, exciting all to beg pardon for their offences, and to promise amendment and perseverance. The more effectually to excite this, he gave the example, with profound humility, proclaiming himself the greatest of sinners; sometimes with a contrite heart he implored pardon for sins he had never committed; sometimes, inflamed with zeal, he purposed aloud to live in the love and holy fear of God. These were the ordinary topics of his discourses; this was the admirable way in which he administered the divine word, of which, moreover, we purpose later to give a more minute account.

"It would be impossible to describe the great advantages derived by souls from his exertions. The fame of his indefatigable zeal became more and more widely spread: people went in crowds to hear him, and being touched by his words, they were humbled and contrite; many even dissolved in tears. The oratory of St. Lucia being too small to contain the multitudes that flocked to hear

him, it was judged advisable for him to cast the net of salvation in some of the more spacious churches. It seemed as if the spirit of Paul, as he preached at Athens, had been infused into Ippolito: every one was moved and softened by the burning, the impetuous eloquence, of which he gave such brilliant instances. It would occupy too much of our time if we undertook to enumerate the individuals who, disenchanted of the world by his words, sought refuge in the cloister, there to embrace a religious and more perfect form of life; or how many, disengaged from earthly interests, fell at his feet after listening to him, declared their crimes, and applied themselves henceforth to the practice of solid virtue."

At length the Canon Nicolo Martini, to whom the Cardinal Archbishop had strongly recommended Ippolito, charging him to encourage his pious works, became anxious to provide him and his companions with a better building than the Oratory at St. Lucia. For this purpose he applied for the Oratory of St. Sebastione; and having obtained permission to transfer it to Ippolito and his friends, they established themselves there with great expectations and gratitude. But now another trial was preparing for Ippolito. There was in Florence a venerable monk, whose learning and zeal had gained him universal esteem. This good man was imposed on by certain calumnies against Ippolito and his congregation, and

"Under the idea of rendering good service to God, he began to exert all his influence for the destruction of this meritorious institute. As many persons repaired to him for confession, he charged all his penitents, as well as the directors and guardians of other congregations, to keep every one as much as possible from the congregation of Ippolito, which he called a conventicle of wicked people, governed by a hypocrite and vagabond. Not satisfied with this, he publicly condemned the holy work, believing it better to destroy it at once than allow it to continue creating new disorders. This blow all but ruined Ippolito in the opinion of the people; but the wisdom of God, which can extract its antidote even from the very poison itself, so permitted that the monk should soon be disabused of his erroneous opinion, and he at once publicly retracted all that he had previously said, owning it to have been occasioned by a mistaken ill-informed zeal; he, moreover, obliged those whom he had induced to blame Ippolito, to retract all their false statements, and then hastened to the servant of God to beg his pardon for so many offences, protesting that he would henceforth co-operate as far as possible to the progress and benefit of his confraternity; and he kept his word.

"No sooner was this storm calmed than the devil raised another no less terrible. For some time past Ippolito had been giving his special attention to the care of young boys, to prevent their wandering about the streets after the accustomed devotional exercises: to

effect this, he took them altogether with him to a retired place beyond the city walls, where he allowed them to amuse themselves in innocent recreation. Bowls was the game they most generally selected; and even in this Ippolito had an eye to the spiritual welfare of his children, fixing it as a rule, that instead of exacting money, the winners should oblige the losers to recite some short prayers by way of suffrage for the souls in purgatory. Surely no boyish amusement could be more harmless or more meritorious; yet, strange to say, there were people in the city (we know not whether from ignorance or malice) who censured this proceeding, and who went so far as to give unfavourable reports of it to a famous orator who was then preaching the Lent in one of the principal churches of Florence. One day he publicly inveighed against the congregation, stigmatising it as 'the harbour of people addicted to gambling;' of people who, having squandered their property, went so far as to make an indecent merchandise of the most holy things. His words produced the most pernicious effects; many of the parents resolved to withdraw their children from the congregation; adults too refrained from going, so strong was the impression caused by the public invectives of this famous but ill-informed preacher. Ippolito, deeply distressed by this almost general desertion, consulted the Archbishop's vicar, who sent for the orator, and plainly gave him to understand how high an opinion he had of Ippolito, for that in all his undertakings his sole object was the spiritual advantage of his neighbour, and that what he did was fully approved of by the Archbishop. The learned preacher was much mortified and confounded at hearing all this. In the course of the following days he informed the people that he had committed a serious mistake, publicly extolled the meetings held by Ippolito, and all that was there done for the glory of God and the good of souls."

Not long after this, Ippolito went to Pisa for the sake of the baths, where he was recognised, and invited to preach in one of the churches. Even that single sermon is reported to have produced a striking and permanent effect. Returning to Florence, he was involved in fresh difficulties by the death of his father in a season of great scarcity, by which the duty of supporting all his family was thrown upon him, aggravated by the obligation to pay a debt incurred by his father amounting to 70 crowns, an overwhelming sum for a poor man to raise. He obtained the money by one of those remarkable interpositions in which the pious heart recognises a special providential guidance. Many remarkable conversions also at this time rewarded his renewed spiritual labours.

At length Ippolito's long-cherished hopes were fulfilled. Some of the wealthy citizens of Florence offered of their own accord the necessary funds for building him and his projected brotherhood a large and commodious oratory for their use



alone. He selected a site where the population was most poor and crowded, and the building was commenced in the year 1602; and the organisation of the "Congregation of Christian Doctrine" was at once completed. Its special object was the instruction of poor children; but its rules were so framed as to cultivate Christian perfection in all its members, and to preserve persons of all ages from occasions of sin. For more particular details we must refer our readers to the life of Ippolito before us.

Ippolito's labours were now sought for in many places besides Florence. The Bishop of Volterra urgently called on him to come to Volterra and establish a branch of his congregation. The Grand Duke of Modena, Cosmo the Second, sent for him for the same purpose to Modena. At Pistoia, at Lucca, at Perugia, and many other places, he was called for to found, or to reform, similar institutions; while the Grand Duke of Tuscany, to whom he was made known by certain false accusations, disproved the moment they were inquired into, ceased not to begrudge his absence from Florence. In the mean time, all kinds of difficulties and persecutions beset him and his institute, almost to the end of his life. Few persons, indeed, ever had to endure more trials of this nature. Among the rest, he was accused to the Inquisition of preaching false doctrines.

"The prudent inquisitor, however," says his biographer, "that he might not injure innocence through any fault of his, before coming to any decision or passing judgment, secretly sent two trustworthy religious of his own order to hear the sermons of the holy man. They proceeded accordingly to the oratory, where the discourse of Ippolito quite astonished them, so admirable was his method of announcing the Christian doctrine; and they spoke in most honourable and advantageous terms of it to the inquisitor. Not satisfied with this, however, he sent other persons equally prudent and learned, desiring them minutely to watch the expressions of the servant of God: like the former, they too were in astonishment and admiration at the manner in which he sowed the seed of the divine word, and expatiated upon it in terms of warm eulogy on their return to the inquisitor, pressing him to go himself, and so be able to judge of the fervour and sanctity of his maxims. To be the more fully convinced of what the before-named persons had advanced with regard to Ippolito, he resolved to judge from his own experience; so sending for Ippolito, he questioned him upon his state and mode of life, and inquired, moreover, from what source he drew the subject and arguments of his public discourses. Ippolito answered every question with great humility, and concluded by declaring that the crucifix was the book in which he most frequently studied. The inquisitor was highly edified at his answers, and exhorted him to pursue the career he had entered upon with constant fervour, and

solemnly promised to protect and defend him on all suitable occasions. He next summoned the authors of the calumnies, and severely reprehended them, threatening them with due chastisement if they renewed their infamous designs. The inquisitor died soon after this occurrence; the adversaries of Ippolito availed themselves of the circumstance, and repeated their accusations to his successor. Resolving to clear up the matter, this latter repaired in person one evening to the oratory, where he arrived unexpectedly precisely at the moment when Ippolito was preaching on the excellence of the adorable Sacrament of the altar: he treated it in so admirable and sublime a manner, that as soon as the discourse was ended, the inquisitor ran and embraced him, thus publicly testifying his approbation and esteem. He himself undertook to deliver a discourse to the brethren on the following Sunday: in it he passed a high eulogium on Ippolito and his maxims. He, moreover, conceived such an affection for the servant of God and his congregation, that he often visited their oratory, celebrating Mass and administering the holy Sacraments there."

Such also was the issue of every attack that was made upon him. They invariably resulted in some fresh advantage to himself and his congregation. At last he had the happiness of being able to attach four pious priests to the congregation as its chaplains, and to provide a sufficient endowment for their permanent support. Not very long afterwards he was called to his reward. He was at Fiesole, on some duty connected with an oratory there, when he was informed that the Grand Duke had been inquiring for him, and wished to see him at his palace the next day. He returned to Florence, went to the Grand Duke, who detained him several hours in conversation, and testified the high esteem in which he held him. He was attacked with an oppression on the chest almost immediately that he left the palace, and after a short illness, he died on the 20th March, 1619, being then 54 years old. Such was the opinion entertained of his sanctity, that with the hope of obtaining his recovery from Almighty God, the Archbishop caused the Blessed Sacrament to be exposed to the adoration of the faithful when his life appeared to be in danger. Miracles were wrought by his intercession after his death, confirming the universal belief that in the poor silk-weaver the grace of Almighty God had wrought the heroic perfections of a Christian Saint. For these, however, and much more concerning him which we have been unable to include in the present outline, we must beg the reader to turn to the life from which our sketch is taken. It will be impossible to read it without being afresh impressed with the great truth, that while Ippolito's good deeds were of a character which few indeed can literally imitate, there is no state of life in which self-sacrificing humility, zeal, and

love, will not enable us to do *something* for the glory of God and the welfare of man. It was *Cain* who first said, "Am I my brother's keeper?" It is at once the Catholic's duty and privilege to regard every fellow-creature as a brother, and to labour for him and watch over his interests with a brother's love.

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## LORD HOLLAND'S FOREIGN REMINISCENCES.

*Foreign Reminiscences, by Henry Richard Lord Holland.*

Edited by his Son, Henry Edward Lord Holland. Longmans.

THIS is a disappointing book, except as an illustration of the gentlemanly, self-satisfied, and godless Whiggery of the old Holland-House coterie. At least one-half of it is dull to the last degree, while the whole is put together rather in the way of a long rambling talk than as a book prepared for publication. The style, it is true, is easy, unaffected, and polished, but it is level and without vivacity; and we can hardly think that the author of the *Reminiscences* himself, had he been alive, would have sent forth his lucubrations to the world without considerable pruning, and without infusing a little more method and arrangement into his story.

Lord Holland was of the old Whig school, which (as indeed do its successors now), under the guise of worshipping the British "Constitution," worshipped itself. Holland House was the pantheon of the sect, where the divinities, male and female, met together for the burning of incense, and the weaving of garlands, and the offering of hecatombs in honour of one another. There was cultivated that "virtue" which their worthy representative, Lord John Russell, protests to have been the object of his unceasing veneration. There they laughed at kings, treated religion as a jest, talked abuse of Toryism, and if they mentioned the people, vouchsafed them somewhat less regard than they bestowed on the carpets on which their aristocratic feet disdained not to tread.

If these gods and goddesses, demigods, heroes, nymphs, and satyrs, had any Olympian Jove to whom they looked up with any measure of admiration, as of a nature superior to their own, it was Napoleon Buonaparte. *What* they worshipped in him, it is not easy to point out. Probably it was his despotism and his irreligiousness, united to his passion for turning all his marshals into dukes. Such as he was, however,



they found it in their hearts to admire him and to praise him. And of all his Whig admirers, none were more devout than Lord Holland himself and Lady Holland. The latter especially rejoiced to shew her worship by all those little delicate attentions with which the female devotee delights to propitiate her idols. To the last she adhered to him in her heart, and felt towards him on the rock of St. Helena in much the same way as a Christian would regard the Apostle St. John banished to the island of Patmos.

The most entertaining portions of Lord Holland's book are those which relate to Napoleon. Lord Holland himself was clearly not a person of any acute powers of discrimination, but he appears to have been a man of strict veracity—as this world's veracity goes—and he is as clearly a correct narrator of the stories he has heard. While, therefore, we cannot always accept his reminiscences as telling us the real truth of history, we may very fairly receive them as correct records of what Lord Holland saw, and what people said to Lord Holland. He is free, moreover, from the prevailing vice of anecdote-mongers and reminiscents in general—the passion for telling a good story at all costs. He gives us what he knows just as he received it. Consequently the sketches before us, slight as they are, have at least the value of being true, so far as their author was able to learn the truth.

The stories we shall quote respecting Napoleon are, farther, quite in accordance with the character of the man as drawn by more elaborate painters. Such is the following respecting his mingled acuteness of observation, retentiveness of memory, and habitual tendency to trickery.

“When any great accounts were to be submitted to the Emperor, Duroc would apprise him in secret of some of the minutest details. By an adroit allusion to them, or a careless remark on the points upon which he had received such recent and accurate information, Napoleon contrived to impress his audience with a notion that the master's eye was every where. For instance, when the Tuilleries were furnished, the upholsterer's charges, though not very exorbitant, were suspected by the Emperor to be higher than the usual profit of that trade would have warranted. He suddenly asked some minister who was with him how much the egg at the end of the bell-rope should cost? ‘J'ignore,’ was the answer. ‘Eh bien! nous verrons,’ said he, and then cut off the ivory handle, called for a valet, and bidding him dress himself in plain and ordinary clothes, and neither divulge his immediate commission or general employment to any living soul, directed him to inquire the price of such articles at several shops in Paris, and to order a dozen as for himself. They were one-third less dear than those furnished to the palace. The Emperor, inferring that the same advantage had been taken in the

other articles, struck a third off the whole charge, and directed the tradesman to be informed that it was done at his express command, because, on *inspection*, he had himself discovered the charges to be by one-third too exorbitant. When afterwards, in the height of his glory, he visited Caen with the Empress Maria Louisa, and a train of crowned heads and princes, his old friend M. Mechin, the prefect, aware of his taste for detail, waited upon him with five statistical tables of the expenditure, revenue, prices, produce, and commerce of the department. 'C'est bon,' said he, when he received them the evening of his arrival; 'vous et moi nous ferons bien de l'esprit sur tout cela demain au Conseil.' Accordingly, he astonished all the leading proprietors of the department at the meeting next day by his minute knowledge of the prices of good and bad cider, and of the produce and other circumstances of the various districts of the department."

Here we have Josephine's representation of her husband's temper and manners :

"Napoleon's love for Josephine was ardent and sincere. It continued for some time; and his esteem and good will towards her never ceased. Upon first assuming the title of Emperor, he began, however, to listen to suggestions—and, perhaps, to harbour the design of another marriage—calculated to insure his admittance into the college of legitimate sovereigns, and better suited to the foundation of an hereditary empire, by affording some prospect of issue. A lady who knew Josephine well, but who, though correct in her recollections and accurate in her language, is apt somewhat to dramatise her narratives, assured me that, on first assuming his new title, the Emperor told Madame Bonaparte in her cabinet that his family, his ministers, his council, *enfin tout le monde*, had represented to him the necessity of a divorce and a new marriage; and that while she was leaning on her arm, with tears in her eyes, he walked backwards and forwards in a hurried and agitated manner, frequently repeating, 'Qu'en dis-tu donc? Cela sera-t-il? Qu'en dis-tu?' She replied: 'Que veux-tu que j'en dise? Si tes frères, tes ministres, tout le monde est contre moi, et il n'y a que toi pour me défendre!' 'Tu n'as que moi pour te défendre!' exclaimed he with emotion. 'Eh bien, tu l'emporteras.' Josephine, in recounting the story, added that he never could withstand tears, and least of all the tears of a woman. According to her, whenever he thought it necessary to be firm, he assumed a short, harsh, and decisive tone, for the purpose of preventing those appeals which he was unable directly to resist. Others have concurred in assuring me that the unmannerly speeches in which he too often indulged were the result of system rather than temper, and adopted to disconcert designs and elude importunity: that his so much dreaded bursts of passion were the cloak of an easy and good-humoured, not the ebullitions of a hasty or ungovernable disposition. This may be so; but many will think he acted his part too well, and habit too often becomes second nature."

How early he understood the art of managing Frenchmen, the following will shew :

"On his return to Paris he studied the individuals who composed the Directory and administration. He exposed their foibles with infinite wit, detected their defects, and censured their measures with wonderful sagacity and little reserve. The society of Paris, which had hitherto contemplated him only as a successful general, perceived that his discernment of character, his quickness of perception, and his comprehensive views of public affairs, qualified him for political command. '*Ceci ne peut durer,*' said he; '*ces directeurs ne savent rien faire pour l'imagination de la nation;*' an expression which illustrates not only his contempt of the government then established, but the general view of French character on which he founded much of his subsequent policy. His language was so indiscreet, that the Directory had thoughts of arresting him. Some say they applied to Fouché for that purpose, and that that wily and profligate man answered, '*Ce n'est pas là un homme à arrêter; encore ne suis-je pas l'homme qui l'arrêtera.*' Whatever be the truth of that anecdote, the jealousy of the Directory did not escape the vigilance of Napoleon. He perceived with some uneasiness that his brilliant victories, his no less brilliant peace, and his popularity in the circles of Paris, was insufficient to ensure him that ascendancy in the army and the government to which he aspired, and that a disclosure of his designs might expose him to danger, notwithstanding all his services and splendid qualities. From these considerations, though he had granted peace to Austria and to Rome, he became averse to any general pacification, and ardent for employment either in the invasion of England or some other great undertaking. In the meanwhile he paid assiduous court to the men of science and literature, attended the Institute constantly, affected to consult the members on matters connected with government, and to advise or converse with them on those relating to science. All those circumstances contributed to the Egyptian expedition. It was devised partly to get rid of him, partly to gratify him, and partly to dazzle and delight that portion of Parisian society who, through the press and the institutions for education, had considerable influence on public opinion. Napoleon also accepted the command from mixed motives, from ambition, from love of glory, and from a consciousness that his indiscreet language had rendered his situation at home somewhat precarious."

Here is his opinion of himself :

"Napoleon not only never forgot a favour, but, unlike most ambitious characters, never allowed subsequent injuries to cancel his recollection of services. He was uniformly indulgent to the faults of those whom he had once distinguished. He saw them, he sometimes exposed and rectified, but he never punished or revenged them. Many have blamed him for this on the score of policy; but if it was not sense and calculation, it should be ascribed to good nature.



None, I presume, will impute it to weakness or want of discernment. He described himself, however, as a just, not an easy man. 'Je ne suis pas *bon*, non, je ne suis pas *bon*, je ne l'ai jamais été, mais je suis *sur*.'

On another occasion he said of himself, "Je n'aime pas beaucoup les femmes, ni le jeu, enfin rien ; je suis tout-à-fait un être politique."

The following, again, displays his moral littleness and his untiring energy :

"His librarian was employed for some time every morning in replacing maps and books which his unwearied and insatiable curiosity had consulted before breakfast. He read all letters whatever addressed to himself, whether in his private or public capacity ; and it must, I believe, be acknowledged that he often took the same liberty with those directed to other people. He had indulged in that unjustifiable practice before his elevation ; and such was his impatience to open both parcels and letters, that, however employed, he could seldom defer the gratification of his curiosity an instant after either came under his notice or his reach. Josephine, and others well acquainted with his habits, very pardonably took some advantage of this propensity. Matters which she feared to mention to him were written and directed to her, and the letters unopened left in his way. He often complied with wishes which he thought he had detected by an artifice, more readily than had they been presented in the form of claim, petition, or request. He liked to know every thing ; but he liked all he did to have the appearance of springing entirely from himself, feeling, like many others in power, an unwillingness to encourage even those they love in an opinion that they have an influence over them, or that there is any certain channel to their favour. His childish eagerness about cases led, in one instance, to a gracious act of playful munificence. He received notice of the arrival of a present from Constantinople in society with the Empress and other ladies. He ordered the parcel to be brought up, and instantly tore it open with his own hand. It contained a large aigrette of diamonds, which he broke into various pieces, and he then threw the largest into her imperial majesty's lap, and some into that of every lady in the circle."

"He produced much," said Talleyrand one day to Lord Holland. "It is incalculable what he produced ; more than any man, yes, more than any four men whom I ever knew. His genius was inconceivable. Nothing disturbed his energy, his imagination, his spirit, his capacity for labour, his facility of production. He had sagacity also. In the way of judgment he was not so strong ; but yet when he gave himself time, he could profit by the judgment of others. It was but seldom that his bad judgment carried him away, and it was always

when he had not given himself time to consult the opinions of other persons."

Lord Holland gives a few reminiscences of Napoleon's habits at St. Helena.

"His life, occupations, health, and conversation in his exile at St. Helena have been so minutely and so frequently described in print, that, in preserving notes of what has been told me by his inmates at Longwood, I may be repeating what is well known and undisputed. He occasionally played at chess and at billiards; at the first with tolerable skill, but intolerable rapidity; at the latter neither with mace nor cue, but with his hand. Before he had regulated the distribution of his time, he was very anxious not to be left between dinner and the hour of retiring to rest. To prevent the ladies from retiring, he would sit long at table, exert himself to keep up conversation, and sometimes send for books to read aloud to the company. He read well, but he read the same poems and same plays too frequently. Among the latter, *Zaire* was his favourite lecture. He slept himself when read to, but he was very observant and jealous if others slept while he read. He watched his audience vigilantly, and '*Madame Montholon, vous dormez,*' was a frequent ejaculation in the course of reading. He was animated with all that he read, especially poetry; enthusiastic at beautiful passages, impatient and observant of faults, and full of ingenious and lively remarks on style, composition, and story. He read through the *Odyssey*, I presume in Dacier's translation, and the Bible. He could hardly get through the first for the comments it excited; and as he had not been very conversant with the Old Testament, he was alternately surprised and delighted, provoked and diverted, at the sublimity and beauty of some passages, and, what appeared to him, the extravagance and absurdity of others. He expressed all these emotions with great freedom and eagerness; and the manner as well as matter of his remarks awakened and fixed the attention of his audience."

Lord Holland's account of the progress which religion made in Napoleon's mind, and of his last moments, is far less complete than that already given by better-informed writers. The English Whig scarcely conceals his vexation at seeing his idol at length yielding to those very "superstitions" with which he himself had so little sympathy.

"In the early periods of the revolution," says Lord Holland, "Napoleon, in common with many of his countrymen, conformed to the fashion of treating all such matters, both in conversation and action, with levity and even derision. In his subsequent career, like most men exposed to wonderful vicissitudes, he professed, half in jest and half in earnest, a sort of confidence in fatalism and predestination. But on some solemn public occasions, and yet more

in private and sober discussion, he not only gravely disclaimed and re-proved infidelity, but both by actions and words implied his conviction that a conversion to religious enthusiasm might befall himself or any other man. He had more than tolerance; he had indulgence and respect for extravagant and ascetic notions of religious duty. He grounded that feeling, not on their soundness or their truth, but on the uncertainty of what our minds may be reserved for, on the possibility of our being prevailed upon to admit and even to devote ourselves to tenets which at first excite our derision. It has been observed that there was a tincture of Italian superstition in his character, a sort of conviction from reason that the doctrines of revelation were not true, and yet a persuasion, or at least an apprehension, that he might live to think them so. He was satisfied that the seeds of belief were deeply sown in the human heart. It was on that principle that he permitted and justified, though he did not dare to authorise, the revival of La Trappe and other austere orders. He contended that they might operate as a safety-valve for the fanatical and visionary ferment which would otherwise burst forth and disturb society. In his remarks on the death of Duroc, and in the reasons he alleged against suicide, both in calm and speculative discussion and in moments of strong emotion (such as occurred at Fontainebleau\* in 1814), he implied a belief both in fatality and providence.

"In the programme of his coronation, a part of the ceremony was to consist in his taking the communion. But when the plan was submitted to him, he, to the surprise of those who had drawn it, was absolutely indignant at the suggestion. 'No man,' he said, 'had the means of knowing, or had the right to say, when or where he would take the sacrament, or whether he would or not.' On this occasion, he added that he would not; nor did he."

"There is some mystery about his conduct in similar respects at St. Helena, and during the last days of his life. He certainly had Mass celebrated in his chapel while he was well, and in his bedroom when ill. But though I have reason to believe that the last sacraments were actually administered to him privately a few days before his death, and probably after confession, yet Count Montholon, from whom I derive indirectly my information, also stated that he received Napoleon's earnest and distinct directions to conceal all the preliminary preparations for that melancholy ceremony from all his other companions, and even to enjoin the priest, if questioned, to say he acted by Count Montholon's orders, but had no knowledge of the Emperor's wishes. It seems as if he had some desire for such assurance as the Church could give, but yet was ashamed to own it. He knew that some at St. Helena, and more in France, would deem his recourse to such consolation infirmity; perhaps he deemed it so himself. Religion may sing her triumph; philosophy exclaim, 'Pauvre

\* General Sebastiani and Comte Flahault: *aussi ne suis-je pas tout-à-fait étranger à des idées religieuses*, added he, after assigning worldly reasons for not killing himself.



humanité ;' more impartial scepticism despair of discovering the motive ; but truth and history must, I believe, acknowledge the fact."

Lord Holland also gives us Talleyrand's opinion of the Emperor :

" His career is the most extraordinary that has occurred for one thousand years. He committed three capital faults, and to them his fall, scarce less extraordinary than his elevation, is to be ascribed—Spain, Russia, and the Pope. I say the Pope ; for his coronation—the acknowledgment by the spiritual head of Christendom that he, a little lieutenant of Corsica, was the chief sovereign of Europe, from whatever motive it proceeded—was the most striking consummation of glory that could happen to an individual. After adopting that mode of displaying his greatness and crowning his achievements, he should never, for objects comparatively insignificant, have stooped to vex and persecute the same Pontiff. He thereby outraged the feelings of the very persons whose enmity had been softened, and whose imagination had been dazzled by that brilliant event. Such were his capital errors. Those three apart, he committed few others in policy—wonderfully few, considering the multiplicity of interests he had to manage, and the extent, importance, and rapidity of the events in which he was engaged. He was certainly a great, an extraordinary man—nearly as extraordinary in his qualities as in his career ; at least, so upon reflection I, who have seen him near and much, am disposed to consider him. He was clearly the most extraordinary man I ever saw, and I believe the most extraordinary man that has lived in our age, or for many ages."

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## SHORT NOTICES.

THE fifth volume of Mr. Digby's *Compitum* (Dolman) carries on the idea of the former volumes in the same tender and refined strain of meditation, with innumerable quotations, many of them very curious and striking.

*Familiar Sketches of Catholic Life* (Burns and Lambert) is a pretty little book, detailing the character of the Catholic's religious practices, when really carried out in a *truly* Catholic country. It has a trifle too much of *couleur de rose*, if taken as a picture of what universally goes on in countries called Catholic ; but with this allowance, it will be a very useful book for distribution and for the young.

*The Clifton Tracts* continue to appear. The last three issued are among the best. "Queen Mary and her People" will open many people's eyes ; and the *facts* are undeniable. The first of the controversial and doctrinal series, "Protestantism weighed in its own Balance," is a clear and valuable exposition of the Bible texts

most commonly twisted by Protestants into proofs of their watchword, "The Bible and the Bible only."

An opportune reprint of Lingard's and Dodd's *Account of the Gunpowder Plot* has been issued by Mr. Dolman, with notes and prefatory remarks by a writer calling himself *Vindicator*. The real truth in all such matters cannot be too often brought forward.

Mr. Freeman's *Essay on the Origin and Development of Window Tracery in England* (J. H. Parker) is a valuable manual for Gothic architects and church-builders. It contains nearly 400 lithographs of the forms of windows, many of them of course more odd than beautiful, but many rare and curious, and a large proportion well deserving of study and imitation. The illustrations are accompanied by critical remarks, written without affectation, and with Mr. Freeman's well-known judicious acuteness. It should also be noted, that hardly any of the examples have ever been engraved before.

The Rationalist and Atheist school is not relaxing its energies. The last month has brought out a book from Miss Martineau, jointly with her friend Mr. Atkinson, advocating the blankest atheism, and denying the immortality of the soul. Stopping short of atheism, but denying all character of a revelation to Christianity, and rejecting the fact of the resurrection of our blessed Lord, Mr. Greg has published his *Creed of Christendom* (Chapman). Our philosopher of course condescends to "value the religion of Jesus."

Equally credulous and a slave to his own ignorance is Mr. Nisbet, the author of a Rationalist novel, *The Siege of Damascus* (Chapman), but in tone ten times as offensive. The book is clever and energetic, though it is not fair to judge of an author's real capacities for fiction from a story laid at a period 1200 years ago. But Exeter Hall could furnish forth no more vulgar and silly tirades against Popish and Puseyite mummeries and priestcraft, while the undisguised sensuality and animalism of the book is worthy of Luther himself.

Mr. Hussey, the Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Oxford, has published three lectures on *The Rise of the Papal Power* (J. H. Parker). They are temperately written, and attempt a critical view of the progress of the Papacy after the fourth century. Mr. Hussey says in his preface that his object is to let "facts speak for themselves." Whatever his object, he certainly has not attained it, and has taken good care that what tells most against him shall be suppressed. His line of argument as to the first three centuries would upset all belief in the existence of *any doctrines whatever* in the early Christians. He unveils himself a little rashly when he says that he must come forward against the Catholics, because they would take from the Anglicans *what they have*, if they could.

A wonderfully cheap edition of *Shakspeare's Plays* is appearing in Routledge's Popular Library; in which also Mr. Lunn's clever *Council of Four* has been reprinted, with *Miscellaneous Tales* by the same author.

There is novelty as well as merit in the plan of a small volume of *Occasional Devotions, Litanies, &c. used at St. James's Church, Spanish Place, London* (Burns and Lambert). The contents of the book are of course not new, but it is satisfactory to see such a token of progress in one of our largest London churches. It is gratifying also to see the word "Chapel" dropped, now that the building is a private chapel no longer.

*The Conversion of a Protestant Family* (Richardson) is a translation of a curious and interesting narrative some time ago noticed in the *Rambler*.

*A Catechism for First Communion* (Richardson) is another useful translation from the French, and revised by Dr. Pagani.

Catholic pamphlets have continued to multiply. One of the best we have seen for some time is the Rev. J. S. M'Corry's *Was St. Peter ever at Rome?* (Dolman), an excellent synopsis of the facts of this important question.—The Rev. E. Egan's *The Church of Christ and the True Bible* (Jones, Shrewsbury) is a clever *résumé* of the history of Catholic versions of the Scriptures.—A member of the Middle Temple, in answering the question, *Is Papal Supremacy recognised by the Law of England?* (Richardson), shews with much legal learning how strikingly the Pope's spiritual supremacy has long ago been received and acted on by the English law.—*Two Addresses* by the Catholic Priest of Ugthorp (Richardson) tell unpleasant truths and hit hard.—*Is the Doctrine of the 37th Article of the Church of England consistent with the Teaching of the Primitive Church?* (Richardson) collects together the chief patristic authorities for the supremacy in a brief form, at a low price.—Dr. Gillis's *Letters to Lord Arundel and Surrey on the new Penal Law in its bearing upon Scotland* are pointed and unanswerable by those who would persecute us in conformity with the laws of reason and common sense. But Lord John Russell cares no more for reason than for revelation.

Mr. Dodsworth's *Further Comments on Dr. Pusey's renewed Explanation* (Pickering) disposes of Dr. Pusey's last evasions of his correspondent's charges.

*Legends of the Commandments of God*, translated from the French of Collin de Plancy (Dolman), is a well-told series of historical incidents bearing upon the Ten Commandments. They are all founded on facts. The idea is ingenious and well carried out.

The concluding portion of the *Life of St. Camillus of Lellis* (Richardson) is now ready, the volume containing also lives of two devoted members of the Society of Jesus, the Venerable L. da Ponte, and the Venerable L. la Nuza.

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## Ecclesiastical Register.

### DOCUMENTS CONNECTED WITH THE NEW PENAL LAW.

THE PENAL LAW, AS ORIGINALLY INTRODUCED INTO THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, UNDER THE TITLE OF "A BILL TO PREVENT THE ASSUMPTION OF CERTAIN ECCLESIASTICAL TITLES IN RESPECT OF PLACES IN THE UNITED KINGDOM."

[NOTE.—The words printed in *italics* are proposed to be inserted in committee.]

WHEREAS by the Act of the 10th year of King George the Fourth, chap. 7, after reciting that the Protestant Episcopal Church of England and Ireland, and the doctrine, discipline, and government thereof, and likewise the Protestant Presbyterian Church of Scotland, and the doctrine, discipline, and government thereof, were by the respective Acts of Union of England and Scotland, and of Great Britain and Ireland, established permanently and inviolably, and that the right and title of Archbishops to their respective provinces, of Bishops to their sees, and of Deans to their deaneries, as well in England as in Ireland, had been settled and established by law, it was enacted, that if any person after the commencement of that Act, other than the person thereunto authorised by law, should assume or use the name, style, or title of Archbishop of any province, Bishop of any bishopric, or Dean of any deanery, in England or Ireland, he should for every such offence forfeit and pay the sum of one hundred pounds: and whereas it may be doubted whether the recited enactment extends to the assumption of the title of Archbishop or Bishop of a pretended province or diocese, or Archbishop or Bishop of a city, place, or territory in England or Ireland not being the see, province, or diocese of any Archbishop or Bishop recognised by law; but the attempt to establish, under colour of authority from the see of Rome or otherwise, such pretended sees, provinces, or dioceses, is illegal and void, and the assumption of ecclesiastical titles in respect thereof is inconsistent with the rights intended to be protected by the said enactment; and whereas it is expedient to prohibit the assumption of such titles in respect of any places within the United Kingdom: be it enacted, therefore, by the Queen's most excellent Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Lords spiritual and temporal, and Commons, in this present Parliament assembled, and by the authority of the same, that

I. If, after the passing of this Act, any person other than a person thereunto authorised by law in respect of an archbishopric, bishopric, or deanery of the United Church of England and Ireland, assume or use the name, style, or title of Archbishop, Bishop, or Dean of any city, town, or place, or of any territory or district (under any designation or description whatsoever) in the United Kingdom, whether such city, town, or place, or such territory or district, be or be not the see or the province, or co-extensive with the province, of any Archbishop, or the see or the diocese, or co-extensive with the diocese, of any Bishop, or the seat or place of the church of any Dean, or co-extensive with any deanery, of the said United Church, the person so offending shall, for every such offence, forfeit and pay the sum of *one hundred pounds*, to be recovered as provided by the recited Act.

II. Any deed or writing made, signed, or executed after the passing of this Act, by or under the authority of any person, in or under any name, style, or title which such person is by the recited Act and this Act, or either of them, prohibited from assuming or using, shall be void.

III. Where by an assurance, transfer, will, limitation, or declara-

tion of use or trust, or other instrument, made or executed after the passing of this Act, any real or personal property, or any profit or advantage to be had therefrom, is assured, given, or made applicable, or expressed or intended to be assured, given, or made applicable, directly or indirectly, for or towards the endowment or maintenance of any archbishopric, bishopric, or deanery intituled or in anywise designated or described as an archbishopric, bishopric, or deanery of any city, town, or place, territory, or district in the United Kingdom (except the archbishoprics, bishoprics, and deaneries of the said United Church), or for any purposes connected with or referring to the maintenance or continuance of any archbishopric, or bishopric, or deanery (except as aforesaid) so intituled, designated, or described, or of the titular province, see, or diocese, or limits thereof; or where by any such assurance, transfer, will, limitation, declaration, or other instrument, any real or personal property, profit, or advantage, or any power, authority, or discretion (whether for private or personal benefit, or for charitable or other purposes), to be exercised over or in relation to any real or personal property, or such profit or advantage as aforesaid, is assured, given, or vested, or expressed or intended to be assured, given, or vested, to or in any person by any name, style, or title of Archbishop, Bishop, or Dean, which by the recited Act and this Act, or either of them, such person is prohibited from assuming or using, or to or in any person who in such assurance, transfer, will, limitation, declaration, or other instrument, is in anywise designated, mentioned, or referred to as being or claiming to be, or as being called or known or reputed to be, Archbishop, Bishop, or Dean, under any name, style, or title which such person is so prohibited from assuming or using, or to or in any other person therein described as chaplain or other subordinate of the person so designated, mentioned, or referred to, or to or in any person in anywise described by means of a reference to a name, style, or title of which, by the said Act and this Act or either of them, the assumption or use is prohibited; all the real or personal property, profit, or advantage aforesaid, or such estates or interest therein as but for this enactment would have been in anywise applicable to any of the purposes aforesaid, or would have vested in or enured to the use of the person to or in whom the same use is so expressed or intended to be assured, given, or vested, shall, without any office or inquisition found, vest in and enure to the use of her Majesty, and shall and may be disposed of and applied as her Majesty shall be pleased by warrant under her sign manual to direct, whether such direction be to apply the same according and pursuant to the intents and purposes declared in and by the instruments hereinbefore mentioned or otherwise; and all such power, authority, and discretion as aforesaid, so far as the same but for this enactment might have been exercised by the person in whom the same is so expressed or intended to be vested, may be exercised by such persons and in such manner as her Majesty may be pleased by warrant under her sign manual to direct.

IV. Every person who may be liable to be sued for any penalty imposed by the recited enactment and this Act, or either of them, shall in any suit or proceeding in equity in relation to any such assurance, transfer, will, limitation, declaration of use or trust, or other instrument as hereinbefore mentioned, or in relation to any secret or other trust, or other matter whatsoever, be compellable to answer upon oath, notwithstanding his liability to such penalty, in the same manner as if no such liability existed: provided that no answer of such person in any such suit or proceeding as aforesaid, nor any matter disclosed or made known only by means of such answer, shall be admitted as evidence against such person in any action for the recovery of such penalty.



PETITION OF THE CATHOLIC ARCHBISHOPS AND BISHOPS OF IRELAND,  
PRESENTED TO THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, AGAINST THE BILL.

*The Petition of the Archbishops and Bishops of the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland*

Humbly sheweth, — That we, the undersigned Archbishops and Bishops of the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland, most respectfully approach your Honourable House to declare our sense of the impolicy and injustice of the Bill respecting Ecclesiastical Titles which has been submitted to the consideration of Parliament.

Petitioners look on this measure as one which, under the pretence of preventing their assumption of titles, is fraught with hostility to the dearest interests of the Catholic religion.

Petitioners beg leave humbly to state that these titles are purely of a spiritual nature; that no secular power can confer or take them away; that they do not interfere with our duty to the throne, or infringe on the rights of any class of her Majesty's subjects; yet that the Act prohibiting them interferes directly with the performance of our duties as Roman Catholic Bishops, renders legally impracticable the observance of the essential discipline of the Catholic Church, and thereby inflicts great injuries on us and the Roman Catholics of the United Kingdom.

Petitioners beg leave, further, most respectfully to state that, in the opinion of the most eminent lawyers of Ireland, the proposed measure will control the free disposition of property, interfere with and endanger settlements made on the faith of existing laws, and in its results be productive of great embarrassment.

That your Petitioners, therefore, deem it an unjust interference with the rights of property, a gross violation of the principles of civil and religious liberty, which our beloved Queen, at the opening of the session, graciously expressed her determination to preserve sacred and inviolate, and that it is eminently calculated to revive religious animosities fatal to the peace and prosperity of the country.

Petitioners feel called on to inform your Honourable House that, although the protection of the Roman Catholic laity has been urged in justification of the measure, its bare introduction has already produced a manifestation of outraged feeling and indignation among the Roman Catholics of Ireland, which nothing short of its rejection will be sufficient to allay.

[Here follow the signatures of the four Archbishops, twenty-four Bishops, and the Vicar-Capitular of Killaloe.]

DECLARATION OF THE CATHOLIC LAITY OF ENGLAND.

[The following declaration has been drawn up by a committee appointed at a meeting of Catholic noblemen and gentlemen, called in London by the Hon. C. Langdale. It has been approved of by his Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster and all the Suffragan Bishops. It is intended to receive and publish the signatures of all Catholic gentlemen who may wish to subscribe their names to it. It may be signed by application by letter to W. J. Amherst, Esq., 4 New Boswell Court, Lincoln's Inn, London. It is desirable that the addresses as well as the names of subscribers should appear, and all who write letters are requested to write plainly.]

We, the undersigned Roman Catholic laymen of England, seeing that a bill is now under the consideration of Parliament, which threatens to inflict penalties on the Roman Catholic prelates and ecclesiastics of



Great Britain and Ireland for using or bearing their proper ecclesiastical titles, as Bishops or Deans of the sees or deaneries over which they preside, and to confiscate to the Crown all property which may hereafter be devised or bequeathed to them by their ecclesiastical titles; seeing that the effect of this measure will be to subject the Catholics of this country to losses and penalties for the exercise of their rights, which are, and by the law advisers of the Crown have been declared to be, legally theirs, viz. the acknowledgment and use by themselves and their prelates of ecclesiastical titles other than those already appropriated to the Protestant Establishment; seeing, also, that a violent agitation on religious matters has for some months pervaded this country, during which all that we hold most sacred—our religion, our pastors, our loyalty, and our integrity—have been insulted and attacked; seeing that all these and other threatened persecutions are alleged to be founded on the act of our Holy Father Pope Pius the Ninth, who, in the month of September last, exercising a power that belonged to him alone, and by virtue of an authority purely spiritual, and which no Catholic can dispute, was graciously pleased to effect certain changes in the ecclesiastical system hitherto in force among the Catholics of England; do now feel called upon, in the face of God, our country, and of the whole civilised world, to protest against any interference whatever with our right to the unfettered exercise of our religion, and particularly against the gross and manifest violation of our religious freedom now threatened, in direct contravention both of the spirit and letter of the Emancipation Act, and of subsequent statutes, and in open defiance of her most gracious Majesty's expressed resolution to maintain unimpaired the religious liberty of her subjects. And that this our protest may carry with it greater weight, and that all men may know how false and frivolous are the pretences for this invasion of our rights, we have resolved upon publishing the following declarations:—

First, then, we declare that, according to the principles and doctrines of our holy religion, the Bishop of Rome is the chief pastor and ruler of the Church, and the supreme earthly head thereof, and that an essential part of this supremacy consists in his right of conferring spiritual and ecclesiastical jurisdiction on the Bishops of the Church, and of assigning to them portions of territory called dioceses, as the limits within which such jurisdiction shall be exercised, and of appointing each Bishop to an episcopal chair or see within such diocese, as the seat of the spiritual and ecclesiastical government of the Church or body of the faithful within such diocese; thereby authorising each Bishop to designate himself as (that which, in fact, he is) the Bishop of such see, and to assume and use the title thereof, by which his place and rank and office in the Catholic Church and among its pastors may be known and recognised. And we further declare that this right belongs to the Bishop of Rome in his spiritual and ecclesiastical character, as successor of the blessed Apostle St. Peter, and is in nowise connected with or dependent upon his character as a temporal prince; and we declare that, as the power thus exercised by the Holy Father is of a spiritual and ecclesiastical nature, so the power imparted to the Bishops, the jurisdiction given, and the sees and titles granted to them, are purely spiritual and ecclesiastical, and confer no temporal rank, precedence, or dignity whatever.

II. We declare that, in some countries, and in our own before the change of religion in the sixteenth century, where, by the law of the land, temporal possessions and offices, and civil power, rank, and dignity, were annexed to the episcopal function (so that, on the appoint-

ment of a Bishop, he contracted new temporal obligations to the sovereign, and acquired a civil *status* different from other subjects), both the State and the Church did claim an interest in and exercise a power over the Bishops and sees of the Church, forasmuch as acts done or changes made in their regard did then, by the law of the land, directly affect the temporalities of the realm: but we declare that the State never did, at any time or in any country, possess the right to interfere with the appointment, jurisdiction, see, or title of a Bishop, as Bishop of the Church, or on account of his spiritual or ecclesiastical character and office, but solely on account of the temporal privileges and duties which by law had been annexed to the episcopacy: and therefore we declare that, since there is no analogy between such cases and the present, inasmuch as our Bishops have acquired by their appointment no new civil *status*, and possess, as Diocesan Bishops, no temporal privilege, power, or pre-eminence whatsoever, the arguments founded on this false analogy, by which the threatened interference is sought to be justified, are of no weight whatever, and have no real bearing on the question.

III. We deny that any general European law exists whereby (as it is pretended) the right of creating bishoprics and Bishops is inherent in, or dependent on, the civil power. And we declare that the exercise of the spiritual authority of the Pope, belonging to him as the successor of St. Peter, can only be limited by his own free act or concession. We declare also, that in some countries the Supreme Pontiff has accordingly been pleased by treaty, concordat, or stipulated terms in return for recognition or privileges bestowed by the State upon the Church, to allow the State to participate in the appointment of Bishops, or the regulation and division of their dioceses (which acts, however, have always emanated from himself); but we declare, that as no treaty, concordat, or stipulation has been entered into, or exists, between the government of this country and the Holy Father, therefore the arguments founded on the false analogy between such cases and the present, in favour of legislative enactment against us, are nothing but colourable prettexts for persecution.

IV. We declare that the Holy Father Pope Pius the Ninth, by re-dividing the apostolic vicariates, which had by his predecessors been created in this country, into one archdiocese and twelve dioceses, and appointing to them as Bishops, with ordinary powers in the Catholic Church, the prelates whom, as Vicars-Apostolic, with extraordinary episcopal powers, we had been accustomed to revere and obey, did not in any way, directly or indirectly, commit any aggression upon, or offer any insult to, either the sovereign or the people of this country.

V. We declare that the recent change in our ecclesiastical system, useful and desirable as it was with regard to Catholics, did not in the slightest degree injure or affect our Protestant fellow-countrymen, or operate any change in their relations with Catholics. Further, inasmuch as, before the recent arrangements, the country had been divided by the Supreme Pontiff into territorial districts with local limits, called Apostolic Vicariates; inasmuch as ecclesiastical titles from places within the kingdom had been assumed and used—viz. those of Vicars-Apostolic of the London, Lancashire, Yorkshire, and Welsh districts; inasmuch as the prelates filling those offices were appointed by the Pope; inasmuch as it is absolutely false that the claims to spiritual authority of the Vicars-Apostolic were less extensive (as has been pretended) than those of the Diocesan Bishops; therefore we declare that any justification for the proposed penal enactment, on the ground that a novel and unprecedented extension of the claims of the Catholic Church has been at-



tempted, by the nomination of our Bishops, by parcelling out the land of the country, and by conferring ecclesiastical titles and dignities from places within the realm, is merely specious, and wholly unfounded both in fact and reason.

VI. We declare that the recent creation of our Catholic hierarchy has not in any way impaired or affected the civil or temporal supremacy of her most gracious Majesty, or lessened in any way the dependence of her Majesty's subjects, whether Catholic or Protestant, on her Majesty's courts of justice, or introduced any rule or law, or code of laws, affecting any rights or properties whatsoever, in contravention of, or in derogation from, the laws of the land. On the contrary, we declare our full belief that her Majesty's courts preserve, since the establishment of the hierarchy, exactly the same powers that they possessed before of adjudicating on and determining questions involving the rights and property of her Majesty's subjects. Moreover, seeing that her Majesty's courts of justice, exactly as they have hitherto done, will still continue to inquire and to ascertain by evidence what are the religious or ecclesiastical laws and usages of Catholics, Dissenters, Unitarians, and others, and to make these laws and usages thus ascertained the bases of their decisions on all questions depending on them, whether with regard to trusts or other rights, provided such laws and usages do not contravene or prove inconsistent with the laws and constitution of the realm; seeing that her Majesty's courts, exactly as they have hitherto done, will still continue to refuse to adopt, sanction, or enforce any ecclesiastical law or religious usages that may contravene or prove inconsistent with the laws and constitution of the realm; seeing that thus the establishment of our hierarchy has not made, or affected to make, the slightest alteration in the principles or practice according to which her Majesty's courts adjudicate upon and determine questions involving the rights and property of her Majesty's subjects: we do therefore declare, that any alleged necessity for exceptional legislation with regard to Catholic rights and property, supposed to arise from the establishment of our hierarchy, has no real existence, and is unworthy of serious notice.

VII. We reject with the utmost scorn and indignation the imputation that we wish for any interference between our revered prelates and ourselves, or require any protection for our rights and property against them and the powers conferred by the hierarchy. We regard every attempt made to represent a penal law against our Bishops as a measure passed for our benefit and at our request, as an attack upon our honour. And we make this statement for the express purpose of depriving any person who may again hazard these insinuations (whether he be a professed enemy to our religion, or a secret foe within our own body) of all credit and attention. Moreover, we protest most strongly against the glaring impropriety of founding measures against the Catholic Bishops, clergy, and laity, on secret or anonymous information, or on any statements, except such as shall be made openly and in a manner which will enable us to refute them if untrue.

VIII. We declare that the government of the Catholic Church through a regularly constituted hierarchy of Diocesan Bishops is the only normal and perfect condition of the Catholic body. The government by Vicars-Apostolic we assert to be abnormal and provisional, and to owe its origin amongst us solely to the religious persecution which so long disgraced the country. We declare that it was never established except from necessity, or meant to be continued after circumstances should permit a return to the ordinary form of government. We declare that its duration in this country has been due to the enfeebled



state of our body after a long and cruel persecution; and we utterly deny that it ever was deemed in itself, or is now by us considered preferable, or even equivalent, to government by Diocesan Bishops. And therefore we declare that any attempt by legislative interference, much more by a new penal law, to deprive us of our hierarchy, or to impede or hamper its free action amongst us, is a direct act of persecution and a violation of our liberties as Englishmen.

IX. We declare that, inasmuch as by our religious principles we are bound, and as by our rights as Englishmen we are entitled, to maintain the spiritual and ecclesiastical supremacy of our Holy Father the Pope over the Catholic Church; inasmuch as, by necessary consequence, we are bound to recognise and obey as our lawful ecclesiastical superiors the Metropolitan and Bishops under whom, by the valid exercise of a power which belongs to himself alone, we have been placed; inasmuch as a refusal on our parts to recognise them, their jurisdiction, their titles, or their sees, would, according to our conscientious belief, be a wrongful act, and a breach of the bond of unity which indissolubly binds us to the see of Rome; therefore, any legislative enactment subjecting any Catholic, whether Bishop, cleric, or layman, to punishment or loss for his free and willing obedience to the authority of his Church, or prohibiting his full and entire compliance with the ordinances of the Supreme Pontiff concerning the restoration of our hierarchy, will be by us considered as an unjust and oppressive infringement of the rights of conscience.

Lastly, having regard as well to the proposed law as to the many monstrous and tyrannical schemes and measures which, during the recent agitation, have been proposed and suggested for our oppression; considering that small and vexatious interferences with freedom of conscience involve the whole principle of religious persecution, and may be used as precedents and excuses for the most intolerable tyranny; holding, also, that our religious freedom is the dearest and most valuable of our rights, as the one for whose sake we and our ancestors have borne and suffered most, so as not to shrink from the sacrifice of our civil and political privileges, our property, and our lives in its defence; remembering, moreover, that not we only are attacked, but the millions of our Irish Catholic fellow-subjects are engaged with us in defending our common cause; we do solemnly declare that we are firmly determined, for their sakes as well as for our own, to resist, by every legal and constitutional means within our power, every attempt to deprive either ourselves or them of the least portion of our religious liberty.

#### ADDRESS OF THE ENGLISH CATHOLICS TO THE QUEEN.

Presented to her Majesty by the Lords Vaux of Harrowden, Dormer, and Lovat, and signed by nearly 400,000 English Catholics.

To the Queen's most excellent Majesty.

May it please your Majesty, we, the undersigned subjects of your Majesty, residing in England, and professing the Roman Catholic religion, beg to approach your Majesty's throne, there to express our sentiments of unimpaired and unalterable fidelity to your Majesty's royal person, crown, and dignity.

At a moment when attempts are being made to impeach our loyalty, we consider it a duty to give fresh utterance to these our feelings.

During centuries of exclusion from the privileges of the constitution, and from the rights enjoyed by their fellow-subjects, the Catholics of England remained true to their allegiance to the crown of this realm,

and yielded to none in their readiness at all times to defend its rights and its prerogatives against every foe. And now that, under your Majesty's wise rule, we enjoy equal participation with others in the benefits of the constitution, we are more than ever animated with the same sentiments of fidelity and attachment, and are equally ready to give proof, whenever occasion may present itself, of the sincerity of our loyal professions.

The dearest of the privileges to which we have thus been admitted by the wisdom of the British legislature, is that of openly professing and practising the religion of our fathers, in communion with the see of Rome. Under its teachings we have ever learnt, as a most sacred lesson, to give to Cæsar the things that are of Cæsar, as we give to God the things that are of God. In whatever, therefore, our Church has at any time done for establishing its regular system of government among its members in this island, we beg most fervently and most sincerely to assure your Majesty that the organisation granted to us is entirely ecclesiastical, and its authority purely spiritual. But it leaves untouched every tittle of your Majesty's rights, authority, power, jurisdiction, and prerogative, as our sovereign, and as sovereign over these realms, and does not in the leastwise diminish or impair our profound reverence, our loyalty, fidelity, and attachment to your Majesty's august person and throne. And we humbly assure your Majesty, that among your Majesty's subjects there exists no class who more solemnly, more continually, or more fervently pray for the stability of your Majesty's throne, for the preservation of your Majesty's life, and for the prosperity of your Majesty's empire, than the Catholics of England, in whose religion loyalty is a sacred duty, and obedience a Christian virtue.

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### THE CLERKENWELL LECTURES.

THE following letters, which have appeared in the Catholic newspapers, and which were called forth by certain strictures on the Lectures in question, will be interesting to many of our readers.

#### LAY PREACHING—IS IT RIGHT OR WRONG?

SIR,—Some persons have objected to the Lectures now delivering at SS. Peter's and Paul's Chapel, Clerkenwell, on the ground that lay preaching is a thing not to be tolerated. It has been already shewn that these lectures are not sermons, but precisely those historical and controversial appeals to which no one ever objected on the ground that laymen were not competent to deliver them. At the same time, the interests of truth require it to be stated, that even if they were real sermons in the ordinary sense of the word, they could not be condemned merely on the ground that lay preaching is contrary to the discipline of the Catholic Church; so far from it, the practice possesses the sanction of some of the very highest authorities, and it has been adopted in Italy itself, and other countries, to an extent of which English Catholics are little aware.

St. Ignatius of Loyola and his companions were in the habit of preaching incessantly, long before they were in orders, and before the foundation of the Society of Jesus. On one well-known occasion, St. Ignatius was maliciously accused before an ecclesiastical tribunal, but not a word was said against his right to preach as a layman, provided the proper authorities permitted it; he was only warned not to discuss the most difficult and obscure of subjects, and this not because he was



a layman, but because he had not devoted much time to the study of theology.

St. Philip Neri frequently preached in Rome while yet a layman. In the church of San Salvatore he used to preach every first Sunday in the month, during the exposition of the Blessed Sacrament; crowds went to hear him, and the good he did is described by his biographer as very great.

St. Alphonsus Liguori was in the habit of employing the most competent of his lay penitents to preach to the poor in Naples; first of all in workshops and private houses, and afterwards, when the numbers increased, in public oratories and churches, with the special approval of the Cardinal Archbishop.

The B. Ippolito Galantini remained to the end of his life a poor hard-working mechanic, and yet he accomplished the work of an Apostle in Florence and other places in Tuscany. Though a man wholly unskilled in human learning, he is spoken of by his biographer as a preacher of rare power. He was not only employed by the inferior clergy in teaching the young, and in preaching to all classes, but his services were called for by the highest ecclesiastical dignitaries. The Grand Duke of Modena begged him to come and preach in Modena, while his own sovereign was unwilling to spare him from Florence even for a few days. In fact, though remaining a layman and a poor mechanic to the end of his life, every hour that could be spared from his secular labours was devoted to the work of an Apostle.

To this day, as I have been told on very good authority, you may hear laymen preaching in Italy to the confraternities of which they are members. In the Oratorium Parvum at Rome even boys preach.

It is important, I think, that such facts as these should be borne in mind by persons who are disposed to find fault with the lectures which have given occasion to my remarks. They shew how very differently such matters are viewed in Catholic countries, where the principles of Catholicity are better understood than among ourselves; and they will tend to confirm all candid persons in the opinion, that the only questions to be considered in the case of these lectures are, first, whether the lecturers are competent to their task, and secondly, whether they have the approval of ecclesiastical superiors.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

JOHN KYNE.

Catholic Chapel, Upper Rosamon Street, Clerkenwell,  
Feb. 27th, 1851.

#### LAY PREACHING—THE RIGHT USE OF CHURCHES.

March 6th, 1851.

SIR,—One of the objections that have been urged by your correspondents against the lectures delivered in Rosamon-street Chapel has been based on the supposition that applause and laughter are altogether wrong and mischievous in a church appropriated to religious worship. I cannot but think myself that this notion has its rise in that puritanical spirit which prevails among the Protestants around us, and of which it is a common characteristic that while it “strains out a gnat” it is perfectly ready to “swallow a camel.” It is this unfortunate spirit which tends to keep our churches locked up all day, save during the hours of divine service; to make them the comfortable private property of the rich, instead of the home of the poor; and generally to guard them with so fastidious a care against imaginary abuse as to reduce their actual use to a minimum. I am far enough from wishing to employ them for any purpose except those in which the interests of religion are directly or indirectly involved; but I maintain that the lectures in question do tend



to serve the best interests of the Catholic Church, and that, moreover, the occasional applause and slight laughter which they call forth is in no degree inconsistent with that religious frame of mind which we naturally associate with a sacred building. Your correspondent, Mr. Lynch, has truly stated that the demonstrations excited by the lectures are of no extravagant description; on the contrary, they are at once so cordial and so controlled as to shew that the audience deeply feel the importance of the subject in which they are engaged. As to the demeanour of the many Protestants present, it could not be more attentive or respectful.

As an example of the very different ideas entertained in countries where no puritanical influence is created by the presence of Anglican or Methodistical Protestantism, I would refer your readers to an account given by Mr. Allies, in his *Journal in Italy and France*, of what he saw or heard in Paris, in the Church of Ste. Marguerite. The altar was hidden by a curtain, and a dialogue on this very subject of miracles was carried on between the Abbé Massard and the Abbé Croze, which called forth nothing less than shouts of laughter and applause. After the dialogue a sermon was preached, during which the preacher "was more than once applauded." Many similar instances will occur to the memory of all persons familiar with the customs of really Catholic countries. The following examples of what takes place in Rome itself I am enabled to state on an authority which, if it were necessary to mention it, would at once silence all doubts as to their correctness and importance.

Theses, not only of theology but of philosophy, including mathematics, are constantly held in the Church of the Seminary, or the Roman College; a Cardinal (or even, as in the case of Cardinal Ferretti, the Pope himself) presiding, and giving the signal for the applause in the end. The Blessed Sacrament is of course removed.

Distributions of prizes are given in chapels or churches for Catechism.

Funeral orations are given in church, and from the pulpit, by laymen; so also discourses on the opening of collegiate studies: and his Eminence Cardinal Wiseman himself preached before Pope Pius VII. when he was only 16 years old, and had not received the tonsure.

On one of the Sundays after Easter there takes place in the Church of Santa Maria del Pianto the election of the "Emperor of the Catechism," a most exciting scene, well known even to many English visitors of Rome. The Blessed Sacrament is removed, and the Emperor of the preceding year is placed in a seat above the altar, the boys contending being placed on elevated tiers of benches all around.

During Christmas in the Church of Ara Cœli is a Prosepio, which is visited by large crowds, while at intervals a little boy or girl deliver a sermon.

Facts such as these might easily be multiplied; but the above are more than sufficient to shew the light in which the lectures at Rosamon Street and Bunhill Row would be regarded by the highest authority in the Holy City itself. It might indeed, I think, have been taken for granted that the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster was not likely to have given his sanction to proceedings in the slightest degree contrary to the discipline and usages of the Catholic Church.—I am, sir, your obedient servant,

JOHN KYNE.

Catholic Chapel, Upper Rosamon Street, Clerkenwell.

#### LAY PREACHING, AND APPLAUSE IN CHURCHES.

SIR,—I have read with much attention the letters that have appeared in your columns relative to the delivery of lectures by laymen in some of the Catholic chapels in London. The arguments of those who object to these lectures seem to divide themselves into two heads.

1st, They object to laymen preaching; 2d, they object to laughing and other demonstrations of feeling in buildings (not consecrated, it appears, but at least) set apart for public worship. On the first of these points I would beg to call your correspondents' attention to the lives of the saints, where, if I mistake not, they will find numerous instances of what they so much dislike. The names of St. Francis of Assisi, St. Ignatius Loyola, and St. Philip Neri, occur to me at once, and I believe there are many others. All these delivered, not merely historical or controversial lectures, such as I understand those in London to be, but downright earnest, practical sermons—"rebuking, exhorting," and, in a word, preaching, whilst yet they were laymen; and I never read that their zeal was accounted blameworthy by their ecclesiastical superiors: on the contrary, what they did in this way was under the express sanction of the proper ecclesiastical authorities. And at the present day, in Rome, Florence, and other Italian cities, you may hear young laymen of no pretensions to sanctity such as that of the great names I have mentioned, preaching Sunday after Sunday in the consecrated chapels of the respective confraternities to which they may happen to belong. It is true that these persons may be supposed to be addressing their own little brotherhood, whatever it may be: still each of these brotherhoods has its chaplain and its spiritual director, to whom the duty of preaching should (in your correspondents' opinion) be exclusively confided; and, as a matter of fact, a number of persons are constantly present at these sermons who are not members of the brotherhood, so that the sermons are, to all intents and purposes, public sermons. Never having belonged to any of these confraternities myself, I cannot tell by what rules the lay preacher may be chosen, or what limits may be set to his choice of subjects; but I may mention that the last Sunday I spent in Florence was within the Octave of the Feast of Corpus Christi, and that I was asked on that occasion by a young Italian friend (he was not more than twenty, and had no intention of being ordained) to come and hear him preach in the public chapel of his confraternity, and that his subject was to be the Real Presence and devotion to the Blessed Sacrament. Again, every body who has spent a winter in Rome has heard the sermons of little children (boys and girls, spite of St. Paul's injunction that women should keep silence in the Church) at Christmas time in the Church of the Franciscans at Ara Cœli, and the more developed sermon of lads of ten or twelve years old, which often precedes the spiritual exercises of the Oratory at the Chiesa Nuova. These last, however, are such manifest exceptions to ordinary rules, that they ought scarcely to be mentioned, perhaps.

Then as to laughing, and other expressions of feeling in churches, you may hear this again and again in Catholic countries (at least in Italy), even during the regular Sunday sermon, delivered not by a layman, but by the priest; still more frequently may it be heard in the more familiar catechetical instructions commonly given in the Sunday afternoons. I would specify in particular the City Mission, preached by the Jesuit Fathers in the principal churches of Rome, where the instructions are given in the form of a dialogue between a priest and a supposed ignoramus, but the part of the ignoramus is always taken by a very clever priest, whose great object it is to keep the people's attention always on the *qui vive*; and to do this he has frequent recourse to witticisms, which are received with roars of laughter. And all this, it must be remembered, goes on in the nave of the large Italian church, whilst the Blessed Sacrament is on one of the side altars, or perhaps even in the tabernacle on the high altar. But it may be said that the objection is not raised against these free expressions of feeling *per se*,



but only inasmuch as they are the effect of using a sacred building for profane, that is, for not directly religious, purposes. I mean, persons may say they have no objection to a preacher or a catechist, or any one engaged in giving religious instruction in a church, doing so in such a way as may elicit laughter from his audience; but they object to these lectures, and the laughter, &c. which is occasioned by them, precisely because they are not religious, at least not directly so, but only historical, instructive, or entertaining. Now I suppose Catholics in England may be allowed to do what Catholics in Rome are allowed to do, without censure; I do not say that English Catholics are bound to do all that Roman Catholics do, either in this or any other matter, but I think it is not too much to ask that they may be allowed to follow their example without thereby incurring the charge of ignorance, presumption, violation of the principles of Catholicity, &c. &c.; in other words, I suppose we may fairly presume that the Pope and Cardinals in Rome are pretty nearly as well acquainted with the degree of reverence that is due to churches, as any recent convert from Wesleyanism to the Church in this country is likely to be. This being granted, I would beg to mention that I have more than once been present in the great church of St. Ignazio at Rome, when the whole of the high altar has been removed or concealed by boards, and that end of the church has been formed in a sort of amphitheatre, bench rising above bench, and the whole crowded by the students of the Roman College (varying in age from ten to five-and-twenty perhaps) come to receive the prizes annually awarded to the most successful competitors. The space in front of the high altar is filled up with chairs for the accommodation of the more distinguished guests, and a considerable portion of the church is occupied with benches for all who are interested in the proceedings. A Cardinal presides, and on the last occasion when I was there, I think there were no less than five of these Princes of the Church amongst the company.

Surely what is done in the consecrated church in Rome, under the immediate eye of the Supreme Pontiff, and sanctioned by the presence of so many of the Sacred College, cannot be so atrocious a proceeding as the mistaken zeal of some of your correspondents has led them to imagine.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

A LAYMAN, BUT NO PREACHER.

#### SIR THOMAS MORE A LAY PREACHER.

DEAR SIR,—It may not be uninteresting to your readers to know that the great Sir Thomas More, when only twenty-four years old, was accustomed to deliver lectures on St. Augustine's famous work *De Civitate Dei*, in the church of St. Lawrence, Old Jewry. Erasmus tells us, that these lectures were very numerous attended, and that neither the aged and experienced, nor the most dignified churchmen of the land, were ashamed to drink in sacred wisdom from the lips of the young layman. Grocyn, his old Oxford master, was one among the number of his hearers.—Your obedient servant,

I. J. MULLIGAN.

Nottingham, March 4th, 1851.

#### MARRIED,

On Tuesday, the 4th instant, at the Catholic Church, Chelsea, by his Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, ROBERT BERKELEY, Esq., junior, of Spetchley Park, in the county of Worcester, to MARY CATHARINE, youngest daughter of the Honourable Colonel Browne, and niece to the Earl of Kenmare.



# The Rambler.

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### To Correspondents.

*A Catholic.*—The object of the editor of the *Rambler* and his coadjutors, is to aid in the dissemination of opinions which they believe to be correct, and not of those which they believe to be erroneous.

Correspondents who require answers in private are requested to send their complete address, a precaution not always observed.

We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

All communications must be *postpaid*. Communications respecting *Advertisements* must be addressed to the publishers, Messrs. BURNS and LAMBERT.

# The Rambler,

A CATHOLIC JOURNAL AND REVIEW.

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VOL. VII.

MAY 1851.

PART XLI.

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## OUR POSITION AND POLICY.

WHATEVER may be the outward relationship of the Catholic Church to the world, her inward relationship is never changed. At one time the world shews itself to be our implacable enemy. At another it pays us every possible sign of respect and honour, loads us with its wealth, courts our friendship, and invites our prelates to sit in its council-chambers. Then again its mood is altered, and it begins again to persecute us, though on the most "liberal" principles. Or it plays the superior, pats us on the head, rewards us for our services to the state, and entreats us to accept its gifts. Or it vouchsafes us neither honour nor opposition, looking down upon us as one of the multitudinous sects whom wise men will leave to fight their battles with one another, so long as they meddle not with state affairs.

Yet not for one single instant is the deep, hidden, *real* relationship between the Church and the world changed or modified. We are still the Church of God, and it is still the world which is the enemy of God. Even when the secular power calls itself Catholic, it is only when its influence is in the hands of men of undeniable piety and rigid orthodoxy that its actions are not as directly in antagonism with the religion of Jesus Christ as if they were professedly Pagan, Mahometan, Protestant, Atheistic.

What is it that secular government, *as such*, is of divine authority, so long as rulers and legislators refuse to recognise the superior authority of the laws of revelation to the laws of human wisdom? Secular government, though springing originally from Almighty God, may be made the deadliest weapon which his foes can wield against his rights; just as the devil is ever ready with a Bible text, and just as when the Jews sought to kill the incarnate Son of God, they found their rea-



diest instrument in one of his own Apostles. It is a part of the curse which has come upon all God's works by the fall, that every thing which He designed for his own glory is liable to be perverted to the use of his enemies. And therefore when we say that the State is, practically, the perpetual enemy of the Church, it is no answer to our assertion to say that Almighty God instituted secular government, and commanded all men to obey the laws of the land where they live.

Undoubtedly He did so; and undoubtedly so long as the administration of secular government and the making of laws is in the hands of devout and orthodox Catholics, the State will be a true friend and servant to the Church; and the closer the friendship between the powers is drawn, the better for all man's best and highest interests.

But what is the *fact* as to the general devotion and orthodoxy of secular powers? Out of the whole list of nominally Catholic kings since the days of Constantine, how many have been men of ordinarily decent moral character, much less religious men, and devoted to the spiritual well-being of their people? Just look at our own Catholic kings, for instance, from William the Conqueror to Henry the Eighth; there the yare, specimens of the *kind* of personages with whom the Church has to deal. Think over their characters, and what do they appear? Why there appears to be about *one* of the whole number, except the child who was killed by his uncle in the Tower, who did not habitually violate the plainest laws of the Decalogue, or who did not employ all the influence he could gain in the Church for the purpose of enslaving the prelacy and priesthood for his own purposes of state. And such as were the kings, such were their ministers and parliaments. No doubt they did not profess to hate the Catholic Church by name. Far from it; they overwhelmed her with their gifts; they courted, in their royal way, her friendship; they had recourse to her in their necessities; but as for obeying her commands in their own personal lives, as for treating the Pope as the Vicar of Jesus Christ, and the chief of a spiritual empire to which their own worldly power was the toy of a day, it would be simply absurd to attribute to them any thing of the kind. Pious and orthodox men were to be found here and there among the crowd of sovereigns, ministers, warriors, and legislators; but they were a miserably small minority: the State in its acts was practically identified with the world, and was as truly, though not nominally, the enemy of God and of the Church, as the secular power in England at this moment.

Such was the condition of things when the State favoured the Church in this kingdom; and such it was, on the whole,

every where. Here and there, undeniably, an exception appears. A Saint Louis, for a few years, forced upon a reluctant court and nation a genuine obedience to the laws of God and the supremacy of the Holy See. A Sir Thomas More, when raised to the height of earthly grandeur, was found ready to lay his head on the block rather than renounce his allegiance to the Pope. Within the last year or two we have seen a young Emperor of Austria, of his own will, break the fetters which the wickedness of his predecessors had thrown around the Church. But rare indeed are such bright spots in the gloom of the records of Church and State. The whole history of the past shews us that, inevitable as has often been the alliance between the temporal and the spiritual powers, and impossible as it has been for the Church to act otherwise than she has acted under the circumstances, there have been no periods so disastrous to pure religion, or so injurious to the practical action of the papal supremacy, as those in which the world has smiled upon the Church and professed to call itself by her name.

And why? Because thus the world has been enabled to corrupt the children of the Church, and arm them against their own mother. Against the Church herself the world is ever powerless; and against every separate branch of the Church it is powerless also, so long as that branch remains true to itself, and faithful to the laws of God. Persecution falls harmless upon Catholics so long as they do not play the traitor, and falter in their allegiance to God and his Vicar on earth. Kings and parliaments may smite us and shed our blood, but they cannot exterminate us, for our blood is the seed\*from whence a new harvest will spring. Their sole strength lies in their favours. If they can corrupt us, their work is done. If they can tempt us to love their titles, their adulation, the earthly pomp and pre-eminence they can confer; if they can give our bishops and clergy and monks a distaste for apostolic poverty, and teach them to think state patronage necessary to the well-being of religion; if they can make us afraid of them, and distrustful of the aid of the hand of God; then, in truth, laughter may be heard in hell, for its prince is making havoc in the ranks of the armies of Jesus Christ, and preparing thousands and millions, even whole nations, for apostacy and an everlasting curse.

Survey the past, and mark the confirmation that history gives to this terrible truth. When did the Church spread like a torrent throughout the civilised world? During the first 300 years of her existence, while persecution followed on persecution, and the sovereigns of the world abhorred her with intensest hatred. When did the heresy of Arius sweep

over the Church, until an overwhelming majority of so-called Christians abjured the divine rights of the Son of God? Immediately after the powers of the world had professed the faith of Christ, and cast their riches and honours into the lap of the Church. When was the mysterious sway of the faith over the minds of ruthless barbarians again displayed in all its majesty? After the incursion of the northern hordes, with all their savage Paganism, had crushed the decaying, corrupted Roman empire, and brought the Church again face to face with the powers of the world. When, again, was the Church afflicted with fresh inward trials, simony and lust finding their way to the very palaces of prelates, and vice overspreading Christendom, as Arianism had done in former days? When the storms of the darkest ages were passing away, and Churchmen were revelling in wealth, and mixed up with all the grandeur and rank of the secular power. And when was prepared that last and most wide-spread of all the afflictions with which the Church has ever been chastised, which gave over the land of the Saxon saints to the dominion of Henry and Elizabeth, tore from the unity of the Church people after people, and planted in almost every nation that remained steadfast a brood of heresy and sin, whose offspring remains to this very day? During the rich, magnificent, cultivated Middle Ages, when the world dressed itself in the robes of the Church, and religion *seemed* to rule all things, and yet for the most part was most corrupted when her name was apparently most honoured. Then, indeed, the effect of the world's favours was made known. At the bidding of our King Henry, the English episcopate and clergy, with some few exceptions, abjured the supremacy of the Pope, accepted the royal supremacy in its place, and lay powerless beneath the despoiling hands of a king and his courtiers. Every where the worst enemies of the Church were found in the ranks of her corrupted clergy. Luther was a monk, Cranmer was an archbishop. The secular power could do nothing in its rebellion against God, when the prelates and priesthood resisted its frowns and scorned its gifts. Wherever apostasy came, it was the work of men debased by wealth and earthly honours, even when their private characters were still free from gross immorality.

Such, again, was the history of the disasters of the Church in France during the Revolution of the last century. The clergy (still, of course, with exceptions) had thrown themselves into the arms of the State, boasting of their Gallican liberties as regarded the Pope, and little heeding their slavery as regarded the king. They had their reward, and so had the people who bribed them and followed them in their anti-papal



delusions. Honours were showered upon the episcopate and priesthood; princesses sought a regal home in cloistered convents; religion had its turn amongst the fashions which ruled in the most volatile of courts; splendour unrivalled adorned the celebration of religious functions; and then came the end. First secret, then fashionable infidelity; then the outburst of a nation's fury; then the martyrdom and exile of the clergy who could not be corrupted; then the worship of atheism itself. Such has been the result of ecclesiastical wealth and state-favour in the two most powerful nations of civilised Europe.

Yet amidst all these variations in the outward relations of the Church and the world, their inward antagonism has been ever identically the same. Whether the world has persecuted or has caressed the Church, its aim has ever been to thwart her in the fulfilment of her divine functions. By one rule alone, its own interests, the world has ever determined what should be its treatment of the Church. When it thought her children a wretched, helpless sect of superstitious dreamers, it struck her with all the ferocity of Pagan persecutions. When it found her too powerful to be exterminated, and beheld in her peace-making doctrines a promising aid to itself, then it wooed the Church with smiles and gifts and honours. When it perceived in her prelates, or clergy, or laity, an unconquerable spirit of independence, or felt that the unworldly maxims of the gospel were coming in conflict with its own base aims, it whispered into their ears suggestions of treachery against the Holy See, offered them golden bribes to silence under its crimes, and sought to convert them into its tools and slaves.

Just such, also, has been the attitude of the English Government and nation towards the Church since the Reformation. For a long time it was the policy of the world to persecute us, both in Great Britain and Ireland. Multitudes were bribed to renounce their God and Master for the favour of the State and its polluted gifts; but so many stood firm, that there was no course left for the Government but that of a bloody attempt at extermination. And so passed generation after generation, until the world perceived that persecution was utterly failing, and that neither confiscation, imprisonment, exile, nor death, could crush the faith which it abhorred and dreaded. Then came the first relaxation of the penal laws, and immediately upon that relaxation, the first attempts of the State to tamper with the faith of Catholics. With the most cunning ingenuity, every fetter that was snapped was succeeded by a delicately insinuated offer of a fresh amount of freedom, or positive gifts in hard cash, provided only *some*

little sacrifice would be made in return by Catholics themselves. Thus for half a century and more the English Government has been coquetting with certain parties in England and Ireland, still retaining a few penal measures as a scourge over their heads, but all the while professing the most affectionate respect to its "loyal" Catholic subjects. How marvellously narrow has been our escape again and again, is known to all who are familiar with our history during the present century. It seems that nothing less than an extraordinary special Providence has saved the Church in England and Ireland from being at this moment bound in fetters of gold to the Imperial Government. So infatuated have been many of us, that it appears as if Almighty God had a more than usual affection for our long-suffering Church, and had interposed to defeat the machinations of our enemies to an extent which He rarely vouchsafes to the Catholics of other countries.

And now at length the crowning blessing has been poured upon us by an instrumentality the very last we should have anticipated. There was Ireland torn with open or hidden dissensions, with a powerful and much-respected party of her clergy and laity convinced that the English Government meant well towards the Church, and submitting with scarcely concealed reluctance to the exercise of the supremacy of the Holy See. Here in England was the old disastrous connexion between Catholics and the Whigs still undestroyed, and seducing us into a friendship with that very political party which of all others is most bent upon bribing us into submission to the State; while all the while in too many quarters there existed a fatal desire for Government patronage, Government courtesies, and Government pay. Thus we stood, timid, divided, ignorant of our true position, blind to our true policy, imbibing the maxims of the world, copying the tricks and adopting the views of the Protestant sects around us, and seeming to think that the first use that we should make of our new-found "toleration" should be a display of the pomp and grandeur of Catholic ceremonial before the eyes of our fellow-countrymen. Then, in a moment, the worst of our foes unveils his designs against us, shatters his machinery of corruption with his own hands, drives the Catholics whom he had deceived back into the citadel whence they had been decoyed, and avows himself by his acts our deadliest foe.

We have no hesitation in regarding Lord John Russell as one of the greatest benefactors to the Catholic Church of the United Kingdom since the days of Elizabeth. With a power in his hands for doing us mischief almost unexampled, he has

done more than any politician who can be named to strengthen that very spiritual power in the Church which he most dreads. When the Hierarchy was established, had he continued to play his old game, had he congratulated us on attaining our legitimate government, had he been ostentatious in giving their titles to the new prelates, had he invited us to consider some ministerial scheme for paying our clergy or relieving us of our many debts, had he vigorously set his face against the anti-Catholic feeling which still so widely pervaded English society, had he given silk gowns to English Catholic barristers and made a few more Catholics peers, had he shewn a disposition honestly to meet the wishes of the Holy See in respect of the Irish colleges, in a word, had he systematically adopted the method of flattery, bribery, and compromise, who shall tell what would have been our firmness and faith in rejecting his offers and scorning his blandishments? Who will pretend to say that either in England or Ireland the whole body of Catholics is animated with such a noble apostolic spirit of independence, and guided by such clear perceptions of its dangers, as to have had a reasonable prospect of resisting so terrible a snare? Is there no blind Gallicanism among us; no undue dependence upon money as a means of propagating the Faith; no tuft-hunting subservience to worldly rank and honour; no faint-hearted fear of the power of Protestantism to persecute? Are there no tokens remaining amongst us of that most fatal delusion, an anti-Catholic nationalism, which sets up English customs, English prejudices, English feelings, English rights, in a word, English *sins*, against those principles and that discipline which is designed alike for all ages, all countries, all ranks and degrees of men? Who, we say, can calculate the fearful consequences to the Church in these realms, had the Government taken advantage of the new Hierarchy, as a pretence for multiplying its civilities, and pandering to all that is least spiritual and least Catholic in our minds?

But, thanks be to the over-ruling mercies of God, *that* temptation has been spared us. *Quem Deus vult perdere, prius dementat*; Satan has over-reached himself; the world has played its wrong card at the very crisis of the game; and the Church has won a vantage-ground for the conversion of England and for the edification of Ireland, such as never was hers since the calamities of the sixteenth century. For once Europe beholds a Hierarchy untouched by the lightest of state-chains. No concordat has even been asked for from the Holy Father; not a sixpence has been given to us as a premium on our subservience to Government ends; not one solitary privilege has been conceded to the secular power; not



even a smile has been lavished upon the new prelates, on their faithful clergy and their flocks, open traitors alone receiving the meed of government eulogy. Here we stand, slandered by the very accusation with which men blasphemed our Divine Lord in the days of his flesh; pointed out to the nation as the loyal subjects of a spiritual sovereign; our tremendous unearthly power recognised by the very falsehoods by which it is sought to shew that the Pope claims temporal dominion; our union, our laws, our doctrines, and our discipline, forced upon the attention of a whole nation, which hitherto has despised us as a helpless sect. Our very enemies have constrained us to assume our right attitude towards them; they have catholicised some of us almost against our wills; they have put an end to our intestine divisions, and given an irresistible strength to those amongst us who are their most indefatigable opponents. Never before were we so free, never so powerful; never was it made so manifest that we have but one enemy to fear, the favours of the world, and that if we are faithful to ourselves, we may laugh its open hostility to scorn.

What, then, is the policy suggested to us by these peculiarities in our present position?

Our first duty, we think, is never to overlook for a single instant the true cause of that hostility which we find to be incessantly springing up against us from some quarter or other. Never let us forget that there exists a deep, hidden, and never-dying antagonism between every thing that is *really* Catholic and the world around it. Whatsoever be the amount of toleration or of favour which seems to be accorded to the Catholic Church by men of the world and by Protestants, this toleration and favour are *always* fictitious and transitory. The Church and the world *cannot* coalesce and walk side by side for a single hour. The spiritual nature of the two powers, of which their outward manifestations are but the natural, though varying results, never changes for an instant. The Church has one object, which the Spirit of God within her never ceases to work out by her instrumentality; and that object is the conquest and destruction of those very objects which the world holds most dear, whether the world take the shape of a Protestant sect, or a godless government, or an irreligious individual, Protestant or Catholic. If any portion of the world for a season seems to be animated by a friendly feeling towards the Church, it is simply because it is ignorant of her claims and powers. It does not dread her, it does not know that she will never rest until she has won all souls to her obedience; it judges the Church by the half-protestantised

cant and indevout lives of individual Catholics ; it thinks it can go along its own way without crossing the path of the Church, and without her crossing its own path ; and therefore it is content to tolerate her, to greet her with smiles, and to patronise her with its sincere, though ignorant, praise. And this is true in private as well as in public life. When Protestants and unbelievers imagine that the utmost cordiality and affection can exist between themselves and Catholics in the relationships of friendship and society, this is because the work which every *good* Catholic holds most dear is for a time in abeyance, and the world seems to be having its own way unmolested. The moment that, either in the case of individuals or in the general organised action of the Church, she makes head *against* Protestantism and unbelief, the spirit of the world is aroused, it arms itself against the Church, it severs the ties of domestic friendship and affection, it shews its annoyance, or its indignation, or its raging fury, by some species of persecution, ranging from coldness and frowns up to penal laws, confiscations, and death. When all seems to go quietly between the two powers, we may be assured that the lull is only temporary. So soon as the spiritual might of the Church is *felt* by the world, it will rebel, and storm, and gnash its teeth, even if circumstances for a while hold it back from throwing itself upon its foe, and seeking to tear her in pieces.

Such a temporary lull we hold to be that mock species of friendship which certain parties in the English people at present profess, and even really feel, towards the Catholic Church. They are our friends solely because we have not yet come into direct spiritual action against one another. If we choose to fall short of our duty, and prefer their smiles to their conversion, this friendship may continue. The devil, who is their master, will willingly suffer the Protestant and the Catholic to tread *his* path arm in arm, in fond and loving converse, because we, though called Catholics, are forgetting *our* Master's work, and adopting the devil's own desires. So long as Catholics are willing to debase themselves to the level of a sect, so long sectarianism will be too happy to number so illustrious a slave among its victims. So long as we are content to let Protestantism alone as a religious creed, so long Protestants may be content to let us alone. But it needs no claim of *temporal* sway on our part to lash the sleeping monster into ungovernable fury. It is a dream to suppose that the world cares nothing for our *spiritual* advances, so long as we disown all rights to secular pre-eminence or secular favours. The outcry against the Catholic Church as a claimant

to temporal dominion is a sham. What the world hates in its own secret heart is obedience to our purely religious claims. If the devil could retain his mastery over the *souls* of Catholics, he would rejoice to suffer the whole human race to be nominally converted, and to throw the wealth and strength of all the sovereigns on earth into the hands of the Pope and the episcopate. "*If thou wilt adore me, all shall be thine.*"

Of course, if any Catholic in this kingdom in his heart *prefers* the friendship of Protestants and of the State to the spiritual prosperity of the Church and the conversion of England, *he* will disown such views as these. He will be too happy to deck himself in the rags of Protestantism and "liberalism," and to abstain from any acts which may irritate the feelings of unbelievers, and so bring about that which he esteems the most terrible of all evils, religious persecution, that is, the persecution *of himself*. If any English and Irish Catholics choose this alternative, well, their course is taken, and let them follow it. Judas Iscariot was but the type of millions to come after him. He has had worthy disciples in every age of the Church, and undoubtedly he will not be without his goodly band of followers now. But such men are Catholics only in name and profession; their whole life is a sacrilege and a lie; their outward adherence to the Church is her bitter affliction; and all that can be said on *Catholic* grounds is utterly wasted upon them. They do not live for *Catholic* objects; they wear the uniform of the soldiers of Jesus Christ, but they are spies and traitors in the camp, or at best cowards who will fly from the field of battle the moment the trumpets summon them to the charge.

Moreover, it is clearly the best policy of the Church to have nothing whatever to do with state favours and patronage. Whatever may have been expedient or necessary in past times in respect to alliances between the Church and the State, there can be no question as to what is desirable now. For the first 300 years of the existence of the Church, an alliance between the Church and the State was impossible, because the State was professedly not merely non-Christian, but anti-Christian. For 1200 years more the political condition of the world made it almost impossible for the Church to adopt any other system than that which obtained from the age of Constantine to the Reformation. Since the Reformation the connexion between the spiritual and temporal powers has been rapidly loosening throughout the whole Catholic world; and whatever may still be desirable or unavoidable in some of the continental kingdoms, it is hardly possible to doubt that in *our* country the more complete the separation between the Catholic Church



and the Government, the better for all our spiritual interests.

Hence it is that we actually rejoice in the ostentatious repudiation of our new Hierarchy by the British Government. A grievous sin indeed it has been guilty of, by framing its repudiation in such a manner as to offer an insult to the Majesty of Almighty God, and by setting up anew the claim of an earthly sovereign to supremacy in the Church of Christ. And so far as the Sovereign and Parliament have thus committed treason against the King of kings, so far we mourn over their wickedness. But so far as they have merely drawn more decisively than before the line of separation between themselves and the Catholic Church, so far we are unfeignedly and deeply thankful; and most fervently we trust that the ultra-Protestantism of a part of the nation may render any approaches to a *national* connexion with the Holy See an utter impossibility. Catholics have often applauded to the skies the sentiments of those whom they call "liberal Conservatives." In our opinion such men are *more* dangerous than Lord John Russell is *now*, because, if they could, they would gain some kind of control over the Catholic hierarchy and priesthood by means of a concordat, and by offering some tempting bribes in return for a portion of our freedom. Whigs and Tories and Conservatives together, they are our deadly enemies, and only powerless when they attack us in open conflict. All alike, they hate our creed and they dread our power; and were it not for their wholesome fear of mad Evangelicals and other ultra-Protestants, they would be delighted to pay a large price for the privilege of inspecting papal bulls, and of directing the movements of episcopal synods.

There is but one party in the State with whom at present we are safe; and with them we are safe, not because they are our friends, but because on this one point their policy happens to coincide with ours. It is nothing to us that their *grounds* for this policy are ungodly and un-Catholic to the last degree. They do, as a matter of fact, aim at the same object, in one particular instance, with ourselves, and therefore we ought to throw every possible amount of our political influence into their scale. This is the party whose great principle it is that *every* religion should be disconnected from the State, and receive from it neither gifts nor persecution. The Manchester school of politicians are perhaps fair types of this class of men; but wheresoever they are found, they are the only friends of the Catholic Church in the present day. As Catholics, we abhor the principle of many of them, that the State does

*wrong* in meddling with religion, and that it has no right either to support religious truth or punish religious error. But, in our own case, with our whole hearts we agree with their application of their principle; we trouble not ourselves with the affairs of false creeds, Anglican, Dissenting, Jewish, or Mahometan. To all heretics and infidels we *would* give the most entire toleration, being convinced that nothing could be so injurious to the interests of Catholicism as to punish any one of these misbelievers or unbelievers. We have had enough of elevating rogues and fools into martyrs. No greater calamity could befall *us* than the persecution of Protestants and others, in order to give us the pre-eminence. Whatsoever political measures, therefore, may tend to throw the government of this country into the hands of men who would leave the Church free alike from chains and from gifts, calls for the support of every Catholic who values the spiritual welfare of Catholicism above *every* worldly gain. What is free trade to us, or protection, or financial reform, or the income-tax, or the British constitution itself, king, lords, and commons together, in comparison with the propagation of that Faith which alone can save men's *souls*? Free trade, and reform, and the British constitution, are all good things enough *in their degree*; but weighed in the balance with the spread of the love of God and the knowledge of his will, they are not a speck of dust or a drop of water. And because these things are all trifles, we hold that our one great political duty is to support the men who, whatever else they do, will *let us alone*; who, if they seize upon the revenues of the Establishment, will not give *us* any portion of them; and who, while they protect us in courts of law in the administration of our trust-property, according to our own internal regulations, will recognise the jurisdiction of our episcopate so far and no farther. But if this cannot be, and we *must* choose between state favour and persecution, we a thousand times prefer persecution. We would rather see our whole Hierarchy consigned to a common gaol, than one solitary prelate invited to a royal levee in the character of a Catholic Bishop.

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## CELEBRATED SANCTUARIES OF THE MADONNA.

## No. VI.—LORETO.

HAVING undertaken to give a history of some of the most famous Sanctuaries of our Lady in Italy, it is out of the question that we should be allowed to omit that which is the most famous of all, not only in Italy but in the whole world, the House of Loreto. At the same time, we confess that in giving this history we are violating another part of the engagement which we made with our readers, viz. that the selection should be confined to those sanctuaries which we have ourselves visited. When that promise was made, we had every intention of including Loreto in our list, for we expected to have seen it within a few months; unforeseen circumstances, however, prevented the execution of the plan, and we were not able to visit that most sacred and interesting shrine. Still this does not incapacitate us for writing its history and examining the evidence on which it rests; which, as it is rather a favourite topic of ridicule and abuse in the writings of Protestants, will prove, we hope, an acceptable boon to many of our readers.

The traditional history of the Sanctuary is pretty generally known, and is soon told in a few words. It is this: that the house in which our Blessed Lady was living in Nazareth when the angel Gabriel was sent to her from God, or rather the particular chamber of that house in which she then was, and in which the ineffable mystery of the Incarnation was accomplished, in which also Jesus was brought up and was subject to his parents, from which He went forth to the Jordan to be baptised by John before He began his public ministry; that this house was miraculously transported by the hands of angels,—first from Galilee to Dalmatia, and afterwards from Dalmatia to Italy, towards the end of the thirteenth century, where it has ever since remained, an object of the deepest veneration to all the faithful.

Now there are, of course, very many persons who, unwilling to allow to Almighty God the power of doing any thing whose reasonableness and utility is not made manifest to their own understandings, will at once reject this history as absurd and false, and will go on to declaim very eloquently upon the infamous impositions of priestcraft, and the ignorant superstition of Catholics generally. For these it is perhaps useless to write; more sober-minded persons, however, who do not



dare to make their own minds the measure of Omnipotence, will wish to know something about the evidence upon which so extraordinary a tale depends: and when they come to examine it in detail, there seem to be three points to which their attention will be especially called, or rather three principal epochs into which their inquiry will naturally divide itself. First, they will wish to ascertain what evidence there is for supposing that the house of the Blessed Virgin, which it is certain from Holy Scripture was once in Nazareth, remained there undestroyed during more than 1200 years; secondly, what is the evidence for the fact of its translation from Nazareth into Dalmatia; and thirdly, what is the evidence for its translation from Dalmatia into Italy. We propose to arrange our remarks, as far as may be, according to this triple division, as being the most simple and convenient.

To begin, then, with the important question of the preservation of our Blessed Lady's house in Nazareth during the first twelve centuries of the Christian era.

It is an old tradition, and conformable to every thing we know of the habits of the early Christians, that this building, which had been consecrated by the continual presence of the incarnate Son of God during a space of nearly thirty years, had been set aside even by the Apostles themselves to sacred uses; but be this as it may, ecclesiastical historians tell us, that when the Empress St. Helen visited the Holy Land, and raised churches and oratories in the spots which had witnessed the principal events of our Lord's life in Jerusalem, she also at the same time went down to Nazareth, and having found the very house in which the angelical salutation had been made, she built a church there in honour of the Mother of God and of the stupendous mystery which had been wrought there. I suppose that no candid reader will have any difficulty in acknowledging this at least to have been not an improbable event; surely every one must allow that there is nothing unreasonable in supposing that the same piety which diligently sought out all the scenes of our Lord's humiliation, and built churches upon them, should have done the same also for the place in which that miracle of miracles was accomplished, which was in truth the foundation and the commencement of all his humiliation; surely also there is nothing impossible in supposing that in those early days her search may have been successful; the remembrance of so intensely interesting a spot was not likely so soon to have perished. In fact, many writers, who deny the truth of the alleged miraculous translation of the house from Nazareth to Loreto in the thirteenth century, ground their denial in great measure upon this very fact: they ac-

knowledge that it was in existence in the days of St. Helen in the fourth century, but they say that she destroyed it, and built a church in its stead. We may accept the former part of their statement, but reject the latter; for although it is true that St. Helen built a church there, it by no means follows that she should therefore have destroyed the house.

St. Cecilia's house in Rome was given to the Christians and converted into a church; but the bath-room, the special scene of the virgin martyr's sufferings and triumph, remained unaltered, and may be seen to this day. In like manner, the place of infamy in which St. Agnes was exposed became a church; but the sacred interest which attached to those particular chambers caused them to be retained as they still are. The Mamertine prisons in the same city, in which St. Peter was detained; the cave of St. Benedict at Subiaco; the little church of St. Francis at Assisi; and a hundred other places that might be named, are all instances of the same principle. In all these places the piety of Christians has caused churches to be built with a greater or less degree of magnificence, but always without destroying those particular spots which were in a more special manner the object of their devotion; and why should not St. Helen have done the same here also? Even if history were altogether silent upon the subject, there would still have been a strong *à priori* probability in favour of those who should have maintained that while the first Christian empress raised a temple (as it was only natural that she should) in this most holy place, she yet was careful not to destroy that part of it which may fairly be called the holy of holies, that chamber in which the Word was made flesh. But the truth is, that we are not altogether left to our own conjectures in this matter. John Phocas, a Greek priest, who visited the Holy Land in the year 1185, and wrote an account of his travels, expressly mentions in his description of this church, the Church of the Annunciation in Nazareth, that on the left-hand side, near the high altar, there is "an opening, through which *you descend by a few steps* into the ancient house of Joseph, in which the archangel made the joyful annunciation to the Blessed Virgin on her return from the fountain."\* John Zuallard, a Belgian gentleman, who visited the same places, in company with the Baron de Merode, four hundred years later, A. D. 1586, has left us a similiar description. "At a little distance," he says, "is the Church of the Annunciation; but to go to *the place where the annunciation was made, which is below the level of the church*, you descend

\* Apud Acta SS. Bolland. Maii 2, tom. ii. p. 3.

twelve steps. . . . There are the foundations of the house of Joseph, in which it is said that our Lord was brought up when He was a child; but the remainder of the house has been miraculously transported by angels into Christendom, and is at present in Italy, in a city called St. Mary of Loreto.”\* The testimony of Père Geramb in our own days is equally distinct; he tells us that you descend out of the church into the place where Mary lived by a broad and handsome staircase of white marble, and that on a marble slab there are engraven these words: *Verbum caro factum est*.

There is no inconsistency, therefore, in supposing St. Helen to have built a church in honour of the annunciation, and in the place where it happened, and yet to have left the chamber itself undisturbed; and for many reasons which the reader will presently recognise, it is very important that this point should be clearly established.

To resume, then, the thread of our history: St. Jerome† and our own St. Bede‡ testify to the existence in their days, that is, in the fourth and eighth centuries, of the church which St. Helen had built, and by consequence, we may fairly imply, of the chamber which formed a part of it. They speak, however, of two churches in Nazareth, one built where the angel appeared to Mary, the other where the house had been in which our Lord was brought up as a child; and as both these high prerogatives are usually claimed for the house of Loreto, it is necessary that we should observe that the second church appears to have been built on the place where St. Joseph carried on his business as a carpenter, and in which, therefore, our Lord may be said to have been brought up quite as truly as in his Mother’s dwelling-house. The Père Geramb tells us that it is at the distance of 130 or 140 paces from the first church, and that it still retains the name of St. Joseph’s shop. I only mention this for the sake of removing a difficulty which might otherwise perplex those who have an opportunity of consulting the original authorities to which we refer. The other difficulty to which their language might not unnaturally give rise, viz. that the house of Mary no longer existed at the time when they wrote, because they speak of the church as being in the place where the house had been, is of course sufficiently obviated by the distinction we have already insisted upon.

About a hundred years later than St. Bede, the church is again spoken of by the biographer of St. Willebald, the first Bishop of Reichstadt, who lived A.D. 775; and he adds, that

\* Il devotissimo Viaggio di Gerus, lib. iv. p. 281. Romæ, 1587.

† Epist. ad Eustoch.

‡ De Loc. Sanct. c. 16. Op. t. iv. p. 435, ed. Giles.



the Christians often paid money for it to the Saracens, to prevent them from executing their purpose of destroying it. William Archbishop of Tyre tells us that it was visited in the twelfth century by Tancred, and endowed by him with such magnificence, that it became the metropolitan church of all Galilee. A hundred years later still, it was watered by the tears of St. Francis of Assisi; and in the same century by those of St. Louis of France. The biographer of this royal saint has recorded that, as soon as he came in sight of Nazareth, he dismounted from his horse and kissed the ground; that he then went on to "the place of the Incarnation," heard Mass and received the holy Eucharist there, "in the very chamber where the Virgin Mary our Lady was saluted by the angel, and was declared the Mother of God;" after which he heard another Mass said "at the high altar of the Church" by Odo the Cardinal Bishop of Frascati and Legate from the Apostolic See.\*

Nothing can be more precise and distinct than this testimony, which belongs to the autumn of 1253, just six months before St. Louis left the Holy Land to return to his own kingdom, and forty years before the alleged translation of the chamber from Galilee to Dalmatia. It happens, however, that it is just during this very interval of forty years that some critics think they can find the surest proof of the destruction of the sacred building, and therefore of the nonentity of its subsequent translation. In the year 1263, that is, ten years after this visit of St. Louis, Pope Urban IV. wrote him a letter, in which he complains that the enemy have "not only seized upon that venerable church in Nazareth, beneath whose roof the Virgin of virgins received the salutation of the angel and conceived of the Holy Ghost, but have even destroyed it: their wicked and sacrilegious ministers have in their fury levelled it to the very ground and altogether destroyed it." This language is certainly very strong and plain; yet even though every word of it were strictly and literally true, it would still be possible that the chamber itself, the *ipsissimus locus Incarnationis*, had survived the wreck, because, as we have already seen, it was upon a lower level, and on one side of the main building: just as, in the case we have before alluded to, it might have been truly said under similar circumstances that the Church of St. Agnes in the Piazza Navona at Rome had been levelled to the ground and utterly destroyed, and yet it might have been equally true that those chambers which constitute the chief interest of the building had remained uninjured; or as if any one had said of the Church of Sta. Maria degli Angeli at Assisi, that it was destroyed by an earthquake in 1832, and yet the

\* Storia di S. Luigi IX. del S. Pietro Mattei, p. 171, lib. iii. Venice, 1628.

chapels, which are the principal objects of devotion there, escaped unhurt. However, there is good reason to suppose that Pope Urban had received a somewhat exaggerated account of the mischief that had been done. This may very well have happened; for the Infidels were rapidly regaining the ground they had lost, and it was only natural, therefore, that those Christians who still remained in the Holy Land should send to Europe, and especially to Rome, as sad a tale as they could, that so the flame of Christian zeal might be once more enkindled, and the chivalry of France and England once more persuaded to come forth and do battle against the Paynims, to rescue the holy places from their hands. And there is some evidence that it really was so; for William Bandelsel, who travelled in those parts in the year 1337, in speaking of this place says only that there had been here a large and beautiful church, but that it was now almost destroyed (*quasi destructa*). If, after more than seventy years of unavoidable neglect on the one hand, and of exposure to the wanton injuries of malicious enemies on the other, a traveller could use such moderate language as this, we may be sure that the words of Pope Urban's letter do not really denote quite as much as at first sight they might seem to imply. It is not necessary that we should suppose the Pope to have been personally guilty of wilful exaggeration, scarcely even his informant; for, as the Italian proverb says,

"Tempo di guerra  
Menzogne quanto la terra."

But certainly we need not waste much time in proving that a church which was only "almost destroyed" in 1337 cannot have been "altogether destroyed" in 1263; and that it is quite possible, therefore, that a particular portion of that church which we know to have been in existence in 1253, may also have been in existence in 1291, which is the date of the alleged translation.

We need not hesitate, therefore, to pass on to an examination of the second subject of our inquiry, the evidence for its translation from Galilee into Dalmatia; but first we would just notice by the way how exactly the date of this event tallies with the known history of the times. I mean, that supposing it to have been God's will that the house should be preserved from destruction, we cannot conceive a more fitting time, or even, if we may use such an expression, a more necessary time, for his immediate interference in order to effect this purpose, than that which tradition has assigned. It is said to have taken place on the 10th of May, 1291, just when the Christian rule in Palestine had received its death-blow by the fall of Acre, its last bulwark, on the 18th of April in that very year. Henceforward

the Christian sanctuaries were exposed to all the injuries which the most inveterate malice could devise, and the most unlimited license execute; and as to the nature and extent of those injuries, one may form a tolerably correct idea from the letter of Pope Urban IV. which has been already quoted. If, then, it was in the counsels of the Divine Wisdom, that the chamber in which the Second Person of the most Holy Trinity took upon Him the nature of man in the womb of the Blessed Virgin Mary should be preserved to all succeeding ages as a monument to confirm their faith, and excite their devotion towards that most adorable mystery, the interposition of a supernatural power seems now to have been imperatively called for. It may be said indeed that, had God so willed it, the same result might have been obtained in a far more natural way by bringing the crusades themselves to a different termination, by causing them to be as glorious and triumphant in their issue as they were in fact disastrous, in which case there would have been no necessity for any visible interference with the natural order of events. But such an observation is best answered by repeating the words of St. Augustin:\* "Let us allow that it is possible for God to do some things, the reason of which we cannot investigate: in such matters the reason of the thing is to be sought for only in the power and in the will of Him who does them." We are investigating a matter of fact, whether a certain house which once stood in Galilee was, or was not, at a certain time translated elsewhere; and it must be settled, like all other questions of a similar character, by an examination of the evidence that can be produced. To laugh at it, and refuse to listen to the testimony of those who have asserted it, *merely* because it sounds extraordinary and improbable, would be just as silly, and not quite so harmless perhaps, as if some *laudator temporis acti* were to deny the existence of railroads and electric telegraphs at the present day, because, when he was a young man, it took him two or three days to convey himself or his messages from Plymouth to London.

It is said, then—and be it remembered that it is so far said by the Catholic Church as that she permitted an addition to that effect to be inserted in the Roman martyrology under the 10th of December,† and a lesson embodying the whole history to be added to the office provided for that day in the Roman Breviary‡—that the house of our Blessed Lady in Nazareth was miraculously translated by the ministry of angels from Galilee to Dalmatia in the month of May 1291, and that it was

\* Ep. 3. ad Volusianum, aliter Ep. 137. class 2.

† By a decree of the Congregation of Rites, Aug. 31, 1669.

‡ By a similar decree, Sept. 16, 1699.



again removed and transported into Italy on the 10th of December, 1294. Now the first idea that strikes one in considering the authenticity of this history is this: supposing it not to be true, how exceedingly improbable it is that it should ever have been invented! Let us concede for a moment that it was possible, when first the house appeared at Loreto, to invent some story of its having been brought there by a miracle; yet what could have induced the inventors to pretend that it was brought from a place in Dalmatia rather than immediately from Galilee itself? This was not only to throw an apparent doubt upon its genuineness, upon its being really what they asserted it to be, the house in which our Lord had been conceived in Nazareth, but also to afford additional facility for detecting the imposture; since it was far easier to go or to send to Dalmatia and ascertain the truth of the report, than to run the risk of being murdered or imprisoned by the Turks in the course of a dangerous pilgrimage to Palestine. But in the next place, even though we should allow that for some inconceivable reason the inventors of the story were stupid enough to clog it with this most clumsy and untoward circumstance, yet how did they persuade the people of Dalmatia to lend themselves to the imposition? The people of Loreto, we will imagine, were so proud of the high honour which would attach to them as being supposed to be the chosen guardians of a very sacred treasure, that they were not likely to inquire too minutely into the history upon which such a supposition was based; all inconvenient criticism would be prevented by a very natural and pardonable vanity. But how came the natives of Dalmatia to exercise the same forbearance without the same motive, or rather in spite of every motive naturally urging them to the most severe and rigid scrutiny? The sacred house had been transported from the Holy Land, (so said the story), because that land had fallen into the hands of enemies to the Christian faith, who would insult and perhaps destroy it; it had been brought into a Christian land, to an eminence between the towns of Jersatto and Fiume, on the coast of Dalmatia, and remained there for the space of three years and a half, when it was again removed and carried into Italy. Did not this second removal seem to speak the same language as the first? to cast an imputation upon the character of those from whom the house was taken? to imply that they were not worthy of it any more than the Turks had been? We are not presuming ourselves to pry into the hidden counsels of God, and to assign this as the real motive of the second translation; but we say that this is what would naturally occur to any man as soon as he heard of it; nay more, that this is what the earliest historians of the sanctuary actually said;

and we ask whether the Dalmatians were likely, without good reason, to acknowledge a fact which seemed so manifestly to redound to their discredit, silently to acquiesce in a tradition which could not fail to be so interpreted by the great majority of those to whose knowledge it might be brought. Surely it does not require any intimate knowledge of human nature to feel confident that such a tradition could never have taken deep root among a people unless it had been founded on a most certain undeniable fact. And yet not only is the tradition recorded by their own most accredited authors; not only is its memory preserved by a church, the exact model of the original house, having been built upon the very spot from which it had been removed; not only has it been perpetuated by the establishment, by Gregory XIII., in Loreto itself of a college, which still remains, for students from the Illyrian nation; not only, I say, is the existence of such a tradition attested in these and other ways, but also still more unequivocally (because more popularly) by the fact of innumerable pilgrims having always come year after year, century after century, from that part of Dalmatia to the sanctuary of Loreto, there to lament over their heavy loss, and to entreat our Blessed Lady to return to them. "I was sitting in the church at Loreto hearing confessions," writes Father Riera in the year 1559, "when I heard a most unusual disturbance and the sound of much crying and groaning; I came out of the confessional to inquire into its cause, and there at the threshold of the church I saw kneeling from four to five hundred Dalmatians, men, women, and children, divided into different companies, each company under the direction of a priest, and all crying out with sighs and tears, 'Return, return to us, O Mary; O most holy Mary, return to Fiume.' Touched with compassion for their distress, I drew near to a venerable priest who was amongst them, and asked the cause of their sorrow; with a deep sigh he answered, 'Ah! they have only too much cause;' and again he repeated with still greater energy, 'Return, return to us, O Mary.' When they advanced within the church, and arrived where they could see the entrance to the holy house, their cries and their sobs grew yet louder. I tried as well as I could to assuage their grief, and to direct them to look for consolation from heaven; but the old man interrupted me and said, 'Suffer them to weep, father; their lamentations are only too reasonable; that which you now possess was once ours.' At last I was obliged to exert my authority to restore order and enforce silence; and, indeed, their prayers were so earnest, that I could not but fear that God would listen to their request." He tells us that this was only in an extraordinary degree a specimen of what he had witnessed

every year that he was at Loreto, and had happened (so it was said) every year from time immemorial; persons from Fiume and its neighbourhood, only not in such great numbers, coming over the sea to visit the house of Loreto, and to entreat the Blessed Virgin to restore it to them. The testimony of Father Torsellino forty years later, that is, three hundred years after the supposed loss, is equally distinct; he says that "these pilgrims came every year in shoals (*catervatim quotannis*), and quite as much to lament over their own loss as to do honour to the house of Mary." Father Renzoli repeats the same at the end of the next century; and we know from the Archdeacon Gaudenti that it still continued in the year 1784.

Now, although of course the impositions of priestcraft are quite as possible on one side of the Adriatic as on the other, still it is worth while to inquire what kind of motives it can have appealed to, what passions of the human heart it can have enlisted on its side, when first it devised this deceit, and attempted to impose it upon the people. For let priestcraft be as clever and as potent as the most ignorant or the most zealous Protestant can imagine, still as long as it is only natural, not miraculous, as long as it is something short of magic, it can only influence others by means of the ordinary motives and principles of human action, roused into activity by false appearances perhaps, and aiming at wrong ends, but still the same motives. But which of these motives can be imagined in the present instance powerful enough to have produced the result that has been described? Not vain-glory, for, as has been already said, the story was manifestly to the general discredit of the inhabitants of that country, whether clergy or laity; not sordid interest, for how could it profit the priests of Fiume and Jersatto that their flock should go on pilgrimages and make offerings to the distant shrine of Loreto? not a mere love of the marvellous, for this might have been quite as effectually gratified by applying the same story to the shrine which they still had at home; not even a desire to gain spiritual privileges and indulgences, for these had been bestowed with a most liberal hand upon their own sanctuary by many successive Popes, from Urban V. in the fourteenth century down to Clement XI. at the beginning of the eighteenth. In a word, it is difficult to conceive what could have persuaded the Dalmatians to depreciate a church of their own country, singularly enriched both temporally and spiritually, to confess that it was a mere memorial and imitation of a marvellous original which they had once had and now had lost, and to put themselves to great inconvenience to go and visit that original elsewhere, unless the history of the two churches had been such as it is



commonly supposed to be. At any rate, it is impossible to deny but that the Dalmatian tradition must needs be admitted as evidence of as much as this, that a building which was believed to be the house in which the Word was made flesh in Nazareth was once in their country, and is now in Italy; or rather (for I am very anxious not to overstate the case even in the minutest particular) that it is no longer where it was, and that what is shewn at Loreto is so extremely like it, that they have been deceived by it, and cannot detect the difference. And this is all that in this place we care to establish; for if we can succeed in the third and last branch of our subject, in shewing that the house was miraculously brought into Italy, few persons, I suppose, will refuse to believe that it had also been miraculously brought to Dalmatia; and so we shall be able to spare our readers the tediousness of a twice-told tale.

The tradition then goes on to say, that at the end of about three years and a half after its original appearance in Dalmatia, that is, on the 10th of December, 1294, it was miraculously transported across the sea, and set down in a wood on the opposite coast of Italy (this wood belonged to one whose name was Laureta, or was itself called *Lauretum*, and hence the name of our Lady of Loreto); that it was visited there by innumerable persons, but that wicked men took advantage of the vicinity of the wood to conceal themselves in it and to commit acts of violence upon the pilgrims, so that it was very soon removed to an eminence at some little distance; here also it attracted the public devotion so powerfully, that the two brothers to whom the hill belonged soon began to quarrel as to the proper way of disposing of the numerous offerings which were made; and finally, after another short interval, it was again removed, without human help, to a spot on the highway of Recanati, where it has ever since remained. We have to inquire whether this story is a true narration of facts, or merely a fabulous invention.

Here, again, the first reflection which occurs to a thoughtful and candid mind is this: if the story be false, why did the inventor make it so extremely clumsy? We presume that he wished it to be believed, and did his best therefore to secure its being believed; why, then, did he multiply the chances of detection by pretending three translations instead of one? and how had he not the wit to see that three translations within the distance of a few miles and in the space of a single year, wrought by superhuman agency, would be looked upon with most keen suspicion by every body jealous for the honour and glory of God? Would it not seem, if we may be allowed to use such language with reverence, as if Almighty God had not

from the first thoroughly known his own mind, what He proposed to do with the house, or as if He had not foreseen, or had been unable to provide against, the inconveniences and dangers to which it proved to be exposed in each of its successive resting-places? Surely every body must allow that the whole story is as far from being probable in the sense of being like some truth (*veri simile*), as far from being likely to deceive people and to win their uninquiring assent by its plausibility, by the mere force of its apparent truthfulness, as any thing that can possibly be imagined: and yet the people *were* deceived; the story *has* gained universal credence; and the spots which were consecrated by the merely temporary presence of the sacred building have always been known and pointed out. Of course, if the story is true, all these difficulties instantly disappear; *magna est veritas et prævalebit*; facts are stubborn things, and when they are proved, supersede the necessity of arguments: and so, if the triple translation was a fact, it is not strange that it should have been believed; but if, on the other hand, it was a human invention, we can neither comprehend the stupidity of him who devised it, nor the simplicity of those who received it.

But let us proceed at once to examine the actual evidence; and, for convenience' sake, we will divide it into two branches, the evidence of authors, and the evidence of facts. First, of the authors: the earliest authentic account of which we have any distinct notice is one that had been drawn up by a Bishop of Recanati who died in the year 1347, and which cannot therefore have been written more than fifty years, perhaps not even more than thirty years, after the event which it commemorates. This Bishop was the Venerable Peter, a Franciscan, who had been promoted to the episcopate by Pope John XXII., and was distinguished, as the Bull of his nomination testifies, not only for purity of life and religious zeal, but also for learning and prudence. He took possession of his see in the year 1328, having been kept out of it for a while by the violent disputes of the Guelphs and Ghibellines, which raged in those parts with especial fury; and he may have been induced to write the history in order to supply the place of earlier records that had perished in the great fire by which the city of Recanati was well nigh destroyed in 1322. One cannot help suspecting too that this fire had something to do with a decree of the magistrates of Recanati, made about this very time, that all schoolmasters should make a point of teaching their scholars the history of the Sanctuary of Loreto previously to any other books. They were anxious that there should be at least a certain tradition, even though the continual wars of those

troublesome times should destroy all written memorials: perhaps the Venerable Peter's history was actually used in these schools; it may even have been written for this very purpose; anyhow, the fact that such a decree was made and such a history compiled, so almost contemporaneously with the event itself, is a sufficient security against the substitution in any later age of a false history for the true one.

The next author that we will mention was also Bishop of Recanati, though at the time he wrote he was only the rector or president of the Sanctuary. He had come from Teramo in the Abruzzi to serve in this church of *Sta. Maria di Loreto* as early as the year 1430, and was promoted to the highest rank in it twenty years afterwards. His object was to compile a short history for the use of the innumerable pilgrims who came there; and he executed his task so well, that Pope Gregory XIII. selected this book a hundred years afterwards to be translated into the Arabian, Greek, Illyrian, German, French, Spanish, and Latin languages, for the very same purpose. He seems to have taken great pains in collecting the testimony of the inhabitants, and he specifies two persons in particular, whom he names, and who could be identified therefore and examined by any who had chosen to do so at the time he wrote. He says that he examined these men upon oath; the first swore he had often heard his grandfather say that *his* grandfather had seen with his own eyes the house of Loreto coming over the sea like a ship, and that he saw it land in the midst of the wood which ran along the coast; the second swore that he had often heard his grandfather say that he himself had frequently visited the shrine whilst yet it remained in that wood, and that during his time the angels removed it and carried it to the hill belonging to the two brothers. It might seem at first sight as if there were a discrepancy between these two testimonies, inasmuch as there is an apparent difference of two generations in the persons who saw the first arrival of the shrine and its removal from the wood to the hill, events which are said to have taken place within a few months of one another; but our author expressly tells us that the grandfather of the second witness lived to the extraordinary age of 120 years, so that in fact the witnesses were contemporaneous, though of most unequal ages.

Six years after the death of Teramano, as this author, from the place of his nativity, is generally called (that is, in the year 1479), there came to Loreto a very learned and distinguished ecclesiastic from another part of Italy, the provincial of the Carmelite order, from Mantua, and he too wrote a history, which he dedicated to the Cardinal della Rovere, at that time Bishop



of Recanati, in which he professes to follow the authentic narration of Teramano; only he quotes an additional authority for it,—which Teramano too had very probably seen and made use of, though he does not mention it,—a very old tablet hung up in the chapel itself. He describes this tablet as almost rotten and consumed by age; so that it may have been written not very long after the first arrival of the house, certainly not long after the death of the Venerable Peter.

About forty or fifty years later, the history was re-written with still greater care and minuteness by Girolamo Angelita, a great antiquary, and enjoying by reason of his official situation,—which had been also held by his father and grandfather before him, and seems to have been almost hereditary in his family, the chancellorship of the city of Recanati,—many singular advantages for the thorough execution of his task. He tells us that he had sifted with the most faithful and diligent accuracy all the ancient annals of the Republic, of whose archives he was the appointed guardian; he had examined the records also which had been received during his own lifetime from Fiume and Jersatto, and been sent to Leo X. at Rome; and he dedicated the result of his researches to the reigning Pontiff, Clement VII. Copies of this work are still extant; and the only important circumstance which it contains that is wanting in earlier histories is the exact date of the two translations, which are precisely the facts that his situation and the documents that had been sent from Dalmatia would have enabled him with the greater certainty to establish.

As a matter of evidence, we need hardly examine in detail the writers of later date, because of course they differ in nothing essential from those who have gone before them; one only deserves special mention perhaps, as being generally called the Father of the History of Loreto, not for his antiquity but for his painstaking accuracy and completeness, especially with reference to miraculous cures and other favours that had been received in this Sanctuary; I mean Father Horace Tursellino, the Jesuit, whose work, embodying all that had been collected by his predecessor Father Riera, as well as all that he had succeeded in discovering himself, was published in Rome in five books in 1597. As a matter of authority, however, we may be allowed to enumerate a few of the most distinguished names that appear among the list of writers who have defended the authenticity of the miraculous translation, such as Baronius, Canisius, Natatis Alexander, the Bollandists, and Benedict XIV.; and since, as Melchior Canus says, “whatever historian the Church has given credit to we need not fear to trust,” it may be worth while to add that the whole history of the

quadruple translation, together with the causes of each, is incorporated in a brief of Pope Julius II., bearing date of the 1st of November, 1502. It is related also, as we have already said, but in a more compendious form, in the Roman Breviary; and although, as every one knows, "the contents of that book are not proposed to the Church as defined, or as obliging the faithful, and the historical facts which it contains may be subjected to a fresh examination, and may even be criticised by private scholars, provided it is done with moderation and respectfulness, and not without grave reason" (especially, as Benedict XIV. says, when more ancient monuments are opposed to them); still it may safely be asserted that such facts receive no slight degree of authority from being thus mentioned by the Church; they merit more than ordinary credence.

Should it be objected, however, that after all there is but a slender amount of really historical evidence to support so extraordinary a tale, that a chain cannot be stronger than its weakest link, and since none of the evidence is strictly contemporary with the event, no amount of subsequent repetitions can remedy this radical defect, we need not hesitate to allow that it is not perhaps evidence such as could bear the strict anatomy of obstinate and malicious incredulity; still no one can pretend that it is absolutely without weight, so that, if it cannot be admitted into controversy, at least it may confirm our faith. But moreover, it is certainly sufficient to involve in very considerable perplexity any who should undertake to defend the opposite theory, and to demonstrate that the tale is false; whilst for all purposes of controversy a Catholic need not fear to rely upon the mere evidence of facts in this matter. For let us consider for a moment what these facts are. The story which we have given was certainly known and believed in the middle of the fourteenth century; in the beginning of the fifteenth, a Bishop actually pretended to produce persons who swore that their grandfathers had been eye-witnesses of the facts; but he would have been a fool as well as a rogue if he had made this appeal to tradition in behalf of a story which had never before been heard of, which he himself had been the first to invent. We may use the same argument here, then, as has before now been used for the defence of Christianity itself; we may say, in the very words of the author to whom we allude: "the existence of this testimony is a phenomenon; the truth of the fact solves the phenomenon. If we reject this solution, we ought to have some other to rest in; and none, even by our adversaries, can be admitted which is not consistent with the principles that regulate human affairs and human conduct at present, or which makes men *then* to have been a different kind of beings from

what they are now."\* Let the scoffers, then, at the miraculous translation of the house of Loreto come forward and explain to us the origin and history of the evidence that has been adduced; let them tell us how it arose, how it came to be credited; or, if they cannot shew by positive accounts how it *did*, yet let them allege some probable hypothesis how it *might* have arisen. For myself, I cannot conceive, and I do not remember ever to have heard of, any other answer to this challenge than one of these two: either the building must have been raised in some extraordinary manner in a single night, or if in longer time, at least in the deepest secrecy, without a single human witness that was not a participator in the imposture, and with such consummate skill that when the story was circulated, it looked not like a thing of yesterday, but like a building nearly 1300 years old; or, the building must have been old, well known to all the neighbourhood and always held in veneration, yet its real history lost, and then this lying fable substituted in its stead.

The first of these hypotheses is so preposterously absurd, that I should scarcely have thought it worth while to name it, had I not lately come across it in print with the remark that it *might* so happen, for that the Jesuits (wonderful Jesuits, to have had a hand in this business too, only two or three centuries before they were in existence!) "have been accused before now of building an entire mill in one night near Grenada in Spain, in comparison with which the holy cottage is but a trifle;" and it is added by way of corroboration, "the walls of the holy cottage are built much as other walls, but the bricks are ill joined and clumsily put together, which plainly evinces that the structure has been raised with greater expedition than skill." I do not know whether the writer of these silly lines really meant them to be believed, or whether he only thought that this fungus-like origin of a famous Catholic sanctuary was a capital joke that would enliven his pages and make his readers laugh. In either case we feel certain that we need not be at the pains of refuting it; a single observation will suffice, viz. that the house does not happen to be built of bricks at all, as most of the buildings in that neighbourhood are, but of a fine grained sandstone, the like of which is not to be found within thirty or forty miles of the place.

The second hypothesis, viz. that the building had been always a sacred one, perhaps even originally built in imitation of the house at Nazareth, but that its history was subsequently lost, or at least so far corrupted, as that it came to be accounted the original of that of which it was in truth only a copy; this

\* Paley's Evidences : Preparatory Considerations.



hypothesis is, as far as I know, the only one which has ever been adopted by any Catholic writer who has refused to believe the miraculous translation; certainly it is the only one which bears even a semblance of probability; and when it is looked into more carefully, even this semblance disappears. In the first place, how does this supposition account for the several successive translations from Dalmatia to Italy, and from one place to another, more than once even in Italy itself? "Very probably," it has been said,\* "all these various translations were only different chapels built after the form and fashion of the house at Nazareth, just as we see in many places sepulchres built in imitation of the holy sepulchre at Jerusalem." But wherefore should there have been three such within the space of a single mile, and yet so rarely met with elsewhere that not even Calmet himself mentions another instance? Above all, how does this supposition account for the keen sense of loss, the memory of which still lives among the Dalmatians? If they had once had a similar copy and it had been destroyed, yet why should they grudge to the Italians a memorial which, if they pleased, they might so easily renew to themselves? nay which, in point of fact, if this theory were true, they had already renewed; for from an early period in the fourteenth century they had had a church built exactly according to the model of that at Loreto. But secondly, if we look at the building itself, we shall easily see that it can only be either the original, or designed to be mistaken for such; there is no middle term; either it is truth or it is a gross imposition; there is no room for a *mistake*. For first, the house (or chamber, as it should more properly be called) has no foundations. One bent upon practising a deceit might have done this; or, if the translation of the house were miraculous, it might have been so brought; but surely such a thing could never have happened to a shrine built expressly as a memorial, and intended to endure as such to succeeding ages. The fact that the house of Loreto really is without foundations cannot be doubted; it is mentioned by all the earliest historians of the Sanctuary; it was formerly examined by several persons prior to the raising of the new fabric in the reign of Clement VII., amongst the rest by Angelita himself, who has left an account of it; and again in the reign of Benedict XIV., just 100 years ago, when the pavement of the house was taken up and renewed. On this last occasion five Bishops were present, three architects, and three master-masons, besides others; and all fully satisfied themselves of the truth of the popular belief on this matter. One of the masons was not contented until he had dug out a sufficient

\* Calmet, Dizion. della Bibbia, in art. *Nazareth*.

quantity of earth from beneath the wall to allow of his introducing his body under it in a stooping attitude and examining it in all directions; and after the examination, a statement of the facts was drawn up, sworn to and properly signed by these persons in the presence of witnesses, and with all the formalities of a legal document.

Moreover Teramano, Angelita, and the rest tell us that the people of Recanati sought to provide against the evil consequences which might naturally be apprehended from this essential defect by building a wall round the house, which, however, could never be brought to attach itself to the original wall of the house itself: and this fact too is attested by the same clear evidence as the want of foundations; for in the time of Clement VII. it was ascertained that the space between the two walls was such as to admit of a boy walking all round the house between them. Angelita was there when the boy did it; and sixty years afterwards, when Riera was compiling his history, many persons were still living who had known the boy and had heard him say that he had done it:\* and when the old wall, which was of bricks, was removed, and they proceeded to build one of marble in its stead, we are expressly told that they left the same interval in order that the memory of so signal a wonder might not perish (*quod veteris miraculi monumentum foret*).†

Another circumstance may very properly be insisted upon in this place, although it has been already mentioned in a cursory manner elsewhere, viz. that the materials of which the building is composed are not to be found within thirty or forty miles of Loreto, whereas one of the three prelates whom Clement VII. sent to Dalmatia and to Palestine for the express purpose of testing the truth of the tradition, as far as might be, by an examination of the various localities, brought away with him two stones of the kind generally used in the buildings of Nazareth, and they were found exactly to correspond with the stones of the holy house.

Are these circumstances anyhow compatible with the explanation suggested by Calmet? or does not rather that explanation, by getting rid of one miracle, substitute a dozen others in its stead? leave, that is, a dozen facts utterly inexplicable on any ordinary principles of human reasoning? In a word, may we not confidently say that all the facts and circumstances which we have enumerated are utterly incompatible with any theory whatever, save that only one which history has recorded and monuments attest, which Popes have sanctioned and the

\* Torsellino, Storia, &c., p. 40.

† Ibid. p. 100.

faithful universally received, and to which God himself would seem to have set his seal by the innumerable wonders that He has wrought there? History and monuments, in other words, the evidence of authors and of facts, have already been sufficiently examined; and the general belief of the faithful is too notorious to stand in need of any proof; in fact, it is the very thing with which our adversaries upbraid us. A few words, however, will not be out of place upon the other two points that have been here alluded to: the sanction of the Church through the declarations of Popes, and the sanction of Almighty God through the instrumentality of miracles.

It happened to ourselves some years ago, in the course of a correspondence with the leader of a certain section of High-Church Anglicans, to be pressed with this argument: "The Church of Rome sanctions and encourages, even though she does not absolutely enjoin, belief in the most extraordinary superstitions; she lends the weight of her authority to 'foolish and old wives' fables;' for instance, she would have men believe the silly and incredible story of the holy house at Loreto; a picture of it being miraculously transported through the air is actually to be seen in one of the ante-rooms in the Pope's palace." We could not help smiling at this proof of the story having received the papal sanction; it made us tremble for the Christianity of many of our noblemen and private gentlemen, who do not scruple to ornament their houses and gardens with paintings or statues of Mars, Venus, Minerva, and the rest. However, we were, of course, very well aware that it was easy to find far more cogent evidence than this to prove that not only a single Pope, but very many Popes had countenanced the tale in question; still we had no idea of what we afterwards found to be the true state of the case, that out of the sixty-five Popes who have filled the chair of Peter since the miraculous translation took place, forty-four have in one way or other given their sanction to the story; some by the grant of indulgences or other privileges, some by the introduction or confirmation of new lessons in the Breviary, some by making pilgrimages there themselves, some even by writing in its defence: whilst of the twenty-one who do not happen to have spoken upon the subject, seven lived before the return of the Popes from Avignon, where, of course, it was impossible that they should have had so accurate a knowledge of what was going on in Italy, and seven others reigned for a very few weeks or months, so that they left scarcely any memorial behind them at all. Our space will not allow us to do more than briefly allude to a few who have spoken more fully or more distinctly than the rest. Pope Paul II. speaks of the house



and image (for within the house there was brought, and has always remained, a very ancient image of our Lady, carved in cedar-wood) of the glorious and Blessed Virgin having been, *according to the assertion of persons who may be depended on*, translated by a company of the angelic host, and by the wonderful goodness of God set down at Loreto, without the walls of Recanati; and that great and stupendous and innumerable miracles had been wrought there by means of the same most merciful Virgin, *as we in our own person have experienced*. Leo X. and Paul III. say it is proved to be the very house in which the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us by the testimony of persons worthy of belief; Innocent XII., that it is proved by the declarations of Popes, by the veneration of the whole world, by the continual operation of miracles and the outpouring of heavenly favours; Benedict XIV. enumerates as the proofs of its authenticity, ancient monuments, unbroken tradition, the declarations of Popes, the common belief of the faithful, and continual miracles; finally, Pope Pius IX., writing within a few weeks after his accession to the throne, and sending as an offering to the shrine of Loreto the pectoral cross and the ring which he had worn as Bishop, says that being anxious to give some public token of the zeal and devotion which he had always felt towards the Blessed Virgin even from his earliest years, he wished that this testimony should be offered in that most august and sacred building, which, by an unheard-of prodigy, had been brought over immense tracts of sea and land from Galilee to Italy, and by God's great goodness been placed many ages ago within the States of the Church; which had been rendered famous by so many miracles, and by an immense concourse of the faithful; in which, as trustworthy monuments attest (*veluti gravissima monumenta testantur*), the Blessed Virgin had been saluted by the angel, and through the operation of the Holy Ghost been made the Mother of God.

Although it is quite true, therefore, that a belief in the miraculous translation of the holy house of Loreto is no article of the faith, and need not be forced upon any man that he should believe it, still it is well that we should remember that there is not the slightest necessity for having recourse to this acknowledgment as a means of evading inquiry; however wonderful and previously unheard-of the thing may be, still it is so certain, and its truth can be so clearly established (*ut de eâ ambigere ac dubitare sit nefas*, says Torsellino, which I shall take the liberty of somewhat modifying, however, in my translation), that there is no reason why we should be ashamed of it, and seek to relieve the Popes from the responsibility of having given credence to it, and of having recommended it to

the credence of others. Rather we may boldly challenge our adversaries to refute it; challenge them to prove that it is not worthy of credence by any canons of criticism which, if received universally, and applied to other subjects not miraculous, would not overthrow history, and destroy the value of human testimony altogether.

But, lastly, even though history and tradition had been altogether silent; even though the testimony of former ages and of the Popes were to be set aside as of no authority; still how can we presume to turn a deaf ear to the voice of Almighty God himself, who has spoken by means of so many signs and wonders during more than five hundred years? The miracles which He has wrought at this place, says Canisius,\* are so many, that they cannot possibly be numbered; so open and notorious, that none but the most shameless can dare to deny them; of so extraordinary and stupendous a character, that not even the most practised orator could adequately describe and illustrate them. From far and near men crowd to this sanctuary, men of all ranks and conditions of life, making or paying their vows to the Blessed Virgin, each according to his several necessities: all are animated by the same motive, and aim at one only end, to shew forth their devotion or their gratitude to the Mother of God. Some come to give her thanks because they feel that to her, after God, they owe their deliverance from grievous diseases, or from dreadful perils by land, by fire, or by water; that from her, under God, they have received unlooked-for relief in the depths of their distress, when their affairs seemed altogether desperate; by her they are conscious that they have been tenderly watched and guarded both at home and abroad, amongst friends and amongst enemies, from dangers which they had foreseen, as well as from others which they knew not of. Others again come, because they have very near at heart the success of some favourite plan, or because they propose to change their state of life, or because they are weighed down by some heavy affliction, or because they apprehend some evil; and the innumerable offerings that are made, the votive tablets that are suspended, sufficiently attest the fact that their prayers are heard. We have already seen Pope Paul II. publicly acknowledging the favour which he had himself received here whilst yet he was a Cardinal, instantaneous deliverance from a fever under which he was suffering, and of which Pope Pius II. had just now died; Innocent XII. and Benedict XIV., in like manner, appealing to continual miracles as one of the most convincing evidences of

\* *De M. V. lib. v. c. 25.*

the special sacredness of the place; and elsewhere\* the latter of these Pontiffs expressly declares that the miracles wrought here were so frequent and so notorious, that it would be superfluous to speak of them.

After such testimonies as these, and at the end of so long a paper, we shall be excused for only making a brief allusion to a single example, the wife of Peter Orgentorice, a Frenchman of noble birth living at Grenoble towards the end of the fourteenth century. It pleased God that this lady should become possessed by evil spirits; and her unhappy husband led her in vain to some of the most famous shrines in France and Italy, that she might be delivered from them: he travelled as far as Milan, Modena, and Rome, but all to no purpose; and he was returning disconsolate to his own country, when meeting with some soldier who had received a miraculous cure in the holy house at Loreto, he determined to take his wife there also. Perhaps the possession had been permitted by God for this very purpose, that it might be an occasion of promoting the glory of this chosen sanctuary; anyhow it is certain that such was the repugnance of the demons to allow their unhappy victim to enter the hallowed spot, that it required the united strength of ten men to force her to cross the threshold, on the 16th of July, 1489; and that after a most appalling exhibition of demoniacal malice and fury both on that and on the following day, the particulars of which need not be repeated, she was completely delivered on the second day, and restored to her right mind. "Besides the priests and other inhabitants of Loreto itself, there were also present nearly all the principal gentry of Recanati" (we are quoting from Angelita's discourse, addressed, be it remembered, to Pope Clement VII.), "and amongst the rest my own father, who as chancellor was sent there expressly by the chief magistrates of the city to see what should happen; he was present, therefore, and saw it all, together with Signor Antonio Bonfine of Ascoli, a man of singular learning, and for some time president of the Academy of Recanati, who was afterwards sent for to the King of Hungary, to whom he dedicated his history of that country. His son Francis also was there, a man well skilled in the fine arts and a doctor in medicine, with whom your Holiness is personally acquainted, for it is the same whom you kept about your own person for some time a few years ago. My father used very often to repeat the story to me when I was a boy, and he never could tell it without weeping. Moreover, some of those who were present are still alive (it was only 35 years ago), and retain a most

\* In Fest. Translat. Dom. Lauret.



lively impression of all that happened; they describe it as vividly and minutely as though it were being now enacted before their eyes."

We confess that we have been induced to select this example rather than one of later date, that we might have a plausible excuse for laying before our readers the following somewhat parallel case from the annals of our own country, with which we propose to conclude this letter, and with it this whole series of letters. It is taken from one of the Dialogues of Sir Thomas More;\* and the English Chancellor's keen critical remarks upon its credibility are singularly applicable to the story which we have just told from the work of the Chancellor of Recanati.

"As for the point that we spake of, concerning miracles done in our days at divers images where pilgrimages be, yet could I tell you some such, done so openly, so far from all cause of suspicion, and thereto testified in such sufficient wise, that he might seem almost mad that hearing the whole matter will mistrust the miracles. Among which I durst boldly tell you for one the wonderful work of God that was within these few years wrought in the house of a right worshipful knight, Sir Roger Wentworth, upon divers of his children, and specially one of his daughters, a very fair young gentlewoman of twelve years of age, in marvellous manner vexed and tormented by our ghostly enemy the devil; her mind alienated and raving with despising and blasphemy of God and hatred of all hallowed things, with knowledge and perceiving of the hallowed from the unhallowed, all were she nothing warned thereof. And after that moved in her own mind and monished by the will of God to go to our Lady of Ipswich; in the way of which pilgrimage she prophesied and told many things done and said at the same time in other places which were proved true; and many things said, lying in her trance, of such wisdom and learning, that right cunning men highly marvelled to hear of so young an unlearned maiden, when herself wist not what she said, such things uttered and spoken as well-learned men might have missed with a long study. And finally, being brought and laid before the image of our Lady, was there in the sight of many worshipful people so grievously tormented, and in face, eyes, look, and countenance so grisely changed, with her mouth drawn aside, and her eyes laid out upon her cheeks, that it were terrible sight to behold. And after many marvellous things at the same time shewed upon divers persons by the devil through God's sufferance, as well all the remnant as the maiden her-

self, in the presence of all the company restored to their good state, perfectly cured, and suddenly. *And in this matter no pretext of begging, no suspicion of feigning, no possibility of counterfeiting, no simpleness in the seers, her father and mother right honourable and rich, sore abashed to see such chances in their children, the witnesses great number, and many of great worship, wisdom, and good experience, the maid herself too young to feign, and the fashion itself too strange for any man to feign. And the end of the matter virtuous, the virgin so moved in her mind with the miracle, that she forthwith, for aught her father could do, forsook the world and professed religion in a very good and godly company at the Minories, where she hath lived well and graciously ever since."*

"The end of the matter virtuous" reminds us that we ought perhaps to say a few words upon the Sanctuary of Loreto also in this particular. *Cui bono?* is the question universally asked by Protestants when first they hear of these marvellous histories; and although, as we have already said, no Catholic can for a moment accept it in the sense in which it is generally proposed, viz. as a test of their truth, still it may be sometimes useful for the confirmation of our faith; and at any rate, it can never be otherwise than edifying to call attention to the marvellous outpourings of grace with which it has pleased God from time to time to illustrate some particular spot in this wilderness of sin.

It was observed, then, by the old historians of Loreto,—and the observation has been commonly repeated by modern writers, as being still conformable with the truth,—that there are few persons so utterly hardened in sin but that on entering this holy place they are conscious to themselves of a certain supernatural power touching and softening their hearts and moving them to repentance. Nothing is more common, says Canisius, than for strangers who come to this sanctuary with their souls dead in sin, stained with the blackest crimes perhaps during a period of many years, to awake to a consciousness of their guilt, to go and shew themselves to the priest, to lay bare their miserable leprous condition to those experienced spiritual physicians whom the charity of the Church has provided here in such abundance for those who need them, and to receive at their hands the healing balm of penance. Nothing is more common than to see here persons who but a short time ago were far removed from every thing that is good, suddenly transformed into children of God; so that from heretics they become Christians; from criminals honest men; from wolves, sheep. Those who but lately were living in open enmity with God and with their neighbour, come

here and bury every feeling of envy, hatred, anger, and all uncharitableness; they are reconciled to their brethren, not unfrequently doing even public penance for their sins; they discharge their debts, forgive those who are in debt to them, restore any thing they may have unjustly acquired, and in a word fulfil the whole law of charity: and he concludes by observing, that there is not a church in all France, Germany, or Poland, in which there is such frequent administration of the sacraments of Penance and of the Holy Eucharist as there is in this sanctuary.

The reader must bear in mind that this is the testimony of one who by his missionary labours in those parts of Europe was singularly qualified to speak with accuracy. It is to be regretted that he should not have recorded the exact number during some one year; but the only detail of information that I can at this moment lay my hands upon with reference to this point is later than the days of Canisius, viz. that 73,000 approached the sacraments there in the month of September 1780. This, however, would give less than a million for the whole year; whereas the number of communions made at the shrine of St. John Nepomuch in Prague, in the years 1723 and 1724, exceeded two millions in each year; and on an average of those and the three following years, it amounted to about a million and a half yearly.\* I only mention this in the absence of more direct information, by way of helping the reader to form some more definite idea upon the subject than he might otherwise be able to do; helping him to translate Canisius' words into figures, that so he may be the better able to appreciate their significance.

Surely then we need not hesitate to conclude with the same distinguished writer, that if truth and holiness and religion are dear to us, we cannot but recognise and be thankful for the presence of the finger of God, yea rather of the strength of his right hand, in thus honouring, to the consolation of the whole Church, the *cultus* of Mary in this Sanctuary of Loreto. Heretics may mock and laugh it to scorn; but a tree which has borne so many and such excellent fruits of Christian piety can only itself be good; a tree which has taken such deep root, which has thrown out such high and spreading branches, which has stood through so many generations, can only have been planted by God.

N.

P.S. Some of our readers may be interested in hearing what became of the image of our Lady of Ipswich; and I am afraid it will be found that one of that very family which had so lately received so signal a benefit at her shrine was the

\* Vita di S. Giov. Nepomuch. Galluzzi, p. 90.



person by whom she was removed and given into the hands of the Protestants. In the third volume of the third series of *Original Letters* published by Sir H. Ellis, we find (p. 78) a letter addressed to Lord Cromwell, the Lord Privy Seal, from one William Lawrence at Ipswich. It begins thus: "Pleaseth your good lordship, according to your commandment, I have been with my Lord Wandeford, the which was very desirous and glad to hear of your lordship's good health. I opened to him your mind concerning the image of our Lady. His good counsel and help of his servants was so ready, that she was conveyed into the ship that very few were privy to it, and shall come up so shortly as the wind will serve." And we are told in a note that this Lord Wandeford was Thomas first Lord of Wentworth, son of Sir Richard Wentworth of Nettlested in Suffolk. In the next page we have another letter to Lord Cromwell from Thomas Thacker, his steward: "My lord, my most bounden duty done. It may please your lordship to be advertised that I have received into your place by Friars Augustines, from William Lawrence, the image of our Lady that was at Ipswich, which I have bestowed in the wardrobe of beds till your lordship's pleasure shall be further therein known. There is nothing about her but two half-shoes of silver, and four stones of crystal set in silver." Further on (p. 100) there is another letter from the same to the same, announcing the receipt of an "image of St. Anne of Buxton, and also the image of St. Modwenne of Burton-upon-Trent, with her red kowe and her staff . . . which two images I have bestowed by our Lady of Ipswich: there came nothing with them but the bare images." Lastly (p. 207), we have a letter to the same from Latimer, written with his characteristic coarseness, which reveals to us what was probably the ultimate fate both of this image and of so many others which once drew pilgrims to English sanctuaries of our Lady: "I trust," he says, "that your lordship will bestow our great sibyl (he is writing from Hartlebury) to some good purpose, *ut pereat memoria cum sonitu*. She hath been the devil's instrument to bring many, I fear, to eternal fire.\* Now she herself, with her old sister of Walsingham, her young sister of Ipswich, with their other two sisters of Doncaster and Penryesse, would make a jolly muster in Smithfield. They would not be all day in burning."

\* Compare this with the testimony of Canisius as to the spiritual fruits of pilgrimages to Loreto—which testimony belongs also, in various degrees, to all other famous sanctuaries of our Lady—and then judge between the contrary doctrines upon this subject of the Catholic and the Protestant by those words of Christ himself, "If Satan cast out Satan, how shall his kingdom stand?"

## Passion, Love, and Rest ;

OR,

### THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BASIL MORLEY.

(Continued from p. 309.)

#### CHAPTER VIII.—*New Views.*

I NEED not dwell on the details of the circumstances that followed immediately upon Wilbraham's death. They were much the same as usually happens when a young man dies suddenly far away from his friends and his home. In fact, it was chiefly by report that I knew any thing of them ; for a letter from my father reached me on the second day after his death, urging me to lose no time in returning to Morley Court, as my mother's health was evidently sinking fast, and she frequently expressed her desire to see me.

Shaken as I was by the awful scene I had just witnessed, and agitated by the strange and novel feelings aroused by Wilbraham's last moments, I was ill prepared to visit my mother's dying bed—for such it soon proved to be—with any tolerable composure. At the first sight of her wasted countenance and painfully animated eyes, I saw that the time for hope was past. It was now no longer a question as to whether she could ultimately recover, but only whether she had more than a few days to live. I soon found also, that my father's old prohibition as to speaking in the presence of others of her own religious views was being tacitly abrogated. On the very first day after my arrival, a brief conversation took place between them in my presence on some subject relating to her faith, and my father made no objection whatever to my remaining in the room ; indeed, he once or twice appealed to me in support of his own statements. He was clearly disposed to regard my mother's creed with considerably less asperity than heretofore, though he shewed not the slightest symptom of a disposition to believe it true. Mr. Cumberland (the priest whom I have mentioned as frequently visiting my mother) now called two or three times a week ; and my father treated him not only with marked civility, but with something approaching to confidential kindness.

On one of these visits, I was sitting with my father in his library, while Mr. Cumberland was with my mother upstairs, and we were talking over my mother's religious practices. I had already told my father the whole history of Wilbraham's

death, thinking that he would share in my own feelings with respect to what I regarded his insane return to the superstitions of his childhood. My father, however, did not respond with any readiness to my expressions of irritation; and the only opinion I could extract from him was, that in his judgment a man had better be a Papist than an infidel.

Just then Mr. Cumberland, having concluded his visit to my mother, entered the library, and sat down with us.

"You find Mrs. Morley sadly worse, I am afraid, Mr. Cumberland," said my father.

"Sadly worse, indeed, sir," replied he; "sadly, that is, for those who will have to mourn her loss in this world; but it would be affectation in me if I were to pretend to pity Mrs. Morley herself."

"I hardly understand you," rejoined my father, surprised and puzzled. "Surely it is terrible to *any one* to part from every thing one holds most dear, and to enter the unknown life to come."

"Terrible to part with what one loves here, I grant you," said Cumberland, "but not terrible to enter on eternity; of course I mean to such persons as Mrs. Morley."

"So you *say*, I know, Mr. Cumberland," rejoined my father; "but look at the reality. Is it not awful to all of us?"

"Awful, in truth," said the priest, "but yet full of hope and joy. For I say, with you, look at the reality. You know Mrs. Morley's state, sir: let me ask you, in all openness and confidence, does she not shew that *to her* the life to come is *not* unknown, and that with all her sorrows, her heart has a depth of peace and joy which nothing can disturb?"

My father sighed heavily, and sat silent for a few moments. Then he said, "She is an angel of goodness, Mr. Cumberland, though (and you know I mean nothing rude to you) she is of your religion, a religion in which *I* can see nothing but superstition and gloom."

"At least," answered Cumberland, "it is a religion which places eternity and Almighty God before the eyes of the soul. You would hardly deny that the objects which her faith presents to Mrs. Morley's mind are realities of the most momentous and the most consoling character."

My father did not reply, and I could no longer restrain myself.

"I join issue with you on that very point," I cried, as civilly as I could contrive to speak to one whose every word ran into my heart. "I don't believe that there is any reality in the world about it. Your faith and your consolations I regard as so many delusions."



"May I ask you a question or two?" replied Cumberland, more politely than my rudeness to him deserved.

"Of course," said I, "as many as you please."

"Tell me, then," said he, "is there an eternity before us all? and is there an invisible world in the midst of which we live?"

"Well, I suppose so," said I, "but perhaps not, after all."

"Are you *sure* there is not?" asked Cumberland.

"Well—perhaps not—no, I cannot say I am sure," I replied, unwillingly.

"If there is one," rejoined he, "can you be certain that no man knows any thing of that unseen world and that eternity?"

"They may deceive themselves," said I.

"Doubtless," he replied; "but that is not an answer to my question. *What reason* have you to give for a belief that *no one* knows any thing of God and eternity?"

"Many, certainly, are deceived in such things," I answered; "and why should not every one be deceived?"

"Do you consider, then," said he, "that the fact that many persons are in error on any subject is a proof that all are in equal error? For instance, an immense majority of the human race believe that the sun goes round the earth, which we know to be an error. Does this *prove* that *no one* knows the truth as to the movements of the earth and the sun?"

"Well," said I, "I cannot answer that. But what do you argue from it?"

"Only," he replied, "that as Mrs. Morley, in common with millions and millions of others, tells you that the invisible world is known to her as a reality, and that as you see produced in her precisely those results which *would* flow from such realities, provided they did exist, all fairness of reasoning requires you to admit that there is at least some degree of probability that she, and those who share her faith, have discovered those truths of which the rest of the world is still ignorant. What I mean is, that the Catholic faith, when acted on, produces exactly those results which we should anticipate on the supposition of its being true, and *not* those results which we should anticipate on the supposition of its being false. Surely this is as philosophical a test of truth, *so far as it goes*, as you can desire."

My father here broke in.

"Tell Mr. Cumberland," said he, "what you mentioned to me about your friend Wilbraham. I should like to know what he says to it."

Unwillingly I obeyed, and told the whole history fairly and completely.

"I am not at all surprised," observed Cumberland, when I had done; "such things are common enough in Catholic countries; and you will remark that your friend's history falls in precisely with the argument I was just urging. The objects of his early faith opened themselves upon his mind in his last hours exactly in that very way which we might have expected if they were realities."

"It might have been the mere recurrence of old superstitious feelings," I rejoined.

"Do you find, then," said Cumberland, "that such effects are commonly produced upon Protestants in similar circumstances?"

"Certainly we hear of deathbed repentances," replied I.

"Doubtless," he answered; "but this is not a question of *repentance* at all. I do not deny that changes of *feeling* take place on Protestant deathbeds. Whether your friend Wilbraham repented or not, God only knows. The phenomenon you witnessed was this, that the moment death drew near, or rather the thought of death, the *objects* of his faith were borne in upon his mind as existing realities, to which he had wilfully closed his eyes for years past. I am not saying whether he repented of his sins or not; that is quite another matter. I say only that his mind had a distinct, clear, strong, unfaltering vision (so to say) of the unseen world; and that whether or not he acted upon that sight, he viewed these things as realities, and not as questions for speculation and opinion. And this, I think, you will find quite without parallel in similar cases among Protestants. You see what I mean, Mr. Morley," he continued, turning to my father.

"I don't understand these kind of questions, sir," said my father; "they are too speculative and metaphysical for me. All I care about is my dear wife's comfort and happiness; and if that is secured, I leave these mysteries to others. But I must honestly confess that as to Mrs. Morley's peace of mind, I am not satisfied, that is, not altogether. I can't make out why one so angelic as she is should be subject to those sudden fits of evident anguish that I see sometimes, with all her efforts to hide them. We are talking much more openly, Mr. Cumberland, than we have ever done before on this subject, and therefore I do not scruple now to ask you, How is it that, with all the power you must have over my dear wife's mind, you leave her a prey to these miserable feelings?"

The priest looked surprised, and hesitated what to reply. Then he went on:

"You are grievously mistaken, sir, if you think I have power over Mrs. Morley's mind. She has, I do believe, more power over mine than I over hers. I assure you most sincerely that in the last few years I have learnt more from her than she has learnt from me. As to her occasional moments of anguish, they had their origin in nothing that I have said to her; I have done every thing to enable her to endure them, though, to tell you the truth, I would not wholly remove them if I could."

"What on earth do you mean, Mr. Cumberland?" cried my father.

"You will pardon me, I am sure," said the priest, "for adding to your troubles, if my answer gives you fresh pain. And I fear that I shall seem to be speaking riddles to you more than ever. *You* also will pardon me, I trust," he went on, turning to me, "for it is you who are the source of your mother's bitterest suffering, and—for I may as well say the whole truth at once—if we could enter into the councils of Almighty God, it might appear that you are the cause of her death itself."

I started from my seat in furious anger, and could have struck the priest to the ground; but his calm and fearless countenance repressed my boiling indignation; and before I could do more than utter some incoherent words of wrath, he began again:

"Have you the will and the courage to hear the real truth, so far as I can tell it?"

I assented sullenly, and he continued; while I began to think him half a madman and half a villain.

"When I first became acquainted with your mother, I soon learnt that there was something upon her mind which she concealed from me, and, I doubted not, from every one else also. You must know, for you can hardly help knowing it, that she must ever have felt deeply the nature of the creed in which you were brought up, and which you still, I presume, hold."

"But she agreed that our children should be brought up Protestants, Mr. Cumberland, when we married," interposed my father.

"She did, sir, and a great sin she so committed; and when I first knew her, I found that for years past she had bitterly repented of it. In fact, she felt it so intensely that I never attempted to deepen her sorrow, and rarely touched on the subject in our many conversations. At length she unburdened her mind to me. She told me that she had long desired to offer her whole life, with as much suffering as God might grant



her, as an expiation for her sin, and to obtain from Almighty God the grace of conversion for you and her child, who through her fault had been brought into the world only to live without the true knowledge of God, and, as she dreaded, to perish eternally. She prayed, in fact, that she might have to endure years and years of bodily anguish, and might finally die, in order that you might be saved."

"Good God, sir!" cried my father, pale with horror and passion, "what is it you tell me? Do you dare to say that you fostered this hideous frenzy in the soul of my wife?"

"Hear me to the end, sir," said the priest. "I hesitated long in according my permission, as her spiritual guide, to Mrs. Morley, to make such an offering, and to put up such prayers. I knew too well how easily such notions enter into the minds of some persons, especially women; and it was therefore nearly two years before I was thoroughly satisfied that your wife was prompted by Almighty God himself to wish thus to offer herself to suffer for others. At length I *was* satisfied; and from that day to this I have never seen reason to doubt the correctness of my decision. Mrs. Morley herself, whom I regard almost as a saint, and for whose judgment in such matters I entertain a very high respect, has never wavered for a moment in *her* opinion that she is following the inspiration of divine grace, and she has been for some time fully assured, on reasons which I consider extremely trustworthy, that her sacrifice has been, at least in a measure, accepted by Him who died for us all, and whose sufferings she desires to share for your sake, as in their merits she places her only hope both for herself and for you. Thus your mother" (turning to me) "is suffering and dying in order that you may be saved."

These astounding words absolutely took away my breath. My father rose and walked about the room, looking half terrified, half frantic, with looks of astonishment and of undisguised abhorrence of the speaker. At last, after a violent effort to control myself, I seized Mr. Cumberland by the collar, and shouted to him:

"You are a murderer confessed. Do you dare to sit here, with your diabolical smoothness, and tell me this story of your infernal machinations? By the great God in heaven, I will never rest till ——"

"Beware!" cried he, in a voice nearly as loud as my own, "beware of blaspheming Him whom you will one day come to confess and adore."

I started back, confounded with his courage, and still more by his words. Just then a servant came hurriedly into the room, with tidings that my mother was suddenly worse. This

news, while it only made my irritation with Mr. Cumberland more deep than before, stopped its manifestation for the present; and my father and I hastened upstairs, leaving the object of our indignation behind. We found my mother apparently dying; and though she quickly rallied a little, it was impossible not to see that her last moments were not far off. At the same time her countenance had undergone a wonderful change. More pale and death-like than ever in mere physical character, it was overspread with a look of indescribable peace and content, which at once delighted and bewildered me. The expression of repose and resignation which it had usually worn was but a dark cloud in contrast with the soft radiance which now beamed, as it appeared, from every one of her features. The look of love with which she gazed first at my father and then at me, as she took each of us by the hand at the same time, has never been erased from my memory. It was impossible to resist her wishes when she bade us make ready for being present while she received the last sacraments of the Catholic Church. Hardly knowing what I did, I went and spoke to Cumberland, and conveyed to him her wishes; and then followed her directions in making such preparations as she wished, while the priest left the house, to return with all possible speed. My father was totally prostrated. He sat by her bedside, watching her with a strange mixture of love, veneration, and amazement, and with difficulty preventing himself from bursting into cries of sorrow. For myself, I did what I could almost mechanically; and when the priest on his return requested us to leave him alone with my mother for a few minutes, I took my father's hand, and led him from the room. After a short space, Mr. Cumberland summoned us to return, himself for a time quite overcome, and it was only with an effort that he went on with his duties. Unaccustomed as I was to the peculiarities of Catholic ceremonial, it was with a strange mixture of curiosity, respect, and dislike, that I watched all that took place. My mother's look of exquisite delight when she received the *Viaticum* absorbed me so completely, that for a time I ceased my criticisms; but the general impression made upon me was one of contempt mingled with very decided fear. There was a reality about the whole which was new and inexplicable; and the very business-like readiness and precision with which the priest fulfilled his office struck me as something totally unaccountable upon all my previous theories.

Scarcely were the sacraments administered when my mother grew fainter, and death came on apace. My father's grief grew more violent, and I felt as I had never done before in my whole lifetime. The calm consciousness of the awful nature

of the moment which was displayed both by my mother and Cumberland overpowered me with an indescribable sensation of the nearness of the invisible world. I *could* not view what I saw as the mere ebullitions of fanaticism; and the notion that either the priest or my mother was insincere in what they were doing did not even cross my mind. What my mother said to my father I could not hear, for her voice was so faint as to be scarcely audible. She then murmured my name, and I laid my head near hers upon the pillow.

"Basil, my child, my beloved boy," she faintly whispered, "God has heard my prayer. I am going from you for a short time. Promise me only that when God calls you, you will not refuse to listen."

I made some kind of incoherent reply, sincere as far as I knew what I said, though I was so overpowered as to have lost nearly all self-command. My mother then earnestly entreated me to be my father's support in his sorrows; and after a few words of tender love, her voice failed, and she could say no more, though her lips now and then faintly moved. The priest then began to pray, saying the Prayers for the Dying. Thus we remained for two or three hours, the priest on his knees praying at intervals, and my father and myself watching my mother's sinking features. At last the physician who had been sent for arrived, and as soon as he had looked at my mother, I heard him whisper to Cumberland that she was on the very point of death. The priest then began to pray again, and as he spoke the last breath was drawn. After the first burst of grief was over, Cumberland took me by the hand, and whispered to me to take care of my father, whom I then led, scarcely able to stand, from the room.

My mother was buried at the nearest Catholic chapel, my father especially approving of it. I felt inclined to demur; but when it came to the point of arguing with my father, found myself unequal to the task. By my father's wish, all the usual Catholic ceremonial, both in the house and at the chapel, was adhered to, while I looked on in wonder, pleasure, and dislike. When all was over, my father resumed his usual occupations, but for many weeks he never smiled. As for myself, grief for the loss of my mother divided my thoughts with increasing anxiety on religious subjects. The impression made by her death, and that of my Oxford friend, increased rather than diminished. It was not that I was become gloomy, or disgusted with the world, or that what I considered the peculiarities of a superstitious creed began to have attractions for me. It was rather the singular sense of the reality of invisible things and of eternity to come, which had been mani-



fested both by my mother and Wilbraham, that took so strong a hold upon me. Day by day, as I wandered about the country in the neighbourhood of Morley Court, the same thoughts were ever present. Religion was ceasing to be a matter of speculation and opinion. Almighty God was no longer an abstraction, a phrase, or something identical with "the laws of nature." Feebly and tremblingly I began to regard Him as an existing Being; and in proportion as I realised his existence, a consciousness of his power over myself, and of the obligations I owed Him as my Creator, introduced itself into my mind. All this time the notion of embracing the religion of my mother never occurred to me as a possibility. It was the simple idea of a personal, all-powerful, and omnipotent God, which took possession of my thoughts, and awakened a corresponding sensibility in my conscience. I used to sit for hours in the long-loved haunts of my boyhood, lost in wandering thoughts, with which this consciousness of the importance of religion, as the most momentous of all realities, perpetually mingled. Now and then I made strange attempts at praying. I seemed to feel myself for a moment or two in the very presence of God; and I would utter some sort of ejaculation, hardly knowing whether I spoke *to* Him, or only sent forth words without a definite aim. Still the work went on, until an unbearable restlessness took hold of me. At times I took up a religious book, though there were few such to be found in my father's library, and my mother's books were all, save one or two which my father kept in his own room, locked up with every thing else that had belonged to her. Yet I liked nothing that I met with. I could understand but little of the phraseology I encountered. Every thing seemed exaggerated or artificial, and I appropriated nothing. My father never mentioned the subject of religion. Mr. Cumberland called once or twice, but seemed to avoid every thing beyond purely secular topics; so that I was left to my own meditations alone.

Thus I remained a prey to sharp moral discomfort, when my uncle the Colonel appeared at Morley Court. Whether it was that, now that my mother was gone, he felt it less to be his duty to "testify" against her creed, or whether he was touched by our bitter loss, so it was that much of his disagreeableness was worn away; and though he still paraded his "religious views," as he called them, more ostentatiously than my father liked, yet on the whole I found a sort of pleasure in his conversation and companionship. As I have said before, he was a gentleman, with all his sanctimonious bluntness; and to this day I have no reason to believe him otherwise than sincere, and, in his peculiar way, really a religious man. Be this

as it may, however, the decision of his *language* produced a powerful effect upon my mind in its state at that period. I gave him credit for all he said as to his repudiation of every worldly maxim and motive, and by degrees I came to regard him as a person who would go through fire and water for the sake of his religious convictions. Looking back, indeed, at all that then took place, I *now* wonder how it was that my uncle's opinions ever gained an ascendancy over me. Probably it would have been the same with any class of doctrines which had presented themselves, enforced by a strong apparent appreciation of the vast importance of religious sincerity. If Colonel Morley had been a Catholic, or a High Churchman, or a Puseyite (the latter school being then unborn), in all probability I should have been instantly predisposed to accept his views as the only truth in existence. But so it was, that the decisive profession of religious sincerity which my uncle never failed to claim for himself, and the dogmatic infallibility with which he assumed that his interpretation of Scripture was the only true gospel, gradually swayed my mind, till I acquiesced (as I imagined, thoroughly) in his doctrinal and practical creed. As to controversy, properly so called, I was not inclined to it. My infidelity had no real intellectual basis whatsoever. Its strength lay in the hollowness and hypocrisy of every thing that I had met with in my own Church, while my prejudices against my mother's creed were too powerful to permit me to contemplate Catholicism as a possible solution of the troubles which now pressed upon me.

Thus I suddenly became a disciple of the Evangelical school. At least so I was thought, and so I thought myself, though I never, for one moment, adopted the true Lutheran dogmas on which this school founds its theological system. With all the nonsense I learnt to talk respecting justification by faith only, the impossibility of human merit, the unconverted character of all the world except the Evangelicals, and the uselessness of sacraments and "ordinances," that horrible doctrine, that a man dying in sin, if only he have faith, will be saved, never obtained a moment's possession of my mind. I never even thought of adopting it; I could not believe that any pious person believed it; and the secret consciousness that there existed between my uncle and myself a radical difference on this momentous point early suggested a doubt in the infallibility of his views, and of the Evangelical school in general. That very same detestation of every thing not genuine and self-consistent, which had originally shattered my trust in the High and Dry Protestantism in which I had been educated, now began to make me uneasy under Evangelical-

ism. If the religion of my father and my teachers is real, I had been wont to say, or rather to *feel*, why has it no corresponding influence on their characters? If "Evangelical views" are the true gospel, I now frequently said to myself, how is it that those who hold them are so much disagreed on certain points of great importance, and can give me so little satisfaction when I press for clear explanations of their doctrinal system? Can *any* system be true which is a system of contradiction and compromise? If these views *are* the truth of Scripture, how is it that they leave me so much in the dark as to large portions of the Bible? To none of these questions could I get satisfactory answers from my Evangelical acquaintances, of whom I had formed a tolerable store, under my uncle's patronage. It was clear that some of them were not thoroughly satisfied with my spiritual state. One of them favoured me with doubts as to the reality of my "conversion;" another suggested that I only made these difficulties because I had not yet "apprehended Christ in all his saving fulness;" a third disgusted me by telling me, in reply to every difficulty I propounded, that "the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life;" and a fourth so openly treated one portion of the Bible as inferior in inspiration to another portion, that I was fairly driven to my wits' end, when I tried to reconcile these astonishing phenomena with my convictions as to what a true religion *must* be.

Before long, these difficulties reached their climax. My uncle one day invited me to go with him to a "clerical meeting" a few miles from Morley Court, to be held at the house of one of the clergy of the neighbourhood, who was a special friend of his, and who had commissioned him to bring with him any "pious" friends whom he might wish to introduce. I agreed to the proposal, having never seen any thing of the kind before; and I cherished the hope that among so select an assembly of "real Christians" (as they called themselves) I should find some satisfactory solution of the doubts which daily more and more oppressed me. The Rev. Luke Ashley, at whose vicarage the conclave was to meet, enjoyed a high reputation among the Evangelicals of the neighbourhood, and my uncle assured me that I should be favoured with a truly rich spiritual treat.

In the course of the morning we accordingly found ourselves in Mr. Ashley's snug drawing-room. About sixteen or seventeen rectors, vicars, and curates were assembled, my uncle and myself being the only lay visitors present. I was greeted with considerable cordiality, the combined result of my father's broad acres and my own religious profession, which was duly



announced by my uncle, with a want of delicacy which I was hardly prepared for. The proceedings commenced with a long extempore prayer, pronounced by one of the party. It was a strange jumble of Bible phrases, self-glorification and self-abomination, and sounded quite as much like a sermon as a prayer. As soon as it was over, we all sat down, and a subject (previously decided upon) was brought forward for discussion. I marvelled much at its cool wording, but hoped that it might throw light upon my own present perplexities. It ran thus: "The inspiration of the New Testament with especial reference to Peter and Paul." Every person present made a short discourse or speech, expounding his views, the order of the meeting being now and then interrupted by desultory and somewhat sharp episodical debates. But if I marvelled at the wording of the subject, much more did I marvel at its handling. Every man had his "view," and every man implied that his own view was infallibly correct. One man said the New Testament was literally true in every sentence and word; another, that its doctrines were true, but not its arguments and illustrations; a third, that nobody could know, except by the inward teaching of the Holy Spirit, what parts were true and what parts were false; a fourth, that our Blessed Lord's teaching was full of "legalism," and only meant for the carnal-minded Jews in their unconverted state; a fifth, that St. James knew very little about the true gospel; a sixth, that St. Paul was the only one of the Apostles who was fully enlightened on what they all of them called the "scheme of salvation," and that the rest of the Apostles would have gone wrong but for his writings; a seventh, that the most important part of the Bible for a Christian to study was the Apocalypse, the interpretation of which he considered to be open to the meanest capacity, provided its possessor was spiritually-minded; and so on, till every one of the whole clerical assembly had announced his opinion. Scarcely two in the whole party were thoroughly agreed, save in two points. They all had a particular spite against St. Peter, and treated St. James with contempt; and they all considered it an undeniable axiom of the gospel, that the Bible was as plain as possible to every "converted soul" in every matter that was of the slightest conceivable importance. By the time the discussion was ended, I was thoroughly dissatisfied and uncomfortable, and was wound up to a state of perfect torment by the concluding prayer. It was a kind of hash of all the "views" uttered in the previous debate, and what the speaker actually meant I found it impossible to divine. Not so, certainly, some of those present; for from two or three quarters arose an audible grunting sigh

at the conclusion of the more *impressive* portions of the prayer, expressing a deep satisfaction with the enlightened character of the sentiments thus singularly put forth.

After a short pause, dinner was announced, and right energetically was attacked. Manifestly the good men's consciences were at ease, if it be true that a light heart makes a good appetite. I was silly enough myself to be somewhat scandalised at the vigour with which the comfortable theologians demolished a very solid repast, and the solace they found in a few goodly glasses of beer and wine, forgetting how far they had come to the place of meeting, and that my own small appetite was the result of mental troubles to which they were strangers. The style of the conversation annoyed me excessively. Protestant as I was, I could not endure the twang and tone, and forced solemnity of aspect, which nearly all of them assumed when they uttered any sentiment or question connected with religion. And when these peculiarities of countenance and utterance alternated with expressions of unmixed enjoyment of the solid pleasures before them, the ridiculous incongruity of the whole affair would have made me laugh outright, if I had not been deeply, and perhaps unreasonably, disgusted. Two or three of the clergymen were gentlemanly men, and tolerably natural in their talk; but of the rest, those who were not priggish were vulgar, and those who were not dogmatic were silly. The impudence (as I with my old family notions thought it) of a dark little ugly man who sat next me was intolerable. I hardly knew his name, but he quietly began questioning me about the time of my "conversion," and asked me if my father was a "converted character." Somebody opposite saying something about Popery, my neighbour began again to me.

"I was sorry to hear one of our dear brothers this morning, Mr. Morley, say something in extenuation of the characters of Papists. My maxim is, that Papists are all liars, and will inevitably be damned."

I started, but said nothing. My neighbour, whose name was Higginson, then continued:

"You agree with me, I trust, Mr. Morley?"

"I think you are mistaken, sir," I replied.

My tormentor's countenance instantly lengthened, and he assumed the peculiar tone of his school.

"Ah, my dear young friend, beware of the snares of the enemy; it is impossible for a Papist to be saved."

"Higginson! a glass of wine!" cried a voice from the other end of the table. Mr. Higginson's face resumed its natural form as he responded, "With great pleasure," and it became positively rotund as he imbibed his bumper of sherry. Then

it was again elongated, as he caught a fragment of an animated conversation going on at another part of the table.

"What is your view of Death and the Pale Horse, Dr. Dobson?" he exclaimed, addressing one of a small knot who were discussing a stewed beefsteak and the prophecies relating to the end of the world. I could not catch the answer, for my attention was suddenly attracted by a question from the daughter of our host, who sat next to me on the right hand, Higginson being on my left.

"What is your opinion on the doctrine of eternal punishment, Mr. Morley?" asked my fair questioner, in a gentle, solemn, and slow voice.

"I did not know there were any differences on the subject," said I, when I had recovered from my surprise.

"Oh yes!" said Miss Ashley. "At least I believe pious people used to be agreed on this question, but latterly, you know, one or two of our most spiritual writers have published new interpretations of the scriptural texts on this subject. Papa does not like to have the matter discussed, but I do not see what harm it can do to converted people to discuss it; for after all, you know, it is not a part of the 'truth as it is in Jesus.'"

"What handsome new almshouses are being built in this place, Miss Ashley!" cried another of the party, before I could respond to these new views of "the truth as it is in Jesus."

"Very handsome indeed," replied the lady. "It is wonderful what good things are often done by worldly persons. These almshouses, as you perhaps know, are built by the Miss Rawlinsons, our richest landowners in this parish, but sadly High Church."

"Ah, indeed!" ejaculated the other, in a sepulchral voice, as if he had heard of some horrible murder just committed; "'all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags.' What a blessed truth that is, Miss Ashley!"

"Who is to have the living of Portland, Ashley?" exclaimed another speaker; "it's a good nine hundred a year, I am told."

"A Mr. Williamson," said Ashley; "and a truly pious man he is, I understand. It is a matter for great thankfulness when the prizes in the Church fall into the hands of spiritual men. The labourer is worthy of his hire."

"Yes, truly," echoed three or four voices at once.

"I will thank you for another slice of ham, Mr. Smitherby," was the next sentence that broke on my ear. Then, handing his plate, the speaker, a tall, cadaverous-looking personage, continued: "By the way, they say we are to have a reform



of the Prayer-book at last. I should like to have the subject discussed at our next meeting. The Prayer-book certainly is deficient in clear announcements of the gospel."

"That is rather strong language, my dear sir, is it not?" suggested a modest-looking elderly man with white hair, named Wilson. "Surely you would not include the creeds, the homilies, and the thirty-nine articles, in such a condemnation?"

"The creeds!" cried another, in a voice of amazement. "I am no particular admirer of the creeds, I must confess; there is not one of them which contains any statement of the great doctrine of justification by faith only, and they only include the atonement by implication."

Mr. Wilson looked bewildered; and Higginson whispered in my ear, "Our excellent friend Wilson is well known not to entertain very clear views. We should all cultivate clear views, Mr. Morley."

"Of course you are a student of prophecy, Mr. Morley," said the gentle voice of my fair neighbour. "It is a delightful subject, and so spiritual."

"I have no doubt of it," said I. "But is it not very difficult?"

"Oh, not the least in the world," replied Miss Ashley; "at least not to those who are fully emancipated from carnal interpretations. You are perhaps aware," she continued, sinking her voice into a confidential whisper, "that Mr. Higginson is not quite sound on the subject of the millennium."

"Oh!—ah!—yes!—indeed!" I ejaculated, utterly at a loss what to say.

"Who are your favourite prophets, may I ask, Mr. Morley?" said the young lady, not observing my astonishment. "My favourite is Daniel just now. I used to be very partial to the Revelations and to Isaiah, but now I prefer Daniel. By the way, are you an advocate for the conversion of the Jews?"

What I replied I know not; but whatever it was, it was not encouraging to the fair student of prophecy, and she turned to talk to some one else. I sat silent through the rest of the dinner, listening, puzzled, astonished, and finally absolutely disgusted. My uncle and I started homewards soon afterwards to keep an engagement; so that whatever were the closing clerical proceedings, I saw nothing of them. My uncle was astonished and displeased at my reluctance to express any gratification with what I had heard, and he gave me plainly to understand that he was not thoroughly satisfied with my spiritual state. If he had known what really passed in my mind, he would have been still more disturbed. From that day I

was, in fact, no longer an adherent of the Evangelical school. Where else to turn I could not tell; but this I saw clearly, that Evangelicalism was a caricature of Christianity. After the most careful and candid separation of the infirmities of individuals from the system they upheld, I was convinced that the system itself was rotten to its foundations, and that those foundations were laid in a violation of common sense. How my mind worked under the discovery will next be seen.

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## COLLECTIONS ILLUSTRATING THE HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH BENEDICTINE CONGREGATION.

### CHAPTER VII. (*continued.*)

MORRIS, (PLACID) WILLIAM, born 29th October, —, after distinguishing himself in the London mission, was appointed successor to Dr. Slater, Bishop of Ruspa and Vicar Apostolic of the Mauritius, and was consecrated at St. Edmund's College on Sunday, 5th February, 1832, by the Ven. Bishop Bramston, assisted by Bishops Baines and Gradwell. Bishop Baines preached on the occasion. His lordship's title was Bishop of Troy. After a residence of nearly nine years at the Mauritius, he quitted for England, 11th of April, 1841, and took charge of the nuns of the Sacre Cœur, near London. He was replaced at the Mauritius by another Benedictine, Dr. William (Bernard) Collier, consecrated at Rome, by Cardinal Fransoni, on 15th March, 1840, by the title of Milevis; but since 1848 is no longer a titular bishop, as Port Louis, the capital of the Mauritius, has been erected into his episcopal see. Dr. Morris was the translator of Halley's excellent letter to his family on his conversion to the Catholic faith.

ORGAIN DE BENNET (A S. JOHANNE), a noble Lorainer, says Weldon, who wrote several devout books for the use of the poor people, in French. He died at Cluni, 11th May, 1636 (p. 57).

PENBRIDGE, (BENEDICT) MICHAEL. This learned and saintly missionary came to Bath in 1781, as successor to Dr. Brewer. After rendering valuable service to religion by his zealous labours and devout publications, he died at Bath, 20th November, 1806, and five days later was interred in St. Joseph's Chapel, Bristol. His works are:

1. The Whole Duty of a Christian, and a Guide to Perfection. 8vo, 1775.

2. The Family Manual of Morning and Night Prayers. The third edition was printed by Coghlan in 1800.

3. The Child's Christian and Moral Instructor, according to the Tenets of the Roman Catholic Church and Religion; grounded on Holy Writ. Bath, 1801.

4. The Roman Catholic Church and Religion vindicated. Printed by Crutwell and Co., Bath, 1806.

PORTER, JEROME, was the author of a 4to volume entitled *The Flowers of the most renowned Saints of the three Kingdoms, England, Scotland, and Ireland*, Douay, 1632, pp. 616. Returning from a journey to Douay, he was attacked by a fever, which carried him off on 17th November, 1632. The volume is dedicated to Lord Windsor.

Another monk of the same name published *The Life of St. Edward, King and Confessor*, in 1710, 12mo, pp. 91. Prefixed is a portrait of the Saint with the beggar on the ground, and St. John appearing in a cloud. In the catalogue of books printed and sold by Thomas Meighan, "over against Earl's Court, Drury Lane, London," this life of St. Edward is marked at 1s.

PRESTON, THOMAS, *alias* WIDDRINGTON, ROGER, after studying his course of divinity under Vasquez at Rome, entered amongst the Benedictines of Monte Cassino. Sent to the English mission in 1603, he was appointed by his abbot, superior of the Italian members then serving it. He was soon after apprehended by the persecutors; but on his liberation proceeded to Rheims, where he held a consultation with Dr. Gifford, F. Bradshaw, and F. Jones, on forming a more intimate union amongst the several congregations of their religious. To him F. Sigebert Buckley had surrendered all his authority, 15th December, 1609. (See the act, No. 1, in the Appendix to the *Apostolatus*, &c., p. 4.) On 22d July, 1611, he delegated his powers to Dom Maurus Taylor, professed at St. George's, Venice, and Dom Robert Sadler de S. Vincentio. (See p. 9.) In the sequel he employed his talents upon an unfortunate subject, the condemned oath of allegiance, and maintained a bad cause much too well, but which upon better consideration he afterwards detested (p. 24). However, many of the books on this subject, continues Weldon (p. 162), "written under the name of Widdrington, and attributed to him, he evermore disowned." Angelus de Nuce, Abbot of Monte Cassino, and afterwards Archbishop of Rossano, in Calabria, extols F. Preston as a most learned divine, admires his



great constancy in defending the Catholic faith for a period of fifty years, and praises his theological commentaries, which he had seen in ms. He died in the Clink Prison, 13th November, 1640. Which of the thirteen works as enumerated by Dodd (*Church History*, vol. ii. p. 420) can fairly be said to be his, it is impossible now to decide; for his credit, the fewer the better.

REYNER, CLEMENT, S.T.P. We have mentioned him under the article "Lamspring," as also in the biography of F. Austin Baker. He was the editor of that valuable work *Apostolatus Benedictinorum in Angliâ*. In its dedication to Cardinal Bentivoglio he candidly declares this: "*non author operis sum, sed, jussu congregationis, editor et dedicator.*"

REEVES, (WILFRID) RICHARD. According to Wood's *Athenæ*, this polite scholar was converted to the Catholic faith in 1667, and eight years later was incorporated with the Benedictines at Douay. Dying in London, 31st October, 1693, he was buried on 2d November in the church of St. Martin-in-the-Fields. On Philip Howard's nomination to the purple in 1675, he visited Douay College and St. Gregory's Convent on his way to Rome. At the latter he was complimented in a poem by Mr. Reeves, printed that year in twenty pages folio. His *Megalesia Sacra* appeared two years later. His *Carmen Jubilæum* was written on the occasion of F. Joseph Frere, in 1678, celebrating his jubilee at Douay: he had been the sixth prior of St. Gregory's. His congratulatory poem on Rev. James Smith, afterwards first Vicar Apostolic of the Northern District, and Edward Paston, afterwards president, being installed Doctors of divinity in the English College of Douay, was printed in 1681. Several other of his compositions remained in ms. He assisted Dr. Fell in the translation into Latin of the *History and Antiquities of the University of Oxford*. Mr. Reeves never took holy orders, because of his lameness. The famous Bossuet, a good judge of merit, took great satisfaction in Mr. Reeves's company, and made very great account of him, says Weldon (p. 201).

RUBY, JOHN, of the English Congregation, O.S.B., was the author of *Vita et Res gestæ Papæ Bonifacii VIII.*, 4to, Romæ, 1651. I suspect the real author was F. Selby. Also *Narratio Mortis P. Mauri Scotti*, 4to, Romæ, 1657.

SADLER, (VINCENT) ROBERT, called also Robert Walter and Faustus Sadler, born at Collier's Oak, in Fillongley parish, Warwickshire. Forsaking his office under Sir Walter Mildmay, then Secretary of State to Queen Elizabeth, he proceeded

to Rome, where, after he had studied for some years, was ordained priest by Pope Paul V., and by him sent to the English mission. Here he joined some of his countrymen of the Benedictine order who had arrived from Italy; and on 21st November, 1607, was professed by the Venerable F. Buckley. He laboured strenuously for the restoration of the old Benedictine Congregation, and was very instrumental, by his authority of president, and the great opinion entertained of his sanctity, in accomplishing that desirable reunion. He died of the stone, whilst meditating a retreat to Dieulwart Monastery, on 21st June, 1621, in the Barbican, London. He is said to have published a book of *Obits*, but perhaps this may have been written, or at least enlarged, by his nephew, Dom Thomas (Vincent) Sadler, whom he had converted. This latter did not die in the beginning of King James II.'s reign, as Mr. Dodd supposes (*Church History*, vol. iii. p. 313), but on 19th January, 1681. He was joint author with F. Anselm Crowder of the *Devout Pilgrim*, in 1657. He translated into English Bona's *Guide to Heaven, containing the Marrow of the holy Fathers and ancient Philosophers*, 12mo, 1672. He published also the *Children's Catechism*, 8vo, 1678; also the *Devout Christian*: the 4th edition, 1685, pp. 502, 12mo, dedicated to Sir Henry Tichbourne, mentions "the great dole" yearly given on 25th March.

SAYER, (GREGORY) ROBERT, a man of superior merit. After studying at Cambridge and Rheims, he entered the English College at Rome in 1582, to finish his theology. In 1588 he became a monk at Monte Cassino, and was employed to teach divinity in that great monastery. His premature death at St. George's, Venice, on 30th October, 1602, was deeply lamented. His theological works are enumerated by Dr. Pitts; but his *Clavis Regia Sacerdotum Casuum Conscientiæ* was reprinted at Antwerp in 1619.

SLATER, (BEDE) EDWARD, studied at Dieulwart. When the French seized the convent, he cleverly escaped their surveillance on 4th October, 1793. In 1813 he published a series of eleven *Letters on Roman Catholic Tenets*, in an 8vo vol., pp. 127. They had previously appeared in a provincial paper, and were well received by the public. His zeal and merits recommended him to the Holy See for the office of Bishop in the English East India possessions. Cardinal Litta consecrated him by the title of Ruspa (a town near Carthage), on 28th June, 1818, at Rome. His residence was chiefly in the Mauritius, which he quitted, 14th June, 1832, in the brig *Mary*, bound for Bristol. Three days after, he died away on the

sofa in his cabin. His remains were thrown overboard; but Sir Laurie Cole ordered his baggage to be properly taken care of.

SELBY, (WILFRID OF ST. MICHAEL) RICHARD, was long the procurator of his brethren at Rome. Through his influence was procured the Bull *Plantata* of Pope Urban VIII., dated 12th July, 1633, confirming the ancient rights and privileges of the English Benedictine Congregation as granted by Pope Paul V. (*Weldon*, p. 166).

The learning of this worthy Father was surpassed only by his humility. F. Weldon refers to his works, but does not particularise any; adding, however, that he assisted the Rev. Abbot Constantine Cajetan in his edition of *St. Peter Damians*. He died of the plague at Rome, in 1657. On the death of Clement Reyner, the Abbot of Lambspring, in 1651, he was chosen to succeed; but he refused, and obtained a papal brief for F. Placid Gascoigne's installation in that dignity.

STYLES, HENRY, was the author of a pithy *History of the Martyrs of the Order*. He died 13th January, 1640 (*Weldon*, p. 162).

TOUCHET, GEORGE, second son of Mervyn, ninth Lord Audley, second Earl of Castlehaven. I find him chaplain to Queen Catharine, 1671-2, with a salary of 100*l*. I have seen two editions of his *Historical Collections concerning the Reformation*, 8vo; the first in 1674, pp. 558; the second in 1686, pp. 434. Where he was professed, or when he died, I have not been able to discover.

TOWERS, (ADRIANS) RICHARD, born 21st January, 1781, at Preston, was the last professed at Lambspring, 1st January, 1802; for two years was missionary at Workington; but at Christmas 1822 arrived at Taunton as successor to the Rev. Samuel Fisher, O.S.F., who had opened the present chapel there the 3d of the preceding July. Here this learned divine and gifted controversialist successfully laboured with his tongue and pen, and by his self-denying example, to propagate and illustrate our holy faith. In 1824, he addressed an able letter to James Bunter, Esq., on "Religious Tracts and the supposed Ignorance of English and Irish Roman Catholics;" "Letter to Rev. M. W. Place, Rector of Ham-preston, proving the Bull introduced at the Taunton Meeting, 9th May, 1825, to be a Forgery." This zealous monk was ever on the alert to meet his polemic opponents. He was recalled to Ampleforth in 1830, at a critical moment for the safety of the college, to fill the office of prior. Soon after the



expiration of his presidency, he removed to Poole, where he reposed from his labours on 5th March, 1844. His remains were deposited at Stapehill, as he had desired.

TOWNSON, JOHN, of Lancashire, professed at Lambspring, 7th May, 1674; ob. 4th July, 1718. I believe him to be the author of the *History of Lambspring* referred to by Weldon (p. 65). The original, or a copy, is fortunately preserved at Ampleforth.

ULLATHORNE, (BERNARD) WILLIAM, was born near Pocklington, Yorkshire, 7th May, 1806. After a seafaring youth, in his eighteenth year he took to the harbour of religion, putting on the religious habit on St. Gregory's feast 1824, and making his profession at Downside on 5th April, 1825. On 24th September, 1831, he was promoted to the priesthood; and after some time he was allowed to follow the impulse of his heart, the care of our neglected prisoners and convicts abroad. In the *Catholic Magazine* of November 1834 may be seen his interesting letter, dated Sydney, 25th March, 1833, announcing his safe arrival there at the previous Shrovetide. It would require a volume to describe his charitable labours and works of mercy. At length, it became essential for the recovery of his health that he should return to his native country. In November 1841, Coventry was selected for the field of his zeal; and under his auspices that mission assumed a renovated appearance. On 20th May, the foundation of a much larger church was laid, which was opened for public worship 10th September, 1845.

The Western District became vacant by the death of the Rt. Rev. Charles Michael Baggs on 16th October, 1845, and the Holy See fixed on Dr. Ullathorne to succeed him. He was consecrated on 21st June, 1846, by Bishop Briggs, assisted by Bishops Griffiths and Wareing, in his own church at Coventry. The title conferred in the bulls was *Episcopus Hetalonensis*.

The business of the district compelled him to repair to Rome in the following January. Every thing succeeded to his wishes, and he returned from Rome to Bristol in the space of ten days. At the request of his Right Rev. brethren, the Bishops of England, he repaired again in May of the ensuing year to the Eternal City on the very urgent business of establishing an English hierarchy; and whilst sojourning there he undertook the charge of the Midland District, void by the translation of Bishop Walsh to London. He was enthroned in St. Chad's Cathedral, Birmingham, on Wednesday 30th August that year; and about ninety of his clergy attended to

do him homage. He is now Bishop of Birmingham. We have from his ready pen,

1. A Few Words to the Rev. Henry Fulton, with a Glance at the Archdeacon. Sydney, 1833.
2. The Use and Abuse of the Scripture. Sydney.
3. A Reply to Judge Burton. Sydney.
4. The Australasian Mission (which went through six editions).
5. Horrors of Transportation (written at the request of the Secretary for Ireland, and circulated at the expense of the Irish Government).
6. A Volume of Sermons, with Prefaces.
7. Sermon at the Blessing of the Calvary on the Grace Dieu Rocks.
8. Funeral Oration on the Rev. William Richmond.
9. Remarks on the proposed Education-Bill. 1850.

WALGRAVE, (DE DEI CUSTODIA) FRANCIS, educated in Spain, professed at Dieulwart in 1609. He was a man of abilities and considerable address; as an author, he published a work to shew that John Gersen, a Benedictine monk, was the author of the *Imitation of Christ*, and not Thomas à Kempis.

The Spanish General having appointed him of his English brethren at La Celle, he conducted himself very indiscreetly against the union of the English Congregation, and would listen to no reason until after the promulgation of Pope Urban VIII.'s Bull *Plantata*. Then seeing all opposition useless, he sought a reconciliation. At the seventh general chapter, 1639, upon his humble suit, an amnesty was granted him, and strict order given that none of the religious should reproach him for the past, but every where treat him civilly and respectfully. He died 6th November, 1668.

WALKER, (AUGUSTINE) GEORGE. This Prior of St. Edmund's at Paris, and agent for his brethren at Rome, was the author of a poem dated Rome, 23d September, 1768, complimentary to his friend Mr. Robert Milne, of Edinburgh, architect. He had planned Blackfriars Bridge (*Pitt's London*), the first stone of which was laid 31st October, 1760, and had obtained the first prize in the first class of architecture from the Academy of St. Luke. It may be seen in the sixth volume of the *Critical Review*, p. 428. He died during his presidency, 13th January, 1794, in confinement at Compeign, whither he had been conducted from Cambray.

WALMESLEY, CHARLES, D.D., descended from an ancient and respected stock, first saw the light of day at Westwood Hall, near Wigan, on 13th January, 1722, being the youngest but one of twelve children. Blest with a heart naturally formed

for piety, he dedicated himself at an early period of life to his God, in the venerable order of St. Benedict. His solid virtues and literary attainments soon brought him into public notice. Some of his astronomical papers were inserted in our *Philosophical Transactions* of 1745 and the two successive years. At Paris appeared, in 1753, his *Analyse des Mesures des Rapports et des Angles, ou Reduction des Intégrales aux Logarithmes et aux Arcs de Cercle*.\* A treatise *De Inæqualitatibus Motuum Lunarum* was published at Florence in 1758.

It will please the reader to see the testimonies to his merits by eminent philosophers.

Professor Playfair, in his *Outlines of Natural Philosophy*, vol. ii. p. 259, speaking on the motion of the moon's apsides, says: "The precise quantity of the motion of the apsides is not easily determined. Newton left this part of the theory almost untouched. Machin was, I believe, the first after Newton who attempted this investigation; he has only mentioned the result, and the principles on which his reasoning was founded. . . . This method was afterwards adopted by Dom Walmesley, and by Dr. M. Stewart, who both derived from it the true motion of the apsides by investigations extremely ingenious."

Again, p. 323, on the precession of the equinoxes, he says: "The first solution of the problem of the precession was given by Newton. It is not free from error; but it displays in a strong light the resources of genius contending with the imperfections of a science not sufficiently advanced for so arduous an investigation, &c. Two solutions in the *Philosophical Transactions* of 1754 and 1756 continued to follow this method of Newton. The first of these was by Sylvabelle, the second by Walmesley; and this last is remarkable for the elegance of the demonstrations. It extended the problem to the nutation of the earth's axis, and it treated of the diminution of the obliquity of the ecliptic by the action of the planets."

Professor Sir John Leslie, in the fourth of the preliminary dissertations prefixed to the new edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, vol. i. p. 664, thus expresses himself: "The honour of confirming the Newtonian theory of the moon was reserved for our own countrymen. Dr. Stewart discovered the true motion of the line of apside. About the same time, Walmesley, an English Benedictine monk, who afterwards

\* On the title-page of the author's copy he has written, "This book was published in 1749." At the end he has added, "Avertissement. Plusieurs personnes m'ayant demandé le Mémoire sur la Théorie des Comètes, que je présentai à l'Académie des Sciences en 1747, j'ai cru qu'il seroit à propos de le joindre ici. J'y ai ajouté les élémens de l'orbite décrite par la comète qui apparue depuis, en 1748."



attained the rank of Catholic Bishop and Apostolic Vicar, but had been compelled by religious and political bigotry to reap the advantages of a foreign education, produced in 1749, at the early age of twenty-seven, a correct analytical investigation of the motion of the lunar apogee, which he extended and completed in 1758;" and it is known that he had been consulted by our government on the alteration of the style. His friend Bishop York petitioned for him to be his coadjutor in the Western District; his prayer was granted; and Dr. Walmsley was consecrated Bishop of Rama, at Rome, by Cardinal Lunt, 21 December, 1756. He succeeded to the government of the vicariat on Dr. York's retirement in 1764.

During the protracted and eventful period of his superintendence, his theological science, his integrity of purpose, his exemplary and disinterested firmness in resisting religious innovation, and his unceasing attention to his official duties and the concerns of the diocese, will ever entitle his memory to grateful respect and veneration.

In the business which divided and distracted the English Catholics, the conduct of our senior prelate was as honourable to himself as it was advantageous to religion; so that we may apply the words which St. Jerome (Ep. 57) addressed to St. Augustine, "*Te conditorem antiquæ rursum Fidei Catholici venerantur atque suspiciunt.*"

In conjunction with his episcopal brethren and a large proportion of the Catholic gentry and clergy, he consented, indeed, to sign the perhaps useless protestation or declaration\* of the English Catholics in the spring of 1789. But when the Cisalpine Committee reduced this protestation into the form of an oath, with some substantial alterations, then this faithful and intrepid guardian of the interests of religion stood forth, and, like the watchman of Israel (Ezek. xxxiii.), sounded the alarm; and having called a synod of his colleagues, the decree was issued on 21st Oct. 1789, that "they unanimously condemned the *new* form of an oath intended for the Catholics, and declared it unlawful to be taken." When the faithful heard this, like the primitive Christians "they rejoiced for the consolation," Acts xv. 31. The decision was hailed by the Bishops of Scotland and Ireland, and received the express approbation and confirmation of the See Apostolic.

The British Parliament attended to the conscientious protest of the Vicars, and broke into pieces the shackles which

\* See a copy in *The Case Stated*, by Francis Plowden, Esq., London. 1791. It was signed by 1523 persons. See also Dr. Milner's *Supplementary Memoirs to the Memoirs of Charles Butler, Esq.*

some of the Cisalpine committee had been forging for their Catholic brethren.

On 25th November, 1797, the venerable prelate departed to our Lord, at Bath, and was buried in the Catholic chapel at Bristol. The epitaph was written by his friend, the Rev. Charles Plowden.

HIC SITUS EST KAROLUS WALMESLEY, E SACRA BENEDICTI PATRIS FAMILIA,  
EPISCOPUS RAMATH. VIR ANTIQUE VIRTUTIS. SUMMI PONTIF. VICARIO MUNERE IN ANGLIA ANN. XXXX. SANCTE ET IN EXEMPLUM  
PERFUNCTUS, CUJUS AUCTORITATE ET CONSTANTIA GRAVIBUS  
DIREMPTIS CONTROVERSIIS CATHOLICÆ FIDEI INTEGRITAS  
VINDICATA CATHOLICORUM CONCORDIA FACTA EST. IDEM  
DIVINARUM LITTERARUM AC SUBLIMIS MATHESIOS  
CONSULTISSIMUS. APOCALYPSIN JOANNIS APOSTOLI  
PERPETUO COMMENTARIO ILLUSTRAVIT, AC  
DE LUNÆ ET PLANETARUM ANOMALIIS DOCTE  
DISSEUIT. QUEM COLLEGIA MAXIMA SOPH-  
ORUM, LONDINENSIVM, PARISIENSIVM,  
BEROLINENSIVM, BONONIENSIVM,  
SODALEM ADSCIVERUNT. VIXIT  
ANNOS LXXV. UTILIS DOCTRINA  
MULTIS: EXEMPLE OMNIBUS. DECESSIT  
VII. KALENDAS DECEMBRIS, ANNO  
MDCCLXXXVII.

The learned prelate's *Commentary on the Apocalypse*, under the name of Pastorini, appeared in 1771, 8vo, pp. 589. *Ezekiel's Vision Explained*, 1778, 8vo, pp. 57, London. In the Annual Register of 1797, p. 68, his death is honourably recorded, with regret that some of his valuable mss. were irretrievably lost in the fire at Bath during the riots of 1780. During the frightful riots that devastated London on the 6th and 7th June that year, a post-chaise and four, conveying four of the rioters, and wearing the insignia of the mob, hurried to Bath. There is a good portrait of the Bishop at Downside, and another at Lullworth was taken by Keenan.

WELDON, (BENNET) RALPH, of the ancient family of Weldon of Swanscombe, two miles distant from Gravesend, was the seventeenth child of Colonel George Weldon (youngest son of Sir Anthony Weldon), and of his wife, Lucy Necton. The subject of this memoir was born in London, 12th April, 1674, and was christened at the Savoy. He lost his father when he was five years old, but his mother survived until 26th April, 1702. Converted to Catholicity by F. Joseph Johnstone, O.S.B., he made his abjuration at St. James's Chapel, 12th October, 1687. To his indefatigable researches in the archives of the English houses of his order, at Douay, Dieulwart, Paris, and Lambspring, I am indebted for the substance of the foregoing pages. His two folio volumes

of *Chronological Notes, containing the Rise, Growth, and the Present State of the English Congregation of O.S.B.*, all written with his own hand, are preserved at Ampleforth. In the beginning of the second volume is inserted the following memorandum :

"These two tomes cost me from the evening or dusk of Trinity Sunday, about the middle of June, that half month, July, August, September, October, to the 7th of November, 1707, on which day I finished them.

"Glory to the eternal wisdom of God."

An abridgment of the larger work, in 233 quarto pages, was transcribed in the year 1713, and from this copy we have usually quoted. It is the property of St. Gregory's, Downside. This Benedictine monk of St. Edmund's, Paris, died on 23d November, 1713.

WHITE, THOMAS, otherwise WOODHOP, born in Worcester. Mr. Dodd incorrectly reports, on the authority of Wood's *Athenæ Oxon.*, that he was chosen prior of St. Gregory's, Douay, and died there of the plague, 1654. The fact is, that he was never prior of Douay; that he was president of his brethren when he died at St. Edmund's, Paris, 14th October, 1655, æt. 72, sac. 46, rel. 50, having spent thirty-six years in the mission, where he endured miserable imprisonments. He lived with my Lord Windsor, and afterwards at Weston with Mr. Sheldon. He was buried with great honour in the royal Benedictine Abbey of St. Germaine. His book of obits, or characters of several eminent Benedictines, was enlarged by F. Thomas Vincent Sadler.

WILKS, (CUTHBERT) JOSEPH, born in 1748; appointed to the Bath mission in November 1786; and opened the new chapel in Corn Street. For his unbecoming resistance to the joint letters of the Vicars Apostolic, dated 21st October, 1789, and 19th January, 1791, he incurred suspension on 19th February, 1791, from his local and immediate superior, Bishop Walmesley. On acknowledging his indiscretion, the Bishop restored him to the exercise of his functions; but the tergiversating letter which he published, and addressed to Thomas Clifford, Esq., compelled his lordship to renew the sentence. In May 1792 he quitted England, and we learn that he ended his days 19th May, 1829, at St. Gregory's, Douay. He was a man of gentlemanly manners, and of superior colloquial powers. *Vir magni animi, utinam etiam sapientis consilii fuisset.* We have seen his sermon preached at Bath on the occasion of King George the Third's recovery, in 1789.

WILSON, (PETER) JOSEPH, born near Richmond, county of York; took the religious habit at Downside in 1819; was



ordained priest by the late Cardinal Weld seven years later. After serving the Bungay mission for eight years, was appointed successor to the Rev. John (Jerome) Jenkins at Bath, in October 1836. Two years later, on the promotion of Dr. Brown to the episcopate, he was called to replace him in the priorship of St. Gregory's at Downside. As a lexicographer, the prior of Downside is known to the public by a French and English dictionary, published at Bungay in 1833: a small pocket abridgment of the same was printed in 1837.

WYCHE, JOSEPH, of Middlesex, professed at Lambspring, 21st March, 1690; and died 3d September, 1737. I believe him to be the author of a very sensible and devout work, the *Creed Expounded*, 8vo, pp. 342: prefixed is a *Short Essay on Faith*, pp. 74. London, 1735.

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## Poetry.

### THE PRAISE OF LABOUR.

A HYMN FOR MAY 1851.

Who shall deem the man a slave  
 To whom the powers of Nature yield  
 Homage due? Not only brave  
 Are they that wield the spear and shield,  
 And shout amid the spoil;  
 But warriors brave and true are they,  
 The sacred Brotherhood of Toil,  
 That wage high battle day by day  
 With Titan foes, and still each night  
 Encamp victorious on their field of fight.

Stout chivalry that first drew blade  
 Six thousand years ago! Young Time  
 Blew trumpet to the great crusade  
 As the lone band began their task sublime;  
 For Eden was no more, and Innocence no more;  
 And bliss, without a struggle theirs, was o'er!  
 So to the combat—on, once more to trace  
 On nature's troubled face  
 Somewhat of that her Maker saw  
 When all was good, for all was love and law.  
 Since then, with iron hand and bold clear brow,  
 Ye have borne on your banners until now,  
 And still upon the plain your watch-fires are,  
 True soldier-priests of Labour's holy war.

Alas, too few of such ! yet age by age  
 The thousands thicken on the judgment-page,  
 Whose hands were for the earth, their hearts for heaven,  
 Their labour to the end in worship given.  
 On these, too lately wise,  
 I turn with reverent eyes,  
 And sing the daily sacrifice  
     Toil's priesthood offer up.  
 Oh, pure oblation of their all—their strength !  
 Oh, offerers worthy, tasting through life's length  
     Want's penitential cup !

Lo, on Faith's censer-fire  
 The chosen of the choir  
 Fling the sharp grains of all their grief and care.  
 Changed on the instant, through the azure air  
     The incense-odours up the dome sublime  
 Ascend in breath-like clouds of praise and prayer,  
 And, in fragrant columns curled,  
     To the awful footstool climb  
 From the altar of the world !

Before creation's temple-gate  
 Each morn the countless celebrants await ;  
 Their eyes are fresh, their hands are strong,  
 And Labour's call resounds like matin-song.  
 At eve they seek sleep's hermit-cell,  
     And forced from aching brow and fainting limb,  
 Meek sighs of weariness upswell  
     A plaintive vesper-hymn.

Power is little, pride is less,  
     Only lowliness is great ;  
 Watch we with brother's tenderness  
     The many and their fate.  
 Haply in the winds of heaven,  
     'Mid the early spring's bright rain,  
 By yon hand the steed is driven  
     In slow plough or creaking wain.  
 Lo ! from behind his shoulders bowed  
     And laboured step, the furrow flows,  
 Hour after hour, nor fast nor loud ;  
 For his, like God's, work stilly goes,  
 And after many days to blessing grows.  
 May gladness others cannot tell  
 Into that simple bosom well  
 From the rustling of the grain  
 On the golden-waving plain ;  
 His be years exempt from ill,  
 Like those the flocks lead on the lonely hill ;

And when he sinks in the familiar earth,  
Be it as seed God sows for the great harvest's birth!

But haply eye may never scan  
The labour of the earnest man;  
Deep in aisle and corridor

Hewn by lamplight down afar  
Where the cavern waters roar,  
And the unsunned crystals are.

Through the shadowy land  
He travels torch in hand;  
Or wielding with both arms the mighty steel,  
He and his comrades bid the deep vault reel;  
Each with his lamp, a meteor plume,  
Above his brow, they half illumine

Their mighty task,  
And deal the blow, and come and go,  
A wild unearthly masque.

Ah, how green earth and light divine  
Hail him issuing from the mine!  
How his free looks gladly range

O'er field and tree and setting sun!  
Through him the world hath suffered change,  
Powers have ceased, new powers begun;

From out those hands hath virtue leapt;  
Impulse hath lived that might have slept.  
He, too, great God, hath something done!  
O Thou that seest him in the gloom

Of his daily tomb,  
Keep Thou his heart's lone lamp serene and bright  
To flame one day a light amid the light!

Kings of old the steel did tame  
Into swords to win them fame;  
Men trembled at the new-found power,  
And bards sang of the venturous hour  
When, scaling heaven's close-guarded throne,  
Rebel daring stole the seed

Of immortal flame, once known  
Only to jealous gods supreme,  
Ruling in a scornful dream.  
Still unto the anvil ringing,  
To the mighty hammer swinging,  
To the roaring clash, the panting blaze,

The bare swarth arm, as of brazen mould,  
The prisoned breath, the unflinching gaze  
At the glowing ore, to the efforts told  
By rapid drops from the knitted brow,  
To strength and skill, be honour now,



Yea more than when they served alone  
Round battle's dark primeval throne,  
And bade the burning iron chime  
To fierce wild spells of Runic rhyme!

Thou, too, stout wielder of the axe, wear thou  
The victor-wreath about thy brow;  
Let thine eye and colour brighten,  
And thy stalwart stature heighten!

The morn is up, fresh breezes play,  
And, lo! where dawn reveals apace  
Thy finished work of yesterday,  
Thy record writ on nature's face,  
Work done that cannot pass away!

Yonder ancient mountain-thrones  
Drop their curtains of huge pine,  
And at the bidding of thy hand  
(While the wolf unsheltered moans)  
Grassy green and gentle shine,  
Smiling o'er a pleasant land.

Or hast thou toiled where yonder scar  
Marks the mountain brow afar?

There the granite blocks lie bright  
At the spacious quarry's side,  
To be piled from height to height  
Till, in all the people's sight,  
Sounding domes and temples wide  
Stand evoked in solemn pride.

Maker of cities, let thy feet  
Firmly tread the stately street,  
Builder of homes where men may dwell,  
Be thine contentment's citadel!

Lo! the stars are on their way,  
Yet toil's combat rages on:

Cities glare in ghastly day,  
Though the sun himself be gone.

Not vile the city's child nor weak,  
Though slight his frame, and pale his cheek;  
Powers thunder round him or lie still,  
Watching the motion of his will,  
While matter by his magic spell  
Bows to unceasing miracle.

Shapeless, dull, and giddy-high,  
A mighty pile with thousand lights  
Glows spectral in the darksome sky,  
Through the gloomy winter nights.

From the sombre wall come forth  
Murmurs of the rolling wheel,  
Like low winds muttering from the north;  
There he toils with careful zeal.

Self-ruled, the vast machine rolls on!  
Each hour an age's work is done;  
A myriad threads like one are whirled,  
And those faint fingers clothe the world!

Glassy dark and fearful are  
The valleys of the sea!  
On slanting mast the mariner  
Hangs o'er them giddily:  
Or it may be in the gloom  
Of the mighty vessel's womb,  
Day and night, and to and fro,  
Climbing o'er the wave, he keeps  
The furnace in its angry glow,  
While the vapour roars and leaps,  
And regular, with giant heave,  
Firm, and quick, and ceaseless rise,  
Beam and piston's swarthy size,  
Rise and fall, and ever weave  
Their motions loud, while prow and keel  
Through Atlantic waters reel.

Yes, Man of Labour, praise to thee,  
And honour to thy constancy;  
If but duty guide thee still,  
Manful hope, and cheerful will,  
Not murmuring at thy daily sphere,  
Gnawed by weak pride, bowed down by fear,  
Nor thinking, dazzled by false light,  
That man may climb the infinite,  
Free from old chains of right and wrong,  
Which whoso wears through them is strong,  
If with humble faith be said  
Daily thanks for daily bread;  
If but the Babel dreams of this low age,  
That redden all our skies with strange presage—  
Now rearing crystal temples to thy pride,  
Now sanctifying lust and fratricide—  
If, shunning these, thou bendest overawed  
Mid the pure glories of the Church of God;  
If such a heart thou keepest as was theirs,  
Mary's and Joseph's, amid labour's cares,  
Know there shall One, Allwise, Supreme,  
When thou hast buffeted life's stream,  
Crown thy fidelity in humble things,  
And bid the lowly one take rank with kings;  
Yea, starry splendours are in store for thee  
Near Him that once was poor in Galilee!

R. M.

## Reviews.

### THE PROTESTANT FEELING TOWARDS CONVENTS.

*A Plea for the Rights and Liberties of Religious Women, with reference to the Bill proposed by Mr. Lacy.* By Bishop Ullathorne. Richardson and Son.

[It is difficult, if not almost impossible, for a person brought up a Catholic from his childhood to enter thoroughly into the ideas of Protestants regarding the Catholic Church.] As the Church herself is without parallel in the institutions of man, so the sentiments she awakens in the breasts of those who repudiate her authority are equally unmatched by the sentiments entertained against any human society or set of opinions. And such as this hostility is, it is scarcely possible that those who have never felt it themselves should fully appreciate its marvellous singularity. It is so irrational, so contrary to facts, so inconsistent with the practice of those who entertain it in worldly affairs, and so totally unlike any thing that Catholics feel towards Protestants, that a man must be more or less under its dominion before he can trace its operations through all their manifold windings, or estimate it at once with sufficient severity and sufficient charity.

If there is any one element in this mysterious feeling which lies at the root of the whole, it is a deep, undefinable, ineradicable *suspicion* of Catholicism and Catholics. Amidst all the varieties of antagonism which are to be found among our foes, this one feature is every where present. The whole world is possessed with a conviction that there is some *secret* hidden in the Church, which her children keep veiled from the light of day; some awful, terrible, tremendous *power*, by which vice is made to wear the garb of virtue, by which the noblest intellects are enslaved, and by which the whole mighty organisation of the Church of Rome is upheld throughout its countless ramifications. From this suspicion even the most advanced Romanisers are rarely, if ever, free. With many a convert it lingers on for a while after his conversion, and though utterly abhorred and repudiated, only yields *as a habit* to the influence of repeated practical manifestations of its inconceivable absurdity.

Its origin we conceive to be, in the strictest sense of the word, Satanic. It is wholly inexplicable on any other supposition. Were a similar state of mind found existing in any



individual on worldly topics, the unanimous agreement of his fellow-creatures would consign him to a lunatic asylum. The feeling is nothing less than a wild, incurable monomania, co-existing with the healthy exercise of the faculties in all other matters, resisting all efforts for its cure, and rendering its subjects the victims of delusions which if their eyes could be opened, they would scout as the produce of a diseased brain. And to one source alone can such a morbid condition be attributed. It can come from the devil only. It is one of his most cunning devices for blinding men's souls to the truths which Almighty God has revealed to his Church. It is clearly not the result of mere prejudice, or mere habit, or mere ignorance, or mere attachment to sin, or mere bigotry, or mere dislike to authority, or mere disapproval of Catholic doctrines. Such causes as these do not produce a similar suspiciousness of other opponents in the minds of any one class of Protestants or unbelievers. In these other cases, to some extent men judge of one another by facts, by what they hear and see of them. Nobody thinks that there is any inexplicable, fearful, tremendous blinding power at the bottom of Methodism, or Puseyism, or Evangelicalism, or Quakerism, or Mahometanism. People employ their common sense freely when they would judge of the inward condition of every communion except that of Rome. Nobody thinks Dr. Pusey a liar, or the Archbishop of Canterbury a scoundrel, or the Moravian sisterhoods infamous women, or the Russian Church a body of conscious hypocrites.

Nor is there any parallel to this astonishing feeling among Catholics in regard to Protestants. *We* give every man, Anglican, Dissenter, Jew, or Turk, credit for being what he professes to be, and for meaning what he says, until facts shew the contrary. It absolutely never occurs to us that the world about us is banded together to take us in, that it has secrets which we cannot penetrate, that its women are vile and its men all villains. As to the generality of English Catholics, we are convinced that they think infinitely too well of English Protestants; that they impute to them a candour, a morality, and a charitable feeling towards the Catholic Church, to which they are for the most part strangers.

Now whence comes this amazing phenomenon? Granting that the Catholic Church is from God, and that there exists a diabolical agency which hates the Church, and which possesses a mysterious power for infusing ideas into the mind of man, the wonder is unfolded. What more natural than that the devil should thus warp the faculties of those who have not yet escaped his dominion, lest they should use them so freely

as to recognise the hand of God and submit to his will. The result, as we see it in action in the world about us, is precisely what we should have anticipated, on learning the truth of the Catholic religion. Once grant that the aim of the Church is to save souls, and the aim of the devil to destroy them, and the problem is solved. This incomprehensible, irrational inability to judge Catholicism and Catholics by the usual rules of right reason is explained, and we have a clue to the perpetuity and the malignity of the assaults which for 1800 years have been directed against us, and which at this very time are being renewed with all their old virulence and all their old absurdities.

As may be supposed, illustrations of the operation of this delusion are at once striking and numerous. None, however, are more striking than the peculiar feelings entertained by Protestants with regard to convents and nuns, which have so recently been called into fresh action by the proceedings in Miss Augusta Talbot's case, and which are embodied in Mr. Drummond's notorious speech in the House of Commons and in Mr. Lacy's Anti-Convent Bill. We believe it all but impossible for a person brought up a Catholic to understand the full nature of the feelings of nineteen Protestants out of twenty towards nuns and nunneries. Old travellers made stay-at-home wonderers believe in the existence of a race who carried their heads under their arms. The ancient Pagans imagined that cannibalism was a part of the Christian revelation. The aboriginal Mexicans took the invading Spaniards for Centaurs, half man and half horse. And just such is the popular conception of the feelings of a nun and the habits of a convent. Within those terrible walls, who shall say what terrors and what sins are not to be found? Now and then the picture is diversified with a little sentimentality or a little "liberality." A poetic youth paints all nuns to his imagination as radiant with beauty, celestial and statuesque. A calculating gentleman thinks of them as hoarding up treasures innumerable. An eccentric pietist can form no idea of a nun save one in which she is seen weeping hourly over her past sins, gloom on her countenance, and self-reproach on her lips.

With such exceptional conceptions, the general feeling is one of suspicion, fear, pity, dislike, or horror. Hideous and shocking as is the thought, Mr. Drummond spoke but the secret thoughts of the vast majority of the gentlefolks and tradesfolks of England, when he breathed his poisoned words upon the spouses of Jesus Christ. For ourselves, we are only surprised that such ebullitions of sincerity are not more frequent in the English Parliament. They are common enough in private life, if not boldly announced at the full dinner-table

or in the polished drawing-room, yet freely avowed by men of the world among themselves, and suggested or believed in silent horror by too many ladies and women of every rank, save the poor. Catholics themselves, of course, seldom hear of such aspersions. The age is an age of decency. Crime is white-washed, and lies are kept for the absent; but for all that, the dark, unearthly sense of fear and aversion reigns far and wide; and if the "respectable" ranks of English society could be polled, they would by an immense majority give in their verdict on convents to the effect that the inmates were either one or the other of the wretched classes pointed at by this too "honest" Drummond.

If we would analyse further the nature of this hostility to convents, we shall find it to consist mainly of two elements—ignorance, and hatred of Almighty God. Men and women of the world—among whom we include a very large proportion, though not all, of those who pass for and conceive themselves religious persons,—men and women of the world can form no conception of the peace and joy which enter so largely into the life of the nun. Stripped of all the objects which make life sweet (or tolerable) to the generality of their sex; without husbands, children, jewels, millinery, looking-glasses, novels, equipages, parties; shut up for life (as is often the case) in one single house; condemned to eternal prayers, and needlework, and sick people, and dirty school-children; governed by the rule of another *woman*, perhaps far from the oldest in the community: what condition could be conceived more forlorn for the daughters of Eve? To say that such beings are *happy* seems an imposition too clumsy to call for refutation. To say that it is rarely heard of that a nun *wishes* to leave her convent, is accounted rather too bold a tax on Protestant incredulity. The world knows nothing of the ineffable fulness with which the words of Holy Scripture are accomplished in the souls of a devout religious, and Christ becomes literally *all in all* to her. Christ is her spouse; the poor of Christ are her children, if not by works of mercy, yet by being the subjects of her prayers; with Christ she converses; her ornaments are the habit she wears for Christ; her cell, where she meditates on Christ, is her graceful and luxurious home; in her chapel she visits Christ; her fastings and austerities are her dainty banquets, where Christ is the master of the feast; He is to her all that the brightest possessions of the daughters of the world are to them, *and infinitely more also*. But this the gossiping, staring, giddy, scandal-talking world does not comprehend. It experiences nothing like it, it sees nothing like it, either in drawing-rooms, or ball-rooms, or the hearts of



Evangelical ladies, or of High-Church ladies, or of ladies of the most exemplary domestic character, but of no religious party in particular. To all these the possession of Jesus Christ *alone* would be a living martyrdom, a solitary confinement in Newgate, a residence on a desolate island; and therefore the world goes its way, perfectly satisfied that nuns *must be* either intensely miserable or outrageously wicked.

Then add to all this man's natural hatred of any such entire and absolute dominion conceded to Almighty God as is implied in the renunciation of her will and her possessions by a nun. Here and there a Protestant, more candid than the rest, admits and honours the self-sacrifice; but as for the immense majority of persons, they are driven wild with indignation when they see a woman take such a step as this. All the prettinesses of religion they will applaud in a woman. She may serve God as much as she pleases, provided she does not decline to marry for his sake. She may fly from her English home, and leave her weeping parents in their declining years, for an advantageous match on the other side of the globe. If she is an heiress, she may transfer her tens of thousands to the control of any reformed or reforming rake who takes her fancy; or she may expend them in houses, and gardens, and operaboxes, and diamonds, and carriages, and brilliant soirées. All this is good for trade, and surely her money is *her own*. But when He who created her, who redeemed her, and who will judge her, is discovered to be the first and last object in her thoughts; when she prefers a lady abbess to a "lord and master;" when she cuts off her hair and covers herself with a black veil, and forgets the orange-flowers and blonde of a bridal day; when she gives her money to building a convent-school, or a convent-hospital, or a convent-chapel, instead of enlarging her country-house and beautifying her boudoir; when she thinks more priests to minister to the poor are better than more footmen to wait upon the rich;—then British freedom is up in arms, calls out for the policeman and the mad-doctor, and is in frenzy lest the Almighty Lord of the universe should have absolute possession of one more of the souls which He formed for his own glory. This is the real secret of the abhorrence of the conventual vow which men of the world so sincerely feel; they cannot bear that Almighty God should be preferred to *them*. This it is which impels the House of Commons to tolerate and applaud the slanders of Drummond, and makes all England uphold the "prudence" and "justice" of anti-convent penal laws like that introduced by Mr. Lacy.

What may be the issue of the present excitement so far as this or similar bills are concerned, it is totally impossible to

foresee. In the meantime, however, it would be well for every Catholic who has the opportunity to place the Bishop of Birmingham's seasonable and valuable pamphlet in the hands of every Protestant who will take the trouble to read it. The *Plea for the Rights and Liberties of Religious Women* furnishes a great deal of information, for the most part entirely unknown to the Protestant world, who are (if possible) more ignorant on the subject of convents and nuns than on any other matter of Catholic doctrine and discipline. A few extracts will shew the very useful character of the Bishop's pamphlet.

First, as to the governing authority in convents :

"A religious house cannot be erected at will, nor without many precautions. It must belong to a known order or institute, having a defined rule and a body of approved constitutions, which not only regulate the mode of its government, but direct the whole of its practices and observances down to the minutest points. The governing authority is surrounded by checks and precautions calculated to prevent the possibility of excesses or abuses in its exercise ; and these have commonly been tested by long experience. So far from a convent being under despotic power, I dare boldly affirm, and every one acquainted with the subject will bear me out in the assertion, that the British constitution has not half the elements of security from abuse of power, combined with its exigencies of obedience, that are to be found in the constitution of almost every religious house. In all convents the superiority is an elective office, and with very few exceptions, and these in the case of but one order, the election of a superioress is but for a term of three, or at most of four years. In all of them the superioress is elected by universal suffrage and vote by ballot. Nor can any one not of the community, any ecclesiastic for example, interfere with the liberty of the election, all opportunities for doing this being most carefully guarded against. Except in some orders, and that in the case of the recently professed, who are not supposed to be adequately acquainted with the eligible members, every sister who has taken upon her the obligations of the state has an equal vote as to who shall govern the community ; and all members who have been in religion a certain definite time are eligible. In some orders a superioress, after being elected a second time, cannot again hold the office until another term of government has passed over. The obedience owed to and exacted by the superioress is not an unlimited one, but is in all cases clearly defined, and is understood to be 'according to the rules and constitutions.' Any excess of authority beyond these limits would be at once corrected, through an appeal to a higher and an external authority. Nothing of the substance of these laws can be changed either by the superioress or by the bishop, or by a majority of the members against the minority. Each sister has vowed obedience in a certain way and according to a certain rule, nor can she

be obliged to more. The high powers of the Church may, indeed, for very grave reasons, alter the constitution of a house with, but not without, the will of all its members. There is a provision made for altering mere accidental arrangements that may be required by change of circumstances; this is done through episcopal authority, at a solemn visitation, after privately taking the sense of each member, and after discussing the point with the superiors."

Then as to the admission of new members:

"In a religious community are to be found three classes of persons,—the professed sisters, the novices, and postulants. The distinction between choir and lay sisters makes not to our present purpose. The postulants are those who, recently come, are petitioners for the white veil, that is, to be put on trial as to their fitness for the state of life, and its fitness for them. At this period they are not, strictly speaking, members of the community, though residing in it: it is a kind of first essay on both sides—on that of the applicant and on that of the community—and they are free to depart at any moment. This period is commonly of six months, at the shortest.

"If, after this time, should the postulant stay so long, the lady herself wishes, from all she has observed, to make a trial, and the community think her disposed to be happy in their state, and likely to promote the general happiness, she is clothed in the habit of their order, and receives the white veil, and is placed under the immediate care and direction of the novice mistress. She has now the rule and constitutions put into her hands; its spirit and its duties are explained to her, and she is initiated into all the customs, manners, and ways of the community. The period of novitiate is still but a time of probation; nor in any case, under pain of invalidity of religious profession, can it be made shorter in duration than one whole year exclusive of the time of postulancy; whilst in the active orders it commonly extends to two years. During this time the novice is free to depart whenever she chooses; for as yet she is under no sort of engagement. Amongst the employments of the house, she is set to those which nature would be the least disposed to choose; and occasions are taken for putting trials in her way more difficult in their character than any she is likely to encounter after she has contracted a final engagement. This is done for the deliberate purpose of testing her spirit, and ascertaining her real temperament. Her dispositions are carefully studied and prudently tried. It is carefully noted whether the novice have any gloominess in her disposition, or weakness of character, or instability of mind, for either of these is considered as an utter disqualification for the religious life; also, whether the novice continues, as she proceeds on her course, to manifest a love and increasing preference for the state for which she is a petitioner. When the term of probation comes to an end, the grave question has to be decided, as to whether the novice shall be admitted a member of the community. This is not so



easily settled as some persons may imagine. It is quite beyond the power of the superioress herself to answer the prayer of the petitioner. All she can do to is decide the preliminary question, if she and her council can in conscience, and from the knowledge they have acquired of her qualities and dispositions, present her for the decision of the entire community. The well-being of their society depends upon the happiness of each of its members, and one uncongenial person might mar the happiness of the whole circle. The consideration of property, or any other interest of that kind, is of little moment to the individual members of a community, who have each the same defined provision for their wants and conveniences allowed them, under whatever circumstances, according as their rule directs. They can have but one consideration in view, and that is the general happiness of the community. The question whether the community will receive the proposed member is decided by their suffrages; the youngest member has her vote equally with the oldest, and these votes are given by ballot. Now, nothing could be more absurd than to suppose that a community of religious ladies would be other than most anxious to exclude from their society the melancholic, the discontented, and such whose spirits are wounded; a little reflection must shew, that a community intermixed with such elements as these could never last long. Under such conditions, a house, instead of continuing for ages, would break up in a few months. Hence each sister has had her observation directed all along upon the novice, and she gives her judgment, when called upon to do so, with solicitous and conscientious consideration. If there be a serious doubt, the common advice is, to decide for the safety of the community, and consequently against the individual. Should one or two black beans appear in the voting box, it is sufficient to induce the superioress and her council seriously to reconsider the subject; a few more such votes would certainly lead to a delay of time and another trial; if a third of the votes were adverse, it would absolutely decide the question, and return the novice to the world."

### Thirdly, as to visitations:

"Every religious house is under the general control of a prelate of the Church, who is most commonly the bishop; if it be another ecclesiastic, the bishop is a further resource again to fall back upon in the event of abuse or neglect in the exercise of authority. By the bishop or other ecclesiastical superior, there must be held in each convent, every year, or two years, or three years at the farthest, a solemn visitation. Each sister has an interview with the visitor in private, from which no one can be dispensed, and in this her opinion is taken on the whole condition and government of the convent. She is required to speak without fear or reserve on whatever she may have noticed as being in excess or defect of the rules and constitutions, whether as to spiritual or temporal matters. Should she think that she herself or any other sister has a grievance, she must

make it known for examination; and these communications are given under strict confidence, for the name of the individual giving communications cannot be made use of. Every part of the establishment is next visited by the prelate, accompanied by grave associates. Next the state of the temporalities is examined into. And it becomes the bounden and most solemn duty of the visitor, after he has seen and heard all parties and every thing, to correct and restore whatever is amiss, in accordance with the rules, constitutions, and established customs of the house. Besides the ordinary visitation, the prelate may, if he sees fit or is called upon, make others extraordinary.

“Besides this safeguard, there is yet another; each sister is at liberty, and at all times, to write to the bishop under her own seal. And besides the appeal to him, there lies an appeal from him to the archbishop; for whatever may be said of the hierarchy, its chief tendency is to give an increase of protection to the liberty of those who are spiritually subject to its jurisdiction.

“It may be thought that the chaplain or spiritual director can exercise a considerable power over the members of a community; but nothing could be more erroneous than this notion. For he has no power whatever in the government of the convent; his office is entirely limited to the Church and the administration of the sacraments. There is a peculiar and a most proper jealousy of the slightest interference on his part with the affairs of the community or with its members. And to prevent the mere influence of his personal character from prevailing in the course of time, the laws of the Church prescribe that he shall not remain longer than three years with one community. It is true, indeed, that in this country, owing to the difficulty of finding an adequate number of highly qualified and experienced men to spare for an office needing so much discretion and maturity, this law is not in all instances enforced; but its spirit and intent is carefully kept in view.

“Against the chaplain or spiritual director the Church has also provided another precaution. Each convent is obliged to be supplied by its ecclesiastical superior with an extraordinary director. He is to be a man of matured judgment and experience. Twice or thrice a year, at the least, is he to be called in; the ordinary director is, during that time, to be out of the way; and each sister in her turn must have at least one interview with him for the purpose of consultation, though not obliged to use her privilege of asking advice. The extraordinary director may also be called in at other times.

“It is most important that those who would legislate for interference with religious houses should bear in mind, that the relatives and friends of their inmates have constant access to them; that even in very strict convents their near relations can see the members without the presence of witnesses; and that each religious person receives the visits of her friends and acquaintances at fixed and suitable hours. Nor is there any restraint on this subject greater than

is needed to protect a lady from obtrusive or from unnecessary interference with her time, her habits, and her duties. Cases may of course arise in a convent, as they arise in the world, where a superior, as well as a parent or guardian, may have to protect a lady from the intrusion or interference of some indiscreet person; but such exceptional cases cannot be alleged against the general rule in the one instance more than in the other.

“Convents are divisible into two classes. Some are of contemplative orders, and are enclosed; others are of active orders, and not enclosed. *The houses belonging to the active orders are literally more accessible than private dwellings*; for with the permission of the superiors their principal portions are continually visited by strangers as well as friends, by Protestants as well as Catholics, and with much edification. I may observe, in passing, that it is very strange that when ladies devote their lives and means to the service of the sick and poor, their houses, which are necessarily extensive, besides being literal poor-houses, and relieving so much parishes where they are situate, should not be exempt from heavy poor-rates, and other house-taxes; for they pay their whole substance and their whole lives to the poor in their own very efficient way, as they are vowed to do. Now the sisters of these convents continually leave their houses, and are seen, though never less than two together, in every part of the town where they reside. What protection, then, does their liberty require? And as to the enclosed houses: have they not a far better and more effective protection in their friends and relatives than they can possibly have from the intrusive visitation of magistrates? Can any one really suppose that these ladies have not just as much disposition as others of their sex to part with associates who might be unhappy in their society, and unwilling to remain in their company? Is not this founded in human nature, and still more in Christian sensibility? Is it really imagined, notwithstanding all that fiction may invent, that those who are consecrated to God, and devoted to the higher counsels of the gospel, are thereby made callous and designing, or that they become less womanly and less feeling, instead of being more exalted in sensibility, more delicate in sentiment, and more refined in manners, as well as more charitable in soul? Little do those who so imagine comprehend the spirit which animates a convent. For these religious women are truly the most happy, the most cheerful, and the most peace-loving persons on earth. And what interest can they have in detaining any person against her will, when such a person would only interfere with the common content? I have already said, that I never in my experience knew a nun who had a wish to leave her religious profession.”

Lastly, as to the feelings entertained by the Catholic laity respecting convents.

“The enclosed convents furnish one guarantee for their condition which decides the question that has been raised in a most in-



telligible way. The great majority of them have pension schools attached. In these schools almost all the Catholic ladies of England have been educated, mothers as well as daughters. To them these convents and their inmates are intimately known. What, then, are their opinions of them, and what their feelings concerning them? How is it that these mothers, with all their knowledge of these establishments, continue so to prize them for the education of their children? How is it that they consent to so many of their daughters becoming themselves religious within their walls? The Catholic matronage of the land is their best guarantee to the state—a guarantee infinitely more effective in every way than any possible magisterial visitation. I feel more ashamed than I like to express when I allude to such a topic, though the shame should, of right, rest upon those who could think of raising it up to public notice.”

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### THE GREAT DEBATE ON THE PENAL BILL.

*Corrected Report of the Speech delivered in the House of Commons on the Second Reading of the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill.*

By Roundel Palmer, Esq., Q.C., M.P. J. H. Parker.

*Speech of Spencer Walpole, Esq., Q.C., M.P., delivered in the House of Commons on the 21st March, 1851, on the Second Reading of the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill.* Published by request. Stevens and Norton.

HARD by the old abbey of St. Peter and the shrine of St. Edward, within the very building in which were wont to be assembled, during the “ages of faith,” the bishops and abbots and peers of Catholic England, the “Commons” of Puritan England were convened to consider the principles of a measure for proscribing the Catholic hierarchy, recently restored to the country by him whom the common law of England describes as our “Apostolic Father the Pope.”

In that chamber, 300 years ago, the royal assent had been given to the act establishing the royal supremacy, and subjugating the Church of England to the crown by giving it the absolute appointment of the episcopate. The exercise of this power had led to the entire displacement of the old Catholic hierarchy, and the substitution for it of a Protestant state episcopate.\*

How the succession of the Catholic hierarchy had been suppressed, was described thus powerfully and truly by one of the Protestant speakers in the debate:

\* As stated by Sir E. Sugden in his Surrey-meeting speech.

“When did an armada approach our shore? When a bloody code flourished in all its loathsome exuberance; when the scaffolds reeked and were rotten with blood; when the 13th Elizabeth made it death to publish a bull; and when the 27th Elizabeth made it death for a priest to be found in the country! And when did a foreign invader last touch British soil? When Ireland was ground down with penal laws—when the Roman Catholic Church was proscribed, and bigotry was in the ascendant!”

How the English Catholics had been governed in the interval, was thus succinctly stated by the Earl of Arundel in his excellent speech, pointed, practical, and to the purpose, in which not a superfluous word was said, and every thing was terse, sensible, and in good taste.

“I beg to be allowed to take a retrospective glance of the spiritual affairs of my Church since the Reformation. In 1596, in the reign of Elizabeth, the last Bishop of that Church died—the Bishop of Lincoln. The anomalous office of an arch-priest was then created, with spiritual jurisdiction over the whole country. In 1623, the demand of the Catholics for some episcopal jurisdiction was urgent; and one vicar-apostolic was appointed to govern them. From that time till 1688, they were governed by one vicar-apostolic. In 1688, four were appointed; and the Pope parcelled out the country into four districts. From that time, these vicarates remained until 1840, when the country was again divided into eight districts, and eight vicars-apostolic were appointed. In 1850, the regular hierarchy was erected.”

In the “able and *exhaustive*” speech of Mr. Roundel Palmer (as it was called by Mr. Walter), the first, after the Earl’s, of any *interest*—one of the *few* which had any of the vitality or energy of *sincerity*, and which was a rapid and impassioned flow of reasoning—the *legal* character of the act was thus correctly represented:

“In the time of Gregory XV., William Bishop of Chalcedon was appointed first vicar-apostolic; and, as so much has been said of the arrogant expressions of the Cardinal’s Pastoral, and its assumption of jurisdiction over all baptised persons, let us observe the language of the decree of 1623, which declared that the Bishop, with the authority of vicar-apostolic, should ‘*rule and govern* all persons in England, ecclesiastical or lay.’ In 1688, again, Pope Innocent XI. appointed four vicars-apostolic, and in the same way and with the same language; dividing England into four districts—the London, the Western, the Midland, and the Northern. And this was spoken of at the time exactly as the Hierarchy has been now. The address of the Bishops of the Church of England to the King, James II. (who had not even been consulted about the act), contained this article: ‘If you would please by your royal proclamation to inhibit the four Romish Bishops, who style themselves

vicars-apostolical, and, by a foreign authority *not derived from the Crown*, have cantonised this kingdom into four provinces.' What difference was there between that act and the establishment of the Hierarchy, except that the prelates then were called vicars-apostolic, and now Bishops? Time has since shewn that it was after all only an ecclesiastical arrangement, and even the Church of England is contented with it. Does not this shew *on what a misapprehension the notion about 'territorial sovereignty' has proceeded?*"

Its moral character was eloquently described in a splendid passage in the more *rhetorical* speech of the gifted Mr. Smyth—a speech which at once astounded and enchanted the House; which had evidently been *elaborated* with great care, and was pronounced with great spirit; and which was equally remarkable for historical truth, for philosophy, and for poetic beauty.

"I do not scruple to say that the measure of the Pope is, in one sense, a warning and an example to ourselves. The Pope has given the most signal, the most startling, the most transcendental range to the *voluntary principle*. For the first time in history, by the side of an Established Church, he has connected the highest honours of the Hierarchy with the voluntary principle. Sir, I remember to have read, in one of the debates of the Long Parliament, of a mediæval legend which stated that, when Christianity first exchanged the persecutions of the Roman Emperors for the smiles, the favours, and the moneys of Constantine, the voice of an angel was heard crying and wailing in the air: '*Hodie en ecclesiam venenum infunditur.*' From this mediæval myth Rome has extracted and deduced a profound political truth. What is it that renders her so powerful—more powerful than at any time I have ever read of in the history of the Church,—so powerful that ten thousand bayonets have been sent to her support by the universal suffrage of France at the cost of the universal suffrage of France; that, day by day, voluntary restitutions of Church property are taking place in Spain; that in one second, by one stroke of Prince Schwartzberg's pen, the rationalistic bigotry and Josephine spoliations of a hundred years have been annulled? *One sole fact*: that, bit by bit, year after year, she has learned to withdraw herself from state connexion and Erastian domination! Thus she has been enabled to present to the world the unique spectacle of a pauper Hierarchy by the side of a largely-salaried Episcopate: that pauper Hierarchy recognised and prayed for by universal Christendom: that salaried Episcopate not recognised, and not prayed for, and not sympathised with, out of the British Empire! At the head of that Hierarchy she has sent a Prince of the Church who would take precedence even of the Prince Consort in every Court of Europe; but she has sent him dependent upon those who *choose to believe*. Rome has in this at least gone far beyond the state of England in the spirit of that principle which declares that none shall pay for a faith other than his own. She has *flung far down into the future a warning truth*, and posterity will not be *ungrateful for the*



boon. She has done more! She has read in England the first bans of those free nuptials between liberty and faith—between modern liberty and ancient faith,—which, in my conscience, I believe are destined yet to regenerate the world!”

The spirit and pretences with which the measure had been proposed may be gathered from a single passage of Lord Arundel’s speech, spoken with great emphasis, looking direct at the minister:

“ Cardinal Wiseman’s Pastoral had been addressed to Catholics only; and it was natural to congratulate them, and call upon them to rejoice, upon the restoration of their Hierarchy. Some expressions in it, however, have been represented, even by the noble lord at the head of the Government, as assuming supreme authority over the country. The noble lord quoted part of the Pastoral: ‘ We govern,’ &c.; and said he could see in it only an ‘ assumption of territorial sovereignty!’ Why, I was *astonished* to hear such a remark! I could not *conceive* how the noble lord could have quoted a part of the sentence without reading the rest, ‘ as ordinary thereof!’ ”

The feelings with which the measure was opposed may also be expressed in another short sentence—the concluding words of the same speech—delivered with the same spirit in which they were conceived:

“ If this bill pass, the Catholics will put their trust in God; and if it be his will that they should do so, they will suffer their oppressions with loyal fortitude and Christian firmness.”

The motives of the prime movers in this agitation—the State Bishops—were exposed with scorn by Sir J. Graham:

“ The real secret after all is this, that there are to be *rival episcopal thrones* erected by the side of those of the Prelates of the Church of England . . . . It has been called a question of ‘ *feeling*.’ But whose feeling? It has been said the feelings of the people of England have been outraged, and that language used has been deemed offensive by them. Now, I need not follow the honourable member for Dublin through his collation of phrases applied to the Roman Catholic Church by the Bishops of the Church of England. But I will give an illustration. My neighbour, in passing along the street, accidentally jostles against me. I follow him; I knock him down; I *knock off his hat* and *trample upon it*;\* I spit upon him; I roll him in the gutter; I cover him with mud; I set the boys in the street to hoot him; and when I have hunted him out of breath, I call for the police to take him into custody! Sir, we have had acrimonious language used here to-night in the heat of debate. But the Prelates of the English Church have used this language deliberately in answer to addresses from their clergy. And I think

\* The allusion to the Lord Chancellor’s quotation about the Cardinal’s hat was obvious.

that *even zealots* might have remembered that the religion they denounced is after all the religion of the far greater portion of Christendom, and surely, on that account alone, entitled to their respect. Nor ought they to have forgotten, what I can never forget, that it is *the religion which justly boasts the tempered zeal of Fenelon, which warmed the eloquence of Massillon, which touched with fire the pen of Bossuet, and inspired the pen of Pascal.*"

The Attorney-General, in his quaint, quiet way, said, this speech he had listened to with *more admiration than pleasure*; and probably he perfectly expressed the general feeling of the House.

Until the speech of Sir James, that of Mr. Roundel Palmer had been the best. Mr. Wood said it certainly "*required an answer*," and tried to give it; but after the attempted replies, not only of Mr. Wood, but of three more "*learned friends*," it remained unanswered, and "*required an answer*" to the last. The substance of Mr. Wood's reply was, "If you have the hierarchy, you will have canon law; and if you have canon law you will have canonists; and if you have canonists—why some canonists have taught strong things about the superiority of the spiritual to the temporal!" And this was expressed in an hour and a half of harsh and angry declamation.

Mr. Wigram talked trite stuff very tamely, and Mr. Calvert very pompously. Mr. Walpole's declamation was vigorous and dignified, but failed to convey any impression of sincerity. The dignity of his denunciations, like the indignation of Mr. Cockburn, was evidently assumed. Such a speech had not much to fear from such replies. As a single specimen of the substance of the speech, we quote the passage in which he stated with perfect gravity—

"When Augustine wished to subject the country to Rome, he was opposed by the Britons. For *hundreds of years from that time the country was free from the power of Rome*; and it was not till the time of the Conqueror that the attempts of the Roman Pontiffs in this country had *met with any success.*"\*

Mr. Walpole assured the House that he had "*read much on the subject*," and "*with an anxious desire to come to a just conclusion!*" *Ex uno disce omnes.* So Mr. Cockburn, who truly declared the House had heard enough of declamation, and then gave it two hours of declamation more declamatory than any which had gone before—and who beat the table and

\* The truth being *just the reverse*. The Anglo-Saxon laws shew the most perfect acknowledgment of the supremacy, and all the charters disclose and confess *encroachments* upon it, which commenced with the Conquest. See a pamphlet published by Richardson, "*Is the Papal Supremacy recognised by the Law?*"

said bold "bouncing" things—stated that the Pope had not attempted any interference in the English episcopate until the reign of Henry I., when his encroachment was opposed, and from that time forward resisted,—so that one really could not see what was left for Henry VIII. to do! This was too much even for Protestant Mr. Cardwell, who closed the debate that night, and informed the Solicitor-General, that Henry I. had only claimed power over the *temporality*, or at the utmost, the temporal incidents of the *spirituality*.

The speech of Mr. Walter was a far more effective attempt at an answer to Mr. Palmer than any of those of his learned friends; perhaps because it had what they wanted—the reality and energy of *sincerity*. He spoke sensibly, plainly, pointedly; his argument being, that in Christian countries, by reason of the respect paid to bishops, the appointment to the episcopate was necessarily now, at least, an act of a temporal nature. Mr. Gladstone gave the answer, that this was the effect of the episcopate having *long* had annexed to it *civil rights*, and that this did not justify the country in treating it as of a civil character when *these incidents were removed from it*.

Mr Herbert also pointed out the fallacy, when he said:

"In England, there have only been Bishops with titles and baronies and seats in the House of Lords; and the people have a kind of abstract idea of a Bishop with 5000*l.* a-year, and great temporal advantage. If there had been an episcopal dissenting community in the country, the distinction between the spiritual and the temporal would have been better understood."

Although, however, the reasoning of Mr. Palmer was not affected by the replies attempted to it, its effect was destroyed in the mind of the majority by a sad concession to their prejudiced apprehensions, when he said that "possibly if the Roman Catholic religion again acquired the ascendancy, the fires of the Marian persecution might be renewed." The eager cheers which burst forth indicated as expressively as the subsequent references to this "admission," as it was called, how much it had helped the cause of the measure he was so sincerely opposing. The truth is, however, as another passage indicated, his real reason for resisting the bill was rather its effect on a free Protestant Episcopal Church; and when he thus disclosed that "possibly" there might be such a Church, it was clear that this also had quite counteracted the effect of his argument, at least on all "Church and State" members.

Lord Ashley was, of course, the chosen champion of anti-popery fanaticism; and with what Mr. Osborne called his "sanctimonious" look—stiff, starched, and formal, prim, proud, and pharisaical—he almost may be said to present a resemblance



to Lord George Gordon. When, in his haughty, arrogant, and offensive manner, he is speaking with ill-concealed contempt of the religion of the Catholics, he perpetually reminds one of the parable. He appeared ambitious of resembling Lord George in more than manners or appearance, for he dared to bring the august name of the Queen in as sanctioning his atrocious bigotries; and, unabashed by the call to order which this indecency had elicited, he had the audacity to declare, in the name of his fanatic adherents, that if Parliament did not pass laws persecuting enough against the Catholics, they would "*take the law into their own hands!*"

The noble lord contrasted unfavourably with Mr. Herbert, who followed him, with a fascinating air of ease and frankness, and with the generous instincts and glowing feelings worthy of the heir of an ancient English house. He spoke somewhat at random, in a rapid off-hand sort of way, but with spirit and sense; with sincere conviction, a perfect comprehension of the case, and a clear perception of the principles it involved. Truly and tersely he summed up the subject in a short sentence, "*You have ignored the Pope, and he has ignored you.*" Lord Palmerston followed Mr. Herbert, and closed the debate in one of his usual inimitable addresses; easy and off-hand, agreeable and good-natured, as much so as the amiable and agreeable Mr. Herbert; but then withal so cool-headed, and so clever, and so collected, with a "candid and confident air" (as it has been well called), skilfully skimming the surface of the subject; carefully avoiding entering into it; dealing in graceful generalities; eschewing altogether the *odium theologicum*, and treating the question purely in a political point of view. He said one thing remarkable:

"The Church of England is a British Church; it begins and ends within the realm; while the Church of Rome endeavours to spread its authority by an ever-widening circle over the face of the whole Christian world."

Little was Lord Palmerston aware what this sentence might do in a lecture of Father Newman's.

After the speech of Mr. R. Palmer, the debate relapsed into comparative dulness, until inflamed, if not enlivened, by the reckless and truculent declamation of Sir R. Peel; reckless alike of truth and of humanity, pointing, like Lord Ashley's, towards persecution and extirpation. How unlike his father was both the matter and the manner of his speech! and then, what a contrast to his brother, Mr. F. Peel, who is just as like his father; and who had in the former debate made a speech characterised by great reflection and moderation, and good sense. When the debate had again languished, Mr. Drum-

mond relieved its dulness at the expense of decency. The best description of the disgraceful scene which ensued is the opening passage of the speech of Sir J. Graham, who rose first after it,\* calm and commanding; his tall figure, with its slight courteous inclination towards the Chair; his statesman-like expression of countenance; his high intellectual forehead; his manner so cool, quiet, and unmoved; his voice solemn and subdued.

"I am glad, sir, you have afforded us a few moments of reflection. I had thought, sir, that nothing could have increased my sorrow at the revival of these most painful discussions. But, sir, what has just occurred has far exceeded my most anxious apprehensions. The honourable member for Surrey has entirely forgotten what was due to a large body of gentlemen in this House, where we all sit on terms of perfect equality. *I will not sully my lips* by repeating the words which the honourable member let fall, both with regard to the individual honour and veracity of members of the Roman Catholic religion, and still more, what I *shudder to think* of,—and shall not, I say, sully my lips by repeating—with regard to their female relations who have devoted their lives to the service of God in a state of seclusion and chastity. The rules of order of the House may have been observed,"—(the tone in which these words were said plainly implied that, in his opinion, they had not, and levelled a severe reproach at the Chair),—"but if so, and if Roman Catholic members are to sit here, and scenes like these are to be repeated, and charges like these, and in such a tone and temper, are to be made, I cannot see how the rules of order and the freedom of debate can be maintained together."

Passing then to the great question at issue, he took chiefly the case of Ireland, and spoke of it in solemn terms as a *statesman*:

"My objection to this bill is, that it is a recurrence to penal enactments, and that it is the reversal of a policy. There never was a matter bearing upon the peace and good-will of Ireland of *more grave importance* than the bill we are discussing. By striking at territorial titles, it is the design of the bill to put down the organised episcopacy of Ireland, and to deprive them of the power of meeting in synod. If this be so, then all that was done in 1829 is *as nothing* compared with the course we are now pursuing. For 200 years there has been an organised episcopacy in Ireland; the canon law has prevailed; and the Roman Catholic Prelates have assembled (call it in 'synod' or not) to confer on the spiritual interests of the country. I say, then, that the blow you propose to inflict is infinitely more severe than any fetters on the freedom of the Roman Catholic religion which existed under the penal code. Our forefathers were taught by experience to be wiser, and I hope you will be wiser, than to seek to uproot the Roman Catholic religion. You cannot return to the blood-stained code of Elizabeth, which in our own time, by the com-

\* And after the Speaker had retired for refreshment.

moni consent of all men in this House, has been pronounced a disgrace to our country, and which proved utterly inefficacious for its purpose. If you seek to put down, directly or indirectly, the spiritual supremacy of the Pope over members of the Roman Catholic religion in Ireland and England, then indeed you will embark on a *fearful contest!* You will re-embark on that contest *which disgraced England by shedding the precious blood of Sir Thomas More:* a contest which for ages has disturbed England, ruined Ireland, and brought shame and misery on that unhappy land!"

It was clear that he quite comprehended the nature of the Papal supremacy, and had taken pains to make himself acquainted with the legal writers of the country on the subject.

"The essential part of the Papal supremacy is the right of appointing bishops with spiritual jurisdiction. That is a right which the Pope never conceded to any Roman Catholic sovereign; and the canon law and common law of England have recognised the right by limiting its extent. There has been a confusion between the spiritual and temporal in the discussion of this question. From the earliest times there has been a strong distinction in our law between the temporal and spiritual power of the Pope. The statutes of *provisors* and *præmunire* were not framed in *denial* of the supremacy of the Pope, but in *recognition* of it. They said, 'Exercise *spiritual* power without restraint; but we restrain you with reference to temporal power; especially as to the *temporalities* of bishoprics or the *civil incidents* of excommunication.' But no attempt was ever made to deny the right of the Pope to appoint bishops, or to dispute the *spiritual* effects of his excommunication."

Sir James closed his masterly oration by making this memorable appeal to the Premier:

"My noble friend referred the other night to the great names with which he had been associated. He mentioned proudly the names of Mackintosh, of Romilly, of Horner, of Grey, and of Althorp. Ah! but there was one name he did not mention; he omitted the name of Grattan! I followed with that noble lord the remains of Grattan to that Abbey, where all that was mortal of that illustrious man was worthily interred by the side of Pitt, of Fox, of Canning, and of Wilberforce. Their graves are not far from us; and even from their tombs I think I hear the echoes of their voice! I ask the noble lord now, if in his heart and conscience he believes that these men, who, agreeing in hardly any thing else, concurred cordially in carrying the Emancipation Act, would have approved of this measure?"

Lord John nodded a reckless and defiant yes!

"The noble lord seems to think they would. Then I appeal to the living from the dead. I ask, does Plunkett approve of this bill? Does Brougham approve of this bill? Does Denman approve of this bill? I ask—would he were here to answer for himself!—does the eloquent historian—does Macaulay approve of this bill? I try it by the memory of the dead; I try it by the verdict of the living; and I



condemn this bill! I say there is no danger in England which justifies it; that every feeling in Ireland condemns it. *It is a brand of discord cast down to inflame the passions of the people*; and, with confidence in the wisdom of Parliament, I hope I can confidently predict that this bill will never pass into law!"

The Premier felt that he must instantly risk a reply, and he rose accordingly; his pale features, his faltering tones, his anxious look, indicating expressively how tremendous he felt the task to which he addressed himself. Lord John, however, does not want personal *pluck*; and he braced himself up to the encounter with characteristic courage and with no less characteristic cunning. Having first, in his grave voice, slowly and with solemn emphasis assured the House that they might be certain there was some great principle involved in the bill—some principle on which it behoved the Commons of England deliberately to pronounce—he then, raising his tone, appealed to the passions of liberalism, the pride of nationality, and the prejudices of Protestantism:

"If you feel sympathy with liberty, then you must see that if this bill be rejected, then, in addition to all her triumphs and all her former conquests, the Court of Rome will have gained her most glorious triumph, and achieved her most glorious conquest, of conquering the mind of the House of Commons!"

"Are the Roman Catholics, on the ground that it belongs to their ecclesiastical arrangements, to make any assumption they please? Are they to be allowed to claim any sway they choose over the realm of England and over the Queen of England?"

After such speeches, it may be conceived that the House awaited eagerly the rising of Mr. Gladstone, now probably the first orator in the House, possessing a voice of deeper tones than the high-pitched music of Lord Stanley's, and of far greater variety of inflection than Sir J. Graham's, and possessing as much ability and oratorical power, and more energetic and impassioned delivery, than either. His expressive, careworn countenance, and the tones of his fine voice, evinced that he rose under an excitement unusual to him, and that his feelings were deeply interested. His opening sentences disclosed the cause.

"I represent one of the Universities and a *large and important body of the English clergy, who are deeply interested in this question*, and have to take a course in opposition to that of all my colleagues on the question. It is with no feelings of shame (although with deep regret) that I refer to this difference of opinion; because, while I confess my vote will be governed by a regard to principles of imperial policy and the welfare of the entire community, the consideration by which I am led to this conclusion is a consideration which I am ready to defend and to maintain, with reference to the interests of the Church of England and *her clergy*; because I believe that the true interests

of that Church are not to be promoted at this time of day by pretending to place them between any body of our fellow-subjects and the full enjoyment of religious equality. There have been allusions to intestine divisions and threatened dangers in the Church of England: a subject full of interest, and one in which we shall make no progress by mere incidental allusions. I will only say, that I do not pretend to make light of the dangers to which the Church of England is exposed. It would be idle in me to disguise that its position is one of serious difficulty; and I here enter my protest against all attempts to meet the spiritual dangers of the Church by temporal legislation of a penal character—by remedies which have been tried before under circumstances a thousand times more favourable, and which have utterly failed you in the day of trial.”

He then proceeded to expose the absurdities and inconsistencies of the arguments in support of the measure with surpassing power.

“The noble lord, in his lamentable lack, not of declamation against papal aggression, but of arguments in favour of his measure, did what I have never known done before; for he anticipated and shadowed out a variety of possible cases, of possible interferences and possible synods, or possible questions of civil rights; and said, if these things arose, it may be necessary to meet them by further legislation. Sir, I will pass by all those possible cases, and reserve the power of dealing with them when they arise. The principle upon which we have to deal with them is plain. If the Church of Rome exert such an interference with temporal matters as is not permitted in the case of any other religious body, then we should be entitled to interfere. But until the Church of Rome oversteps the line which you may draw, not for that Church only, but for religious persuasions—the line between the spiritual and the temporal—you have no right to interfere. And how do you interfere? It is idle to call this an extension of the act of 1829. It involves the application of a new principle. The question comes to this: Will you not allow the Pope to create purely spiritual offices on purely spiritual grounds? and will you not allow the Catholics the benefit of such creations, not at all associated with matters of a temporal character? Then it is for you to prove (and I have laboured in vain to find any proof adduced) that this rescript of the Pope is of a temporal character. It is not enough for you to shew that these bishoprics are founded on foreign authority: you must shew that they are not for spiritual, but for temporal purposes. What proof have you given that the hierarchy is not of a spiritual, but of a temporal character? I have heard it said by some, that they are not satisfied of the necessity, for spiritual purposes, of a Roman Catholic hierarchy. I do not know why they should be satisfied on that subject. It is no part of the duty of the Roman Catholic body to satisfy us that the act is requisite or not: all we have to see is, that it is not of a temporal character. I have looked in vain for proof on this point.”

And then he shewed historically that, ever since the Reformation, the Catholics had been seeking the restoration of their

hierarchy for purely spiritual purposes; and afterwards thus eloquently enforced the arguments he had so ably supported:

"The question really comes to this: shall we go forwards or backwards in religious liberty? Have you no faith in your free institutions? Do you think so ill of England, so ill of the national character, so ill of the capacity of your religion to bear the brunt of free competition, as to say that you must fence it about with legal enactments, instead of trusting to its own spiritual strength and to the firmness and depth of your convictions, and, above all, to the conviction that, if the truth be on your side, God will give it the victory? Oh, cast away this unworthy idea of fencing about that which, if it requires to be so fenced, can be little worth defending. There never was a more impressive passage delivered than in the speech of the noble lord upon the Maynooth Bill. The noble lord referred to some lines of Virgil, which the House will not regret to hear:—

" Scilicet et tempus veniet, cum finibus illis  
Agricola, incurvo terram molitus aratro,  
Exesa inveniet scabrâ rubigine pila;  
Aut gravibus rastris galeas pulsabit inanes,  
Grandiaque effossis mirabitur ossa sepulchris."

And the noble lord said that, upon the scenes where battles have been fought, the hand of nature effaces the traces of man's wrath, and the cultivator of the soil in future times finds there rusted arms, and looks upon them with joy as memorials of forgotten strife, and as enhancing the blessings of peaceful occupation. And then the noble lord went on to say: 'But it seems that, upon the question of religion, strife is never to fail, and that our arms are never to rust.' Would any man who heard the noble lord deliver these impressive sentiments have believed, not only that 'the strife upon questions of religion' would be revived with a greater acerbity than ever, but that the noble lord was to be the main agent in its revival; that his was to be the head that was to wear the helmet, his the hand to grasp the spear? Sir, the great principle of religious liberty was won slowly but steadily. That principle, in its adaptation to our modern state, and its harmony with ancient institutions, we did not adopt in haste. It was a principle well tried in contest and in conflict. It was a principle which triumphed after you had spent upon it half a century of agonising struggle. And now that you are arrived at the middle of the century, what are you going to do? Are you going to repeat Penelope's process without Penelope's purpose? Are you going to spend the latter part of the nineteenth century in undoing the great work which, with so much pain and difficulty, your greatest men achieved during the former? Oh, surely not! Recollect the position you occupy in the face of the world, and that Europe looks to England as the mistress and the guide of nations in the great work of civil polity. What is it that they chiefly admire in England? It is this, that when you make a step forward you *keep it*. Your fathers and yourselves have earned this brilliant character for England. Do not forget it! Do not allow it to be tarnished! Shew that England as well as Rome has her *Semper eadem*; and that, when



she has once adopted a great principle of legislation, which is destined to influence her national character, and mark her policy for ages to come,—shew that, when she has done this, slowly, deliberately, but *once* for all, she can no more retrace her steps than the river that bathes this great city can flow back on its course. . . . And on this principle, the minority, sustained by the sense of the justice of their cause, and feeling that the country is about to embark on a troublous sea, will follow the bright star of justice beaming from the heavens whithersoever it may lead.”

It was evident, although the cheers were of course not so general as on occasions when he spoke the sentiments of a majority, that the House felt that they had witnessed one of the noblest triumphs of parliamentary eloquence.

It was almost *painful* to see its effect dissipated in a few sentences from D’Israeli—cold, shrewd, and sarcastic; so characteristically sneering at the eloquence of the orator with whose reasoning he cared not to grapple, and whose principles he knew he could so easily hold up to odium.

“Sir, when I listened to the ingenious reasoning with which this false and fallacious argument was attempted to be supported, I for a moment supposed that it was only a display of dialectics, calculated to adorn a debate. But when I remembered the great position and eminent talents of those who put them forward, I could not but suspect that there was *concealed under it an object of more pregnant interest*. And indeed, sir, it is scarcely concealed by the right honourable gentleman who has just addressed us; for he says, if you apply this doctrine of the Queen’s supremacy to the Roman Catholic communion, on what principle can you refuse to apply it to a free Episcopal Church? But, sir, let me ask, if the Church of Rome is to have the advantage of these principles of religious liberty, on what principle can they be refused to the Church of England? Why is she not to have her *synodical action*? Why is the Church of England alone to acknowledge the royal supremacy? Why, amidst the ‘sea of troubles on which we are embarked,’ that principle would seem indeed to be ‘a guiding one;’ but the only inference from this new philosophy of the right honourable gentleman and his friends is, that they are opposed to the principle of an alliance between Church and State—an alliance which I believe the House of Commons is not yet prepared to sever.”

The cheering which hailed him sufficiently shewed that he had attained his object, and that Mr. Gladstone’s reasoning, if not *refuted*, was *defeated*. And Sir George Grey, who closed the debate in one of his musical and rhetorical declamations, evidently thought so too, and carefully avoided *the least reference to that reasoning*! Thus the House went to a division with the *reasoning against the bill utterly unreplyed to*, and the question, “Is the hierarchy spiritual or temporal?” entirely unanswered.

Who can avoid seeing that the question was decided on other issues—some discreditable, *all* irrelevant; and that the real reason why the House affirmed the principle that the Catholic hierarchy ought to be proscribed was, that the Protestant hierarchy had sold itself to the State, and it was not wished that it should be seen side by side with an episcopate unsullied and uncorrupted by such a connexion?

W. F. F.

### SHORT NOTICES.

Dr. Lingard's *Observations on the Laws and Ordinances which exist in Foreign States relative to the Religious Concerns of their Roman Catholic Subjects* (Dolman) is a most opportune reprint. It gives a great deal of information in a small compass. Our readers will find it well worth perusing and possessing.

*A Complete Description of St. George's Cathedral* (why not *St. George's Church*?) contains twelve correct lithographs and woodcuts, shewing the most striking features and details in the edifice, many of which, we need hardly add, are beautiful. The architectural description is rendered further valuable by the addition of an account of the mission, and the dedication of the church.

Mr. Henry Doyle's *Portrait of Cardinal Wiseman* (Gilbert) is the best likeness of his Eminence we know of, and quite worthy the reputation of the artist. The engraving is good, and the whole print graceful.

Some zealous Protestant ought to display to the astonished House of Commons the *Ecclesiastical Map of England and Wales*, by Mr. D. Grant (Dolman), shewing the new dioceses mapped out, with all the cathedral churches, chapels, colleges, and religious houses. The idea is a good one, and well carried out.

The *Supplement on the Doctrine and Discipline of the Greek Church*, by the author of "Proposals for Christian Union" (Darling), is curious and interesting, and "moderate," like its author's style and mind.

Dr. Bowyer has published *Observations on the Arguments of Dr. Twiss on the Hierarchy* (Ridgway), in reply to such of Dr. Twiss's statements as were not anticipated in his "Documents on the Hierarchy." They have all the merits of the learned writer's former pamphlets on the subject.

A second edition of the *Baron Geramb's Journey from La Trappe to Rome* (Dolman) shews the estimation in which the devout writer's travels are held.

Mr. M'Corry's *Panegyric on St. Patrick* (Dolman) is a warm-hearted eulogy on the great saint whose memory is so dear to every Catholic Irishman.

Six more of the *Clifton Tracts* (Burns and Lambert) have appeared since our last notice: three short tracts on the Functions of Holy Week, with which we trust our readers are already well acquainted; the second part of "the Church of our Fathers;" "the Church a Kingdom" (clever, amusing, and useful); and a pleasing and devout tract on "the Rosary." The Tracts have already roused an antagonist in an unexpected quarter. Dr. Whately, the Protestant Archbishop of Dublin, has entered the lists against the editors, reviewing their works in his "Cautions for the Times." Seven of the Anglican ministers in Bristol have issued a joint manifesto or "pastoral," warning the people against the devil's tracts insidiously circulated by Romish emissaries, &c. &c. All this, of course, helps the sale of the Tracts.

The *Dublin Review* for April contains some very important historical statements bearing on the conduct of the English Government in relation to the hierarchy; a learned and interesting paper on the use of the sign of the cross in the early Church; a practical and gracefully written article on Church offices and popular devotions; an historical review of the conduct of the chief actors in the Thirty Years' War; with other papers: making it one of the best recent numbers of the Review.

Mr. S. G. Osborne's *Gleanings in the West of Ireland* (Boone) should be read by all who wish to become acquainted with the condition of the Irish poor. His account of the sufferings and patience of the poor is most painfully interesting.

The writer of the remarks in pp. 337-339 in the last RAMBLER is desirous of adding, in order to prevent misapprehension, that the word "preaching" as there used, in reference to religious exercises given by laymen, is, of course, to be understood in the popular sense of the term, and not as including that authoritative teaching which is exclusively committed to the clergy. The opinion, broached by certain heretics in former times, that the latter kind of preaching is committed to the laity, is condemned by the Council of Constance and other authorities. The actual practice of the Church, which permits the alumni of the Propaganda, Roman College, &c., to preach before the Pope (Cardinal Wiseman did so when seventeen years of age), and which sanctioned the instructions given by St. Ignatius Loyola, St. Philip Neri, B. Ippolito Galantini, &c., when laymen, shews in what sense the canons alluded to are to be interpreted. These instructions are generally, if not always, described as "preaching;" as also are those other instructions given by laymen to confraternities, &c., which are not unfrequent in Italy to this day.

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OF YOUR CHARITY,

Pray for the soul of HANNAH CLEMENTS, who died, after receiving the last rites of the Church, on Tuesday, April 8th, at Fairfield, near Liverpool, ætat. fifty-four years.

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Levey, Robson, and Franklyn, Great New Street, FETTER LANE.



# The Rambler.

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## PART XLII.

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### To Correspondents.

Correspondents who require answers in private are requested to send their complete address, a precaution not always observed.

We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

All communications must be *postpaid*. Communications respecting *Advertisements* must be addressed to the publishers, Messrs. BURNS and LAMBERT.

# The Rambler,

A CATHOLIC JOURNAL AND REVIEW.

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VOL. VII.

JUNE 1851.

PART XLII.

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## CATHOLIC EPITAPHS.

IN an article on "Catholic funerals" (*Rambler*, vol. vi. p. 1) we promised, at no very distant day, to follow it up with some remarks on Catholic epitaphs. If it can be said with truth that we had lost sight of the models presented to us by antiquity in the arrangements of our funerals, cemeteries, and in our sepulchral monuments, the same censure undoubtedly holds good with regard to our monumental inscriptions. The Paganism of the Protestant style, the Classicism of the modern Continental style, had well nigh purged out all tokens of Catholic faith and Catholic devotion. So much so, that whilst it would be easy to point out an endless variety of churchyards and cemeteries which serve to illustrate the Pagan style of inscriptions—amongst which we may mention the public cemeteries of London, and that singular abomination, the Greyfriars' churchyard in Edinburgh; with numerous illustrations of the Classical style of certain continental Catholics, *e. g.* the Campo Santo at Pisa and at Bologna, and the cloisters of Santa Maria Novella at Florence,—we know of none that can be taken as a pure model for Catholic epitaphs. Perhaps the best collections of suitable inscriptions in existence are in some of the churchyards in the Tyrol.

It is easy, however, to point out the defects of the modern school of monumental inscriptions: perhaps it is not so easy to point out the remedy, and to persuade men to return to the pure models of antiquity. Let us not say that we will not copy from our predecessors, but strike out a new school of our own. This is not a subject that admits of much originality, nor can we expect to improve upon what our ancestors were nearly a thousand years in bringing to perfection. When we go to school to study Catholic epitaphs, we must



sit on the *forms* they constructed, and listen to the thousand arguments they can bring forward to prove the immense superiority of the old style of monumental inscriptions over those that have sprung up in these latter days. If a man's bad taste leads him to place a Pagan monument over the remains of his parent, wife, child, or friend, still if he carves upon it a Catholic epitaph, he does the best, under the circumstances, to drown the Pagan in the Christian element; but if on a Christian monument over the ashes of those he loved so well he inscribes a Catholic epitaph, it is a jewel set in gold.

We propose, then, to discuss the subject of epitaphs: and we shall do so, first, by noticing the different styles of inscriptions, and shewing the difference between modern and ancient epitaphs; secondly, by shewing what should be the characteristics of an epitaph; and thirdly, by supplying some models or types of such inscriptions.

All epitaphs may, we imagine, be classed under these three heads — the Pagan, the modern Continental, and the ancient Christian. The Pagan style may be seen in its native *impurity* in the numberless Protestant graveyards and cemeteries that are every where to be met with in our path. We have before us Graham's *Collection of Epitaphs and Monumental Inscriptions*, besides other smaller collections. Each and every one may be taken as specimens of the Pagan style; yet we are lost amongst them, and dare not transcribe one for fear of its not being thought an average specimen. Take the following, quoted by Armstrong in his pamphlet "On Monuments:" it is not from the churchyard, but from the *interior of the church* at Singleton, Sussex.

Near this place lies interred Thomas Johnson, who departed this life at Charlton, December 20th, 1744.

From his early inclination to fox-hounds, he soon became an experienced huntsman. His knowledge in the profession, wherein he had no superior and hardly an equal, joined to his honesty in every other particular, recommended him to the service, and gained him the approbation of several of the nobility and gentry. Among them were the Lord Conway, Earl of Cardigan, the Lord Gower, Duke of Marlborough, and the Honourable Mr. Spencer. The last master whom he served, and in whose service he died, was Charles Duke of Richmond, Lennox, and D'Aubigny, who erected this monument to the memory of a good and faithful servant, as a reward to the deceased and an incitement to the living.

Go and do thou likewise. *Luke x. 39.*

Here Johnson lies. What hunter can deny  
Old honest Tom the tribute of a sigh?

Deaf is that ear that caught the opening sound,  
 Dumb is that tongue that cheered the hills around.  
 Unpleasing truth! Death hunts us from our birth  
 In view; and men like foxes take to earth.

If by chance there remain within the same church a brass or slab to cover the remains of a former rector of the church, and on it the inscription:

✠ Hic jacet expectans misericordiam Dei A. B. quondam rector hujus ecclesiæ. Cujus animæ de sua magna pietate propitiatur Altissimus;—

we should have, side by side, *an average specimen of its kind*, of the Pagan and the Catholic epitaph. Which of the two is more suitable to its purpose, more becoming, more beautiful, or more Christian, no person of ordinary decency of feeling can doubt.

The Pagan class of inscriptions embraces four kinds of epitaphs—the serio-prosaic, the comico-prosaic, the serio-poetical, and the comico-poetical. To exemplify each. The serious epitaph:

Sacred to the memory of N. N., soap-boiler and magistrate of this town, &c.

What it is that is sacred to his memory we are not told. Is it the stone? if so, by what act of consecration was it made sacred? or to what purpose has it been made sacred? To hand down to future ages, that he, who from the bench dispensed justice, from the shop dispensed the manufactured article, from good brown, through best mottled, up to the luxurious brown Windsor. The comic epitaph is very popular among the low and vulgar, but is not confined to them. For example—over Dr. Fuller:

Here lies Fuller's earth.

And again, over Dr. Walker, who wrote a book on the English particles:

Here lie Walker's particles.

The serio-poetical outnumbers all others in this class. Take, for example, one out of Bermondsey churchyard, over a Waterloo hero and sergeant:

Thy morning flower has dropped its drooping head,  
 And thou art numbered now among the dead.  
 Rest, precious dust, till heaven thy worth reveal;  
 Thy judge will publish what thy friends conceal.

The comico-poetical may also say that its name is legion. In St. Giles's, Cripplegate, we have a suitable example over the grave of a Mr. Aire:

Methinks this was a wondrous death,  
That Aire should die for want of breath.

Mr. John Berry's epitaph may serve as another illustration :

How ! how ! who's buried here ?  
John Berry. Is't the younger ?  
No ! it is the elder Berry.  
An elder-Berry *buried* surely must  
Rather spring up and live than turn to dust :  
So may our Berry, whom stern death has slain,  
Be only *buried* to rise up again.

This style of inscription easily degenerates into the profane and coarse. In a Wiltshire churchyard we read over the grave of a bailiff :

Here lies John Trot, by trade a bum ;  
When he died, the devil cried,  
Come, John, come.

Yet occasionally it is made the vehicle of a moral lesson, couched in playful words. The tomb of Maria Arundell, the letters of whose name form the anagram, *Man a dry laurel*, in Dulse Church, Cornwall, is an instance :

Maria Arundell.  
Man a dry laurel.  
Man to the marigold compared may be ;  
Man may be likened to the laurel tree :  
Both feed the eye, both please the optic sense,  
Both soon decay, both suddenly fleet hence.  
What then infer you from her name but this,  
Man fades away, man a dry laurel is ?

This last is the highest walk, as it is the noblest aim of the four species of Pagan epitaphs. But all are alike bad and unsuitable. There is scarcely one of them that might not, *mutatis mutandis*, be put over the grave of a Pagan or Infidel, or even over the spot where a pet dog or a favourite hunter lies buried. What a sweeping and conclusive condemnation of all Pagan epitaphs is it to reflect that none, not even one, ever did *even equal* that put by a kind master over his favourite hound !

Near this spot  
are deposited the remains of one  
who possessed beauty without vanity,  
strength without insolence,  
courage without ferocity,  
and all the virtues of man without his vices.  
This praise, which would be unmeaning flattery  
if inscribed over human ashes,  
is but a just tribute to the memory of  
Boatswain, *a dog*.



When some proud son of man returns to earth,  
 Unknown to glory, but upheld by birth,  
 The sculptor's art exhausts the pomp of woe,  
 And storied urns record who rests below.  
 When all is done, upon the tomb is seen,  
 Not what he was, but what he should have been.  
 But the poor dog, in life the firmest friend,  
 The first to welcome, foremost to defend,  
 Whose honest heart is still his master's own,  
 Who labours, fights, lives, breathes, for him alone,  
 Unhonoured falls, unnoticed all his worth.

\* \* \* \* \*

O man! thou feeble tenant of an hour,  
 Debased by slavery, or corrupt by power;  
 Who knows thee well must quit thee with disgust:  
 Degraded mass of animated dust.

This inscription, at once a specimen of the serio-prosaic and serio-poetical, puts into the shade all the Pagan epitaphs that man has put over his fellow-man.

The monumental inscriptions we meet with at present in Catholic countries we have termed the modern Continental style. These have their beauties; but they have their defects. If there is much in them that we can admire, there is also much in them of which we may say, *in hoc non laudo*.

They are generally in the vernacular tongue; so far so good. This is a step in the right direction. But there is, generally speaking, a too great lengthiness about them; they, "like a wounded snake, drag their slow length along;" they are often epitomes of biography. They contain too much feeling in a matter that does not admit of the expression of sentiment. The dutiful conduct of a lost child—his bidding his parents not to weep—their unavailing regrets,—all this may do for the closet and the hearth, but not for the eye of the public, nor may it be stamped on the monumental stone. As compositions we may admire these inscriptions; as epitaphs we cannot approve them.

This class embraces four species of inscriptions: the ordinary narrative form; the form in which the deceased is made to speak to the public; that in which the friends address the deceased; and that in which the deceased addresses the friends.

The examples to illustrate these species are from Italy. The note-book in which we had a collection of epitaphs copied from the churches in Rome has been mislaid, and is not forthcoming. On this account we are thrown on a collection we made at Florence.

An epitaph of the ordinary narrative form is copied from Santa Maria Novella, at Florence :

Un angelo  
di nome di A. B.,  
conceduto sol per 8 anni  
ad amore di C. D. e E. F.,  
richieste ahi troppo sollicitamente  
dal donatore  
ai desolati parenti,  
depose quì la forma non sua  
repigliava l' antica.

[An angel, by name A. B., granted only for 8 years to the love of C. D. and E. F., demanded back too eagerly by the giver from the sorrowful parents, laid down here the form that was not its own to take up again its old form.]

Such is an example quite in point. There is much beauty in the language, much warmth of affection expressed by the parents, much poetry in the ideas; but there is much that is objectionable. To call a human being an angel, even though it be a child, is a metaphor that does not suit a monument. The expression of a want of resignation to the Divine will is also misplaced. And the idea of taking up a form possessed before birth is a species of metempsychosis foreign to the Christian revelation.

In other epitaphs the deceased is made to speak to the living, either giving his own history, giving advice by words to the living—as Dives wished to be allowed to do in person by appearing to his brethren,—or begging their prayers.

The deceased gives his own history in the following, taken from the same place :

Giovanino fui nominato ;  
fiore dei pargoli :  
terzo genito e delizia  
di A. B. e C. D.  
Tanto vago mi fe natura  
che nessuno restava di carezzarmi.  
Ventedue dì compirono mia vita.  
Al ciel mi ridonò il . . . . .  
dei vezzi di mondo infido  
nulla mi cale.  
Solo mi remembro  
i dolci baci dei genitore,  
che presso questo marmo  
smarriti pel dolore  
mi locarono.

[My name was Johnny ; I was the sweetest of children, the third

son and delight of A. B. and C. D. Nature made me so beautiful, that all were incessantly caressing me. Twenty-two days completed my life. I gave myself back to heaven the (date) . . . caring nought for the attractions of this treacherous world. All I can recollect is the sweet kisses of my parents, who, overcome with grief, placed me near this marble stone.]

This is open also to many objections. Those who are most devoted to infants would hardly say that they ever saw in a baby of twenty-two days the beauty that defied their efforts to restrain their caresses.

Sometimes the deceased gives advice from the tombstone, as from a pulpit, to the living. The following, taken from the church of San Dominico in Bologna, though very far from a model-epitaph, has its own peculiar beauties:

Vox e sepulchro loquitur,  
omnibus admonens,  
se illo frui privilegio,  
diviti in Evangelio negato,  
nempe ut fratres viventes moneret.  
Vox hæc e profundo barathi loquitur,  
hominibus annuncians,  
quod unum solum sit necessarium;  
quodque debent vivere ut morientes,  
et mori ut viventes.  
Vox addit  
Ave et Vale.

Where there is so much beauty, it would be ungracious to point out minor defects.

The deceased asks for a prayer from the passer-by, in the church of St. John and Paul, Venice:

Pace quievi,  
pulvis homo pervixi.  
Maria Mater,  
tuum duc me Patri:  
Fideles  
et vos ut vobis,  
ferre has pro me preces:  
Domine, parce ei;  
lux æterna luceat ei;  
requiescat in pace.

These two last epitaphs are far superior to the average of their kind.

We may now pass on to notice the inscriptions in which the friends address the deceased. The specimens given are from Florence.



Quì dorme il sonno dell' innocenza  
 la giovenella Cesira,  
 Diletta Cesira,  
 si un angelo custodisca le cenere tue.  
 Dal Paradiso, ove gode beata,  
 mira le nostre lacrime,  
 e di tuoi cari sempre col Signore  
 ragiona.

[Here the young Cesira sleeps the sleep of innocence. Dear Cesira, may an angel guard your ashes. From heaven, where you enjoy happiness, look on our tears, and never cease to pray for those dear to you.]

Io A. B.  
 appresso alla cara tua madre  
 te pur depongo piangendo,  
 O Cesare, mio figlio unico,  
 mia speranza in terra dal 18 . .  
 fin al 18 . .  
 quando venisti mia speranza in cielo.  
 Addio Cesare,  
 sempre stato, sempre futuro amor mio suavissimo :  
 ricordati di me  
 remasi quàgiù proprio solo.

[I, A. B., with tears, bury you also near your dear mother, Cesar, my only son, my hope on earth from 18 . . till 18 . ., when you became my hope in heaven. Farewell, Cesar, who always were and always will be my sweetest love. Remember me left here quite alone.]

Addio, sposa desideratissima.  
 La pace di Gesù Christo ti custodisca,  
 in ricambio di quella  
 che per dieci anni passati,  
 senza rammarico, nel santo nodo,  
 mi facesti godere.

[Farewell, my dearest wife. May the peace of Jesus Christ preserve you, in return for that peace which you were the cause of my enjoying, without any cause of complaint, for the last ten years, in holy wedlock.]

This form of inscription lies open to several objections, as also does the manner in which it is expressed in the three specimens given.

The fourth form of epitaph in this class is that in which the deceased addresses the friends :

Fui Elena di A. B. :  
 quì deposta non lungo dalla sorella.  
 Sole due anni di vita  
 mi concesse l'Eterno.

Lasciai il mondo il . . . .  
 Ah miei genitore, non piangete ;  
 poichè quando a voi sembrò che morissi,  
 un angelo mi condusse alla gloria.

[My name was Ellen, daughter of A. B. : here am I laid near my sister. God granted me only two years of life. I left the world the . . . . Ah, my parents, weep not ; because when I seemed to you to die, an angel conducted me to glory.]

Such are the four forms of modern Continental epitaphs. Would we wish to see this modern continental style become our model in regenerated England? We answer emphatically, No. If in the privacy of home we saw an inscription like any of these placed under the bust or portrait of wife, sister, or child, whilst we should admire the affection displayed, we might allow its good taste in such a situation. Did we even see, as we once saw, the surviving husband or child keep a lamp constantly burning before the marble bust of a deceased wife or parent, we should the more admire the warmth of devotion and natural affection thus shewn. But we cannot allow that such inscriptions are the most appropriate, if even appropriate at all, for the eye of the public in the graveyard or in the cemetery.

Far, however, be it from us to convey the impression that all modern continental epitaphs are objectionable. We have met with many that leave nothing further to be desired, with some that fall little short of the sublime. The following we copied from a graveyard at Botzen, in the Tyrol :

Quo te pedes, viator ?  
 siste gradum.  
 Sub hoc marmore quiescit  
 qui abs te Christicola officium rogat,  
 ut quod illi in præsens facis,  
 et tibi fiet in crastinum.

At Florence we met with the following :

Legitor benigno,  
 per me implora  
 la mercede dei giusti  
 in braccio a Dio.

[Charitable reader, beg for me the reward of the just in the embraces of God.]

In the same place another valuable example may be found :

A. B.  
 hic expectat carnis resurrectionem ;  
 sciens quod justus si morte  
 præoccupatus fuerit in refrigerio  
 erit.

One we found at Venice that is incapable of any improvement: it is over the family vault of the Rezzonici, inside the church of SS. John and Paul:

Rezzonicorum ossa  
ut conculcentur.

This is, in its way, sublime.

The third or ancient Christian style of epitaphs, and the difference between it and the two styles already spoken of, will be best seen when we come to supply some of its models. In the mean time we may view it *a priori* by considering what should be the characteristics of a monumental inscription.

As far as we understand the subject, an inscription should combine four elements: first, truthfulness; secondly, brevity; thirdly, humility; fourthly, prayer. Truth is the first requisite. The want of this ingredient in modern epitaphs has given rise to the proverb, "He lies like an epitaph." Truth forbids the false praises and exaggerated eulogiums of surviving friends. Truth revolts, when

"upon the tomb is seen  
Not what he was, but what he should have been."

It forbids such expressions as, *an angel conducted me to glory*. It forbids heretical forms of expression, *e.g.* the well-known verses over a child, saying that in heaven it would be more beautiful, but *not more innocent*. Every expression of certainty of heaven, being already in possession of the reward, resting in Abraham's bosom, &c. &c., must carefully be eschewed. It is manifestly a violation of truth to take that for granted about which there is uncertainty. Whether we be worthy of love or hatred is a secret we may not have discovered to us, until all things shall be made manifest at the general accounting day. "Therefore judge not before the time, until the Lord come, who will both bring to light the hidden things of darkness, and will make manifest the counsels of the hearts: and *then* shall every man have praise *from God*" (1 Cor. iv. 5).

Brevity is the second requisite. The writers of modern epitaphs never know when to stop. Their *sketches* cover half an acre of surface of marble or stone. This requisite, except in very peculiar cases, excludes all expression of grief or regret on the part of the survivors, and all record of those who raised the monument, and such like particulars. Accordingly we find fault with the following:

A. et B. fratres  
Mœstitia maxima affecti nec a lacrymis temperantes  
Hoc monumentum supra corpus posuere.



Again, the following is, in itself, very beautiful, but inappropriate for a monumental inscription :

La madre infelicissima  
pose questo lapide,  
monumento di lacrime e di speranza.

[The distressed mother placed this stone as a monument of her sorrow and of her hope.]

Some persons might not even like the age of the deceased to be mentioned, unless it be a child, for then the reason will be obvious. If it is the object of a monument to shew that the departed is in eternity, why need we put the age? But this is not an important matter.

The old epitaphs seldom were more than twenty words. But those words contained more meaning to the passer-by than the longest modern monumental genealogies and biographies. Humility follows brevity. Humility forbids the mention of the origin, descent, family, or parentage of the departed; neither does it allow the mention of his trade or profession. To this one exception must always be made, *i.e.* in the case of those in holy orders, where the word clericus, rector, &c. should be inserted, as a mark of the superior dignity such a one was privileged to hold. The good deeds of the deceased may not be carved on his tomb, except in the case of the founders of or benefactors to churches, hospitals, alms-houses, &c. All comic epitaphs are opposed to humility, for it teaches us that death is not a subject for jest. All want of resignation, and even the expression of resignation, is against humility.

Prayer is the fourth and most important requisite. With the exception of that over a child called to heaven before the dawn of reason, no inscription should be without a prayer for mercy. Be it at the beginning or be it at the end, the Catholic epitaph *must* have a petition for rest and peace. The very nature of Catholic doctrine requires it. If we believe that God is just as well as merciful, and that the prayers of the living are of use to the departed, we are compelled by *faith* as well as *charity* to ask, from the grave, the prayers of the passers-by. The Pagan style always omits this essential requisite. The modern Continental style sometimes omits it, and sometimes adds it; when it inserts it, the mode of expression is generally faulty. Could the deceased, who may be expiating his minor offences in a place whence there can be no release till he has paid the last farthing, pass the "great chaos" that separates him from us, and return to the earth for a moment,

he would trace with burning finger, on the stone that covers his ashes, the words that his worldly-minded but spiritually-blinded friends had omitted,—“Of your Christian charity pray for the repose of the soul.”

The language to be employed in our epitaphs requires a word. We unhesitatingly recommend the vernacular tongue, with the exception that *Latin* should be used for the epitaph of a priest. The reason we recommend English is because it is the only language that will be understood by all; and consequently more prayers will be procured for the departed from those who read the inscriptions, and find the demand made upon their Christian charity. Still, much may be said in favour of Latin for inscriptions. It is always the language of the Church. It has been consecrated to that purpose by the use of centuries. Hence, instead of condemning Latin epitaphs, we hold that it is optional whether English or Latin be used. But for general use we recommend English. This is perhaps the fittest place to mention that the word *died* must never be used in epitaphs. Mediæval inscriptions excluded the word “mortuus est,” and used “obiit,” &c. The term “death” does not express the sleep of the Christian. The resurrection of Jesus Christ turned the graveyard into a dormitory for the faithful, the grave into a bed or temporary resting-place—“In pace in idipsum dormiam et requiescam”—and death into sleep, “Tu devicto mortis aculeo aperuisti credentibus regna cælorum.” The only instance in the Scripture of the word *died*, as applied to a Christian, is the case of Dorcas; in which we may believe the word is used in order to put in a strong contrast the miracle wrought on her by St. Peter. “He *fell asleep* in the Lord,” are the beautiful words in which the decease of St. Stephen is related. Avoiding the word death, St. Paul says, “The time of my *dissolution* is at hand” (2 Tim. iv. 6).

Let us also get rid of inscriptions in verse,—we cannot call it poetry. They are generally naught better than jingling rhymes. A monopoly of them may well be conceded to the disciples of the “pious Wesley,” who measure their devotion, like their gas, by metre! It were well that the stonemason and the village schoolmaster should find this occupation gone.

Epitaphs should be written in straight continued lines of one uniform length, and not in the irregular manner in which a number of those already given are put together. What can be in worse taste than a disposition of words arranged in urn-like fashion?

Here lies  
 John Smith,  
 for many years  
 Clerk in this parish,  
 and schoolmaster in the village.  
 He departed this life  
 on the 20th day  
 of April,  
 A.D.  
 1828.  
 R. I. P.

The last part of our task is to furnish some models or types for imitation, taken from mediæval examples. Weever's *Funeral Monuments* is a complete glossary of epitaphs. The model-inscription should contain, in ordinary cases, three things—the name, the date of decease, the prayer for rest. All beyond this is superfluous. It may be divided into five types or classes of inscriptions, each type being more or less distinct, and allowing considerable variety of wording, without departing from the character of the type. The five types are :

1. For priests. *In Latin.*

✠ Hic jacet corpus A. B., quondam rectoris hujus ecclesiæ, qui obiit in festo Assumptionis B. M. Virginis. Cujus animæ propitiatur Altissimus.

2. For lay persons. *With the prayer at the beginning.*

✠ Of your charity pray for the soul of A. B., who departed this life on the eve of Christmas day, in the year of grace 1850.

3. *With the prayer at the end.*

✠ Here lies the body of A. B., who deceased the day after Palm Sunday. In the most holy name of Jesus pray for his soul, and for all Christian souls.

4. *For the very poor*, when a longer inscription would be too expensive.

✠ A. B. Jesu mercy. Mary help.

5. *For children, before the use of reason.*

✠ Here lies A. B., who deceased at the age of five years. His soul is with God.

Such are the five distinct types that we propose for models of Catholic epitaphs, taken from ancient Christian examples. They are suited for every class of person, for every sort of locality, whether it be inside the church, in the churchyard, or in the cemetery. They are adapted to every species of monument, headstone, wooden cross, slab, brass, mortuary



window, or recumbent effigy. Each separate type will admit, in the wording, of endless variety. The old epitaphs were seldom exact copies one of the other, yet the character of all agreed—

Non facies omnibus una,  
Nec diversa tamen, ut decet esse sororum.

In illustration of this, we will shew how type 1. may be infinitely repeated without altering its character :

✠ Hic requiescit Dominus A. B., qui obiit in festo Sti Michaelis Archangeli. Cujus animæ de sua magna pietate propitiatur Deus.

✠ Orate pro anima Rev. Dni A. B., qui diem suum clausit extremum A.D. 1850. Pro cujus animæ salute velitis Deum orare.

✠ Orate pro A. B., clerico, qui ad præmium æternitatis vocatus est anno gratiæ 1850. Requiescat in pace.

✠ Hic sub marmore jacet corpus A. B., clerici, qui obiit anno reparatæ salutis 1850. Cujus anima per Dei immensam misericordiam in pace perpetua permaneat.

✠ Orate specialiter pro anima A. B., qui obiit A.D. 1850, ut requiem possideat. Pater. Ave.

✠ Sub hoc marmore jacet corpus A. B., quondam hujus ecclesiæ rectoris benemerentissimi, qui ab hac luce migravit in vigilia Pentecostes, A.D. 1850. Cujus animæ propitiatur Deus.

In a word, there is no end to the changes that may be rung, or the variations played on this type, without destroying its melody. The same may be said of all the other types. But without going through each separately, we will add three lists, taken from existing records of ancient inscriptions, of varied wordings for the beginnings, dates, and terminations of Catholic epitaphs. From among them all, all tastes may be gratified.

*List of beginnings for inscriptions.*

✠ Hic jacet expectans resurrectionem carnis, &c.

✠ Hic requiescit in gratia et misericordia Dei, &c.

✠ Qui pro aliis orat pro seipso laborat. Orate pro anima, &c.

✠ Hic sub pede ante altare jacet, &c.

✠ Hoc in loco requiescit in Domino, &c.

✠ Orate devote pro anima, &c.

✠ Of your charity pray for the soul, &c.

✠ In the most holy name of Jesus pray for the soul, &c.

✠ Here lies A. B., who deceased, &c.

✠ Here lies, waiting for the resurrection of the flesh, the body of, &c.

✠ He who prays for others works for himself. Pray for the repose of the soul, &c.

✠ May the souls of A. B., and C. D. his wife, through the mercy of God, rest in peace.

✠ Pray for the souls of A. B., and C. D. his wife, as also for his father and mother, brothers and sisters, and good friends.

*List of dates.*

They should be reckoned by the feast, rather than the day of the month.

In die Assumptionis B. Mariæ Virginis, anno gratiæ.

In festo Transfigurationis Domini, anno.

In crastino Annunciationis Beatæ Mariæ, anno.

Die sabbati ante festum omnium Sanctorum.

In festo Nativitatis Beatæ Mariæ semper Virginis.

In die Santæ Mariæ Magdalænæ, anno salutis.

Die lunæ proximæ post diem Dominicam in ramis palmarum.

The day of the decollation of St. John the Baptist.

The Tuesday after Easter Sunday.

The eve of the Ascension.

The feast of St. Hugh, Bishop of Lincoln, &c.

*List of prayers for endings.*

Cui det Christus vitam perennem.

Cui sit solamen Deus precor altissimus. Amen.

Cujus anima per misericordiam Dei in pace requiescat.

Orate pro eo ut beata fruatur pace et æterna requie.

Jesu, fili Dei, miserere mei.

Cujus animæ de sua magna pietate propitiatur Altissimus.

Pro cuius animæ salutis velitis Deum orare.

On whose soul God have mercy.

Eternal rest give to him, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon him.

I hope to see the good things of the Lord in the land of the living.

Enough has now been said to shew the beauty and superiority of the epitaphs of the ancient Christian school. We trust we have also shewn that the five models proposed will admit of infinite variety in expression and wording. We need not wander far to study Catholic epitaphs. We have but to walk in our old cathedrals and parish churches, in which, though the clergy who now tenant them teach heresy, the very stones utter their protest, and proclaim the truths of the old and the true religion.

## A "LOYAL" BISHOP IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

GILBERT FOLLIOT, BISHOP OF LONDON.

WE are going to speak of a Catholic Bishop in Catholic England, when there were few or no heretics in the land, when the Church was wealthy, and her prelates men of influence, power, and dignity. His history will be not without instruction for those among us who may be inclined to regret the recent increase of State hostility to the Church in England, and who would rejoice to see the whole condition of things restored as they stood six or seven hundred years ago in this country. The story is a pregnant illustration of the true character of those "loyal" Catholics to whom alone the secular power will vouchsafe its smiles, and shews undeniably, that, with all our present disadvantages, we possess certain blessings rarely granted to our forefathers in the days of the worldly prosperity of the Catholic Church.

The Bishop of whom we speak was a man respected by his contemporaries, trusted by the king, of great abilities, and of unsullied reputation. He was a monk of a severe order, who persevered in the practice of great austerities even after his elevation to the episcopal throne; a man, perhaps, who died rather from the effects of his severe habits of life than through the natural and inevitable effects of time. He was a clear-headed and far-seeing person in this world's ways; of great self-control; calm, courteous, and affable; learned, religious, and an acute observer of mankind, who brought from the cloister into the world the dignified prudence of a profound statesman. Perhaps it may be said, too, that he was even a conscientious man. In short, we do not believe that "a better man," *as the world says*, could be found in his day. His writings shew plainly that he was also what we now call a gentleman. In the eyes of the multitude he had all the virtues which could dignify and adorn his position; and the worldly-wise did only justice to him and themselves when they spoke respectfully of the prudent, cautious, calm, and safe Bishop of London.

This was Gilbert Folliot, who occupied the see of London during the contest between St. Thomas of Canterbury and King Henry II. He was originally a monk of Cluni; and we learn from himself that he had been Prior there, and subsequently Prior of Abbeville, whence he was removed to be Abbot of Gloucester. The continuator of the Chronicle of Florence of



Worcester tells us, that immediately after the obsequies of Walter, Abbot of Gloucester, which were solemnised February 8, 1139, two monks were sent from the abbey to bring home Gilbert Folliot. He had been nominated as Abbot by King Stephen; and he had been influenced to make such a choice by the High Constable Milo, who was a relative of Gilbert Folliot. The reign of Stephen was not a prosperous one; and this Milo was a man of considerable political influence and skill. He subsequently deserted Stephen, and became a partisan of the empress, who, in expectation of greater services from him, and as a reward for his treason, created him Earl of Hereford.

Gilbert Folliot, now Abbot of St. Peter's, Gloucester, was shortly called upon to shew his gratitude to his benefactor. Milo, like too many of his contemporaries, had a weakness for the revenues of the Church, and for this infirmity was brought into trouble. The Bishop of Hereford was compelled to lay the city under an interdict; and thereupon Milo was brought to a sense of his position. He applied to the Abbot, who became surety for him that he would obey the sentence of the Church. The Abbot, however, was deceived in his friend, and had subsequently to confess that Milo was more obstinate and headstrong than he could wish; though at first he was inclined to believe that Milo might have some good reasons for his proceedings, and that the Bishop was not altogether in the right.

In the year 1149 Gilbert Folliot was made Bishop of Hereford, and in 1162 was the sole objector, among his brother Bishops, to the election of St. Thomas to the see of Canterbury. From Hereford he was translated, at the earnest request of Henry II., to the see of London. The Pope consented to the translation, provided the Chapter of London was unanimous—*si tamen Londoniensis ecclesia hoc unanimiter postulaverit*. One reason for this translation was the fact, that Henry II. was desirous to commit the care of his conscience to Gilbert Folliot, and that it would be extremely inconvenient for him to go to Hereford when he wanted spiritual advice, or to go to confession. Henry II., we may be pretty sure, did not go to confession very frequently; and it is supposed, therefore, that he had other views in this translation than his own spiritual welfare. Gilbert Folliot, though he did not openly avow it, was a candidate for the vacant see of Canterbury; and it was the general belief of his contemporaries that his opposition to the election of St. Thomas was founded not so much on his apparent unfitness as on his own individual anxiety to succeed the Primate Theobald. The severe monk, who had never relaxed from the rigid observances which he had practised at

Cluni and Gloucester, could, without giving offence, speak hard things of the new Primate; and it is not surprising he should have exercised his wit in ridiculing the election by saying that a courtier was turned monk. He certainly denies that he was mortified himself, or in any way vexed, by his own non-election. *Non nostram in vestra promotione repulsam planximus*, are his words in a letter to the Primate; but it is not clear whether he means to deny that he was a candidate at all, or only that he had to bewail the non-attainment of his desires, which he endured in patience and resignation, according to his own account. And there is no reason why we should doubt it, or refuse him the benefit of his own allegations.

The corruption of manners which prevailed at this time in England would be incredible, were the fact and the causes thereof not too well attested. England was then in the position of a conquered country, and the Normans were a garrison which kept possession of it. The native population was reduced to a very abject condition, and a hundred years of the Norman rule had broken down the spirit of the people. The court was Norman, the Bishops were nearly all Normans, and the feudal lords were Normans too. The troublesome reign of Stephen had thrown every thing into confusion, and the might of the strongest was law to the weak. Not only were the nobles profligate and tyrannical, but the clergy had also become singularly corrupt; their excesses had been matter of serious concern to the Holy See, and many legates came over to correct and amend the morals of the Anglo-Norman priesthood.

Lest this should be thought an exaggeration, we transcribe the observation of Alford in his *Annals*, iv. p. 1. "From the coming in of the Normans, men declined from the piety of their forefathers, the splendour of religion was dimmed, the warmth of devotion grew cold; it was not, however, at once, as it were in an instant, but by degrees, through long intervals of time, that men fell into the deep pit of infidelity and wickedness into which the seventeenth century has fallen." The Norman conquest did certainly in this country bring in new principles and practices, which the drunken Saxon was too stupid, if not too honest, to think of. William the Conqueror was prepared to be a judge of the Bishops, and his successors too faithfully followed his example. Gross disorders prevailed among the clergy, and the Bishops too frequently forgot their ecclesiastical character, and remembered too well that they were barons and peers of the realm. Such of the clergy as gave themselves up to debauchery insisted nevertheless on the immunities of their order; and while they

lived profligately like the nobles, it was too much to expect that the latter should respect what they so easily forgot. Henry II. was disposed to take advantage of this general laxity, and under the pretence of upholding morality, to make the clergy dependent on himself. He therefore insisted on the observance of certain illegal practices, which he and his adherents called the ancient customs of the kingdom. He summoned the prelates to meet him at Westminster, and demanded of them that they should recognise and abide by the royal customs. All of them, excepting Hilary, Bishop of Chichester, refused an unconditional submission, but he promised every thing the king desired without any exception whatever. When the king had prevailed upon him, he turned round upon him and treated the poor-spirited man with every kind of insult and contempt. The other Bishops, with St. Thomas at their head, declined to adopt the king's customs, and he in a passion left London in the course of the night.

Shortly after the meeting at Westminster, while the Bishops and the king were at variance, Arnulf, Bishop of Lisieux, who for some reason or other was not in favour with the king, arrived in England. His object was to recover his position in the king's good graces. This Bishop was a most respectable person, and contrived during the contest between St. Thomas and the king to be on good terms with both of them, doing nothing against the king, and yet writing letters to St. Thomas, in which he denounced his royal master. "You have to deal," says he, in a letter to St. Thomas, "with a man whose craft is dreaded by those afar off, whose power is dreaded by his neighbours, and whose severity is dreaded by his subjects. He is a man whom frequent success and the favours of fortune have made fastidious, and who therefore looks upon every thing that does not turn out as he desires, as a positive wrong to himself." Arnulf sought the king, and with a view to his own personal success, suggested to him, that if he would succeed, he must sow dissension among the Bishops; and that if he could not bring the Archbishop to adopt his views, he must do what he could to separate the other Bishops from him, and so triumph over them all.

Arnulf was a deep politician, and knew well the value of craft and disingenuous proceedings. At another time he suggested to the Archbishop an ambiguous formula by which he might make peace with the king. Anticipating the Archbishop's objections, he tells him "to reserve the interpretation of the terms of it for a future opportunity," *interpretationes verborum futuris reservate temporibus*. The Archbishop was a deeper politician than Arnulf, and preferred a solid peace



to a hollow one, though the price of it, as he knew, was to be his own blood.

The clergy were by no means satisfied with the aspect of the king, and there was considerable danger in delay. The king might keep the bishoprics and the abbeys vacant, taking to himself the revenues, if not the estates. He might also contrive to get treacherous Bishops elected, who, when the hour of trial came, would be found on the side of the king. St. Thomas too had to deal with an episcopate essentially defective in the heroic element. The king proposed to St. Thomas a nominal submission; Bishops, Abbots, and secular lords came to him, and the Abbot said he had it in command from the Pope to urge the Archbishop to make his peace with the king, who had taken an oath to do nothing prejudicial to the Church; and that his sole object now was to secure only the appearance of a victory, in order to recover his reputation in the eyes of his great men. The Archbishop was somewhat moved, went to the king and promised compliance. The king replied that he would have it done in a public assembly of the Bishops and his barons.

Henry then called a council of the Bishops and the nobles at Clarendon; entreaties and threats were had recourse to in order to bring the Archbishop to submit to the king. He yielded, and promised to observe the customs. Upon this the king ordered them to be reduced to writing, and required the prelates to put their seal to them. The Archbishop, when he saw this, required time for considering them, which was granted him. He obtained a transcript of the customs, the Archbishop of York had another, and the king took a third, to be deposited among the archives of the kingdom. The Archbishop proceeded to Winchester, and on the road he was led, through the murmurings of his cross-bearer, Alexander, a Welshman, to consider what he had done. He saw the whole matter in its true light, abstained from celebrating Mass, and put on sackcloth; neither did he say Mass again till he had obtained absolution from the Pope.

The king summoned another assembly to meet at Northampton; the Archbishop was required to appear as defendant in a civil suit. Matters had gone so far now as to admit of Gilbert Folliot taking his course publicly. The Bishop met his superior at Northampton, and advised him as a friend to resign his see; upon which the Archbishop replied briefly, "It is clear what you would advise." During this stormy council the king was the stronger party, and the Bishops were tamed down so that none of them ventured to resist him. Roger of York and Gilbert of London tried again to bend the

Archbishop to the king's will, insisting with peculiar emphasis on the obligation they were under to fulfil religiously what they had all promised at Clarendon.

Henry was in a great passion, and inspired his nobles with a portion of his own hatred against the Archbishop. Hilary, Bishop of Chichester, insulted him, and Gilbert Folliot told him to his face that he was a fool, and not likely to depart from his folly. All this made it clear to the Archbishop that even his life was not safe; and so he secretly withdrew from Northampton, and, travelling only by night, succeeded in making his way to France. The king, as soon as he knew of his flight, was disturbed, and sought his Bishops for advice; and the result of their deliberations was, that ambassadors should proceed to the Pope to accuse St. Thomas of disturbing the kingdom, and to charge him with perjury. These ambassadors were Roger of York, Gilbert of London, Roger of Worcester, Hilary of Chichester, Bartholomew of Exeter, with many other courtiers, both ecclesiastic and lay. These set out on their journey immediately, well provided with money; having in view, if possible, to bribe the counsellors of the Pope. "Such," says Herbert de Boscham, "was the advice of the Bishops."

The Pope was himself, at this time, in great difficulties. St. Thomas was driven from Canterbury by the violence of the king; and the Supreme Pontiff, to whom he appealed, was, like himself, an exile. Alexander III. was at Sens, and Rome was in the power of his enemies. It may be as well to state briefly here, that owing to the intrigues and schismatical proceedings of the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, an anti-pope was set up to dispute the title of Alexander III., thus, humanly speaking, crippling very materially the influence of the Pope. On the death of Adrian IV., who was an Englishman, the Cardinals elected, September 7, 1159, Roland, the Chancellor of Rome. Roland at first refused to confirm the election, protesting his own unworthiness; but while the cardinals were investing him with the pontifical insignia, almost by force, one of the cardinals, by name Octavian, having no scruples, being the emperor's friend, attempted to make himself Pope, and even dared to strip Roland for that purpose. A senator of Rome who was near prevented him, and the wretched man ran out and proclaimed himself Pope by the title of Victor. He took possession of Rome, counting truly, as it proved, on the full concurrence of the emperor.

Roland, that is Alexander III., was compelled to leave Rome; the emperor took advantage of this state of affairs, and proceeded forthwith to assert the authority of the State

over the Church. He summoned the Bishops to meet at Pavia, and among the summoned were the Pope and the anti-pope. The former treated the summons with contempt; but the anti-pope, true to his vocation, submitted his claims to the imperial arbitration, and received his reward. Several Bishops met at Pavia, and the emperor, having sat down, addressed them in these terms: "Though I know that I have the power of summoning councils, especially in critical times, I nevertheless commission you to determine and decide the present question. God has made you priests, and has given you power to judge me; and because it is not my duty to judge you in spiritual things, yet I exhort you to demean yourselves in this matter as persons who look forward to the judgment of God alone." When he had said this he retired, and the Bishops assembled, by the help of hard swearing, drew up a formal document, in which they announced to the world that Alexander III. was a schismatic, and Cardinal Octavian the creature of the emperor, the true Vicar of Christ.

The pretended Pope Victor died in 1164, and was succeeded by Guido of Crema, one of the two Cardinals who adhered to Victor: he took the name of Paschal. This election was due to the violence and wickedness of the Elector of Cologne, who at the same time had so little faith in his own work that he refused, till the emperor compelled him, to receive consecration himself. He had no scruples about encouraging and perpetuating schism, but was too good a canonist to take orders in it. The English monarch, Henry II., notwithstanding the solicitations of the emperor, acknowledged the claims of Alexander III.; and these must have been somewhat clear, for the crafty and unscrupulous king was very indignant with the Pope, who protected the Archbishop from his violence. But later, when he could not accomplish his purpose, there is too much reason to believe that Henry's allegiance was extremely unstable. The emperor had been excommunicated, and so had the anti-pope, with all his adherents; and if Henry II. had formally joined himself to them, he would, in all probability, have lost his continental possessions, for the king of France was zealous in his obedience to Alexander III. Henry sent ambassadors to the emperor, who communicated with him, and the emperor immediately made it known that Henry II. had submitted to the anti-pope. John of Oxford, an unscrupulous ecclesiastic, was one of these ambassadors, and for his conduct was immediately denounced as excommunicate.

This was the condition of the Church during the contest between the Archbishop and the king; it was favourable for the development of the king's principles, and very much the



contrary for the vindication of ecclesiastical liberty and the preservation of spiritual rights from the grasping violence of the State.

Let us now return to the Bishop of London, whom with others Henry II. had sent to the Pope to calumniate the Archbishop, and to justify the proceedings of the Bishops and barons of England in their cowardly submission to the king. The Pope was himself an exile, and then residing at Sens. Thither the ambassadors repaired, and the Pope received them in consistory. Gilbert Folliot opened the case on the part of the Archbishop's enemies in a speech which too clearly betrayed how much he hated him. He described him as a rash and headstrong man, who refused to consider the wickedness of the times or the evil result of his proceedings, which had already brought the Bishops into great trouble and danger. He said that matters would have been much worse if he, the Bishop of London, and his brother Bishops, had not resisted him; and that the Archbishop, not succeeding in his attempts, had, in order to bring odium upon the king and the Bishops, taken to flight: "The wicked man fleeth when no man pursueth." When the Bishop had uttered these words the Pope interrupted him, saying, "Brother, spare." The Bishop replied, "Holy Father, why should I spare him?" The Pope answered, "I do not mean him, but yourself." Gilbert Folliot was put to shame, and was silent. Hilary of Chichester took upon himself to be the next speaker; but in his hurry and confusion committed a grammatical blunder, at which the bystanders were not able to refrain from laughter. The Pope dismissed the ambassadors, telling them that he could do nothing till he had seen the Archbishop himself.

The ambassadors returned to England, strong in the king's favour; St. Thomas was in exile, his friends and relations were banished, their property and that of the clergy who adhered to him was confiscated by the king, and one of the ministers of his mean revenge was Gilbert Folliot the self-denying and the austere monk of Cluni.

The Bishop of London was what is commonly called a prudent and judicious man; there was nothing heroic in his character, he had no principle within him to guide him through the stormy days in which he lived. His object seems to have been to avoid difficulties, and instead of doing justice to effect a compromise. He might have done well had he been a simple monk, and it is also possible that if he had been Archbishop of Canterbury he would have resisted the king; for he vindicated the rights of that see against his friend Roger of York, when that prelate attempted to invade them, that inva-

sion being a personal insult to the Bishop of London, who could not bear to see the glories of his own province diminished by the intrusive presence of the Archbishop of York. Alexander III. writes to him from Clermont, July 10th, 1165, and charges him, in conjunction with Robert Melun, Bishop of Hereford, to labour for the peace of the Church and to pacify the king. Gilbert Folliot replies to the Pope, and informs him with what diligent care he had executed his commission, how he represented to the king the errors and danger of his course, and finally threatened him with the divine vengeance, and the destruction of his kingdom, unless he did penance for his sins. He also carefully repeats the answers of the king to each demand of the Pope; but the replies are mere evasions. He then concludes his letter in the following words: "Should the issue of the present contest be the perpetual exile of my Lord of Canterbury, and England—which God forbid—refuse to obey your Holiness, it would have been better to have waited in patience rather than have given way to such severity of zeal. Although many of us could not be driven by persecution to disobey you, yet there are those among us who will bend the knee to Baal, and disregarding religion and justice, will accept the see of Canterbury from the hands of the idol." . . . He tells the Pope too, that it would not have been possible to collect Peter's pence in England if the king had not consented to it.

It is perfectly clear that Gilbert Folliot was not wholly sincere in his professions of obedience to the Pope, and that he was not greatly distressed by the proceedings of the king. He certainly suggests to the Pope that England might be led into rebellion, and that the result of active measures on the part of his Holiness might be the illegal deposition of St. Thomas, and the appointment of a more compliant subject to the see of Canterbury.

When the king confiscated the possessions of the clergy who followed the Archbishop, he gave Gilbert Folliot the control over all the ecclesiastical benefices belonging to the Archbishop in the diocese of London and in Kent. The good Bishop, as a "loyal" subject, accepted the function of sequestrator, and received the revenues. He did so, however, as he says, only to keep them from falling into the hands of laymen, not considering that he was the minister of a layman in that action. When this reached the ears of the Pope and of the Archbishop, they each wrote a sharp letter to the Bishop, and commanded him to make instant restitution. The Bishop writes to the king, and begs to be protected from the censures of the Church. The Archbishop's

letter charged him directly with the receipt of those revenues, and threatened him with personal excommunication. "I," says the Bishop to the king, "have invoked the assistance of the Holy Ghost, and have appealed against the Archbishop's order." He then begs to be allowed to pay the money into the hands of some ecclesiastical person—so careful is he that the laity shall not touch it—till the king should take further measures on the subject. He then writes a short letter to the Archbishop complaining of his severity, and states that he had appealed to the Pope, being afraid that St. Thomas would lay the kingdom under an interdict.

His letter to the Pope is more cautious, and his language more measured; in it he explains his circumstances at considerable length, and exposes very feelingly the danger and difficulties of his position. "It is impossible," he says, "for me or any other Bishop, while this contention lasts between the king and my lord of Canterbury, to obey the commands of the one and escape the insupportable wrath of the other." This was his difficulty: he tried to reconcile the world and the Church; to be on good terms with the state and continue a Bishop; not to lose the friendship of a lawless and tyrannical sovereign, and yet preach justice and truth; to harmonise conflicting claims, and to establish a permanent concord between Christ and Belial. Gilbert Folliot was a man whose personal habits were religious, whose character was beyond the reach of calumny; yet because he was deficient in his grasp of principle, became the friend of loose and debauched men, and a willing participator in their assaults upon that which he knew to be truth.

We have another illustration of this moral weakness and inability to see things in their true light. Hugh Earl of Norfolk, treading in the footsteps of Achab, took possession of the vineyard of Naboth. This vineyard was the house and lands of the canons of Penteney in Norfolk. The canons were not disposed to be quiet, and reclaimed their property. Great litigation followed, and the cause was heard before the king at Oxford, who decided that the earl should keep what he had stolen, and give another house to the canons. The prior, for his part, consented; but the canons refused to ratify what he had promised, and what he had no right to promise. The cause went before the Pope, who decided in favour of the canons; and the Archbishop also wrote to them, charging them to yield nothing to the earl. The Pope delegated the Bishop of London to see justice done to the canons, and to excommunicate the earl if he proved contumacious. The Bishop wrote to the canons on the subject; but their answer was not



a pleasant one; for they told him, that upon no consideration whatever would they give up their house, and that they preferred exile, with all its attendant miseries, to alienating the possessions of the Church. This was trying. The Bishop was anxious to help his friend the earl, who, to his great grief, was utterly incorrigible. The canons were resolute, and so was the earl; so the Bishop tried whether the Pope would not help him, and suffer the wrong-doer to prosper, and the weak to suffer, rather than disturb the repose of the Bishop of London. In this dilemma he writes a most pathetic letter to the Cardinal of Pavia, and represents to him the serious vexations which had befallen him. "I have received," he says, "the commands of his Holiness to do justice in the case of the canons of Penteney and the Earl of Norfolk; but the civil power claims cognisance of the cause because the earl has expressed his readiness to appear before the king's court. The king, too, says that the customs of the realm have been approved of at Rome, and he remembers well that the Bishops have promised to observe them. He insists upon our abiding by that promise, and observing his customs, and not infringe upon the privileges of the kingdom. I am in a strait; for what the Pope commands, that the king forbids. If, then, the Pope will not modify his injunctions, nothing remains for me but to disobey him, or incur the reproach of perjury and disloyalty. I would rather not be a Bishop than fall into either difficulty. The sword of the Pope kills the soul, the sword of the king kills the body. . . . What profit will my blood be to my lord the Pope if I fall into this calamity, be accounted guilty of perjury, or—which God forbid—become disobedient to him? If I obey my lord, I must die; if I do not, then I must leave the kingdom, the laws of which I violate, and to the king of which I am disloyal. If, indeed, this were a matter for which it was worth while to suffer banishment or death then would I gladly obey my lord at the cost of exile or death. But is the case of six friars living wretchedly at Penteney, and without rule, of so much importance, that for a few acres of land the Pope and the king must quarrel? The king was once friendly to the Pope, and will be so again. Besides, the king is ready himself to do justice, and the earl will acquiesce in the sentence of a legate, should it please the Pope to depute one."

Such was Gilbert Folliot. Six friars were as nothing compared with his repose; the few acres were not to be considered at all, if they were likely to disturb his relations with the civil power. He could not take into his thoughts the principles in dispute, and would not then see that the Earl

of Norfolk might seize the lands of the manor of Fulham, provided he were able to do so, and had a reasonable prospect of entering into possession.

One morning the Bishop was surprised by his "enemy;" such is the term he applies more than once to St. Thomas. When the Bishop was at the altar—probably saying Mass—an unexpected and unwelcome stranger presented himself before him, and gave him a packet, which he could not refuse. It contained a letter from the Pope, and another from the Archbishop; and the substance of both was, that St. Thomas had been appointed Legate Apostolic over all England, except the diocese of York. The Bishop would have declined service of that document if he could; but he was taken by surprise, and the contents were so clear that he could not possibly question them. Indeed, we must admit that the faculty of explaining that Papal rescripts mean nothing was not a common gift in those days; and ecclesiastics when they were disobedient to the Pope were so openly and with their eyes open. Gilbert Folliot, having ascertained the contents of the unexpected missive, sent at once to his friend and patron Henry, and begged him to order the Bishops to appeal to the Pope,—the reason for this being that the Archbishop's letters to his suffragans might contain matter detrimental to the customs of the realm. The Bishops were to be required to look carefully into those letters, and if they found any thing improper in them, then they were to appeal; and so, says the Bishop, "will you perform a work of mercy, and save us from the sin of disobedience." Under such circumstances it would not be difficult for the Bishops to discover matter enough to justify their disobedience, and to comfort them in their unpleasant position, which had become now so irksome as to compel them, in the words of Folliot, "to seek counsel and help" from the king.

The Bishop would not formally break with the Holy See; but he would keep on terms with the king, while he was undermining the authority of the Pope and strengthening the hands of his enemies. He remained in the unity of the Church; but he gave advice, and had recourse to expedients which were eminently schismatical and disloyal to the Pope.\*

\* In modern times we have an instance of similar weakness in a Catholic Bishop, whose memory is in greater odour than that of Gilbert Folliot. We quote the following from Charles Butler's *Memoirs*, vol. iii. pp. 294, 295. "As soon as the terms of it"—an oath to be taken by Catholics—"were arranged to the satisfaction of his Majesty's ministers, it was communicated to the four Vicars Apostolic, and admitted by them all. Lord Petre, and some other gentlemen, waited upon the late Bishop Challoner, and put it into his hands. He perused it with great deliberation, and explicitly sanctioned it. He observed, however,

The conduct of Bishop Folliot became worse from day to day, and at last the patience of the Archbishop was exhausted. The sentence of excommunication went forth on Palm Sunday, 1169. But so far was this from moving him to penance for his evil dealings, that it seems rather to have hardened his heart. He went as usual to the king, and the king sympathised with him, telling him that he considered the excommunication as a personal affront, and that he could not have been more displeased than he was if the sentence had fallen upon himself. He then offers to furnish his loyal Bishop with money to travel to the Pope, and to supply all his wants. Gilbert, finding that the king was in this state of mind, despising ecclesiastical censures, and ready to co-operate with those who had incurred them, proceeded a step further in his wickedness; he tried through the king's officers to corrupt the other Bishops, and induce them to communicate with him, disregarding the sentence which had issued against him. The other Bishops were not so hardened, and refused. The Pope confirmed the sentence, notwithstanding the appeal; and Gilbert Folliot was compelled to bow at last before a power which he had so obstinately and craftily resisted.

In his letter to the Pope, Folliot protested that he had exerted all his influence with the king; but it is also believed, that in private, and when Papal letters were not in question, the advice of the Bishop to his royal penitent was very different from what he represented it to his Holiness. Roger of Wendover says, that the king's secretaries declared that Gilbert Folliot was the author of Henry's letter to the Elector of Cologne, in which he promised to renounce Alexander III., and adhere to the schismatical party of the emperor. Whether the royal secretaries spoke truly or falsely, it is clear that they had no great opinion of Folliot's principles.

Now Gilbert Folliot was not "a bad man," as those words are often understood. He was extremely rigid and severe in his personal habits—perhaps scarcely inferior in this respect to the Archbishop, whom he hated. The austerities which he practised were great and notorious; and the Pope himself charged him to moderate his self-denial, to eat flesh and drink wine, from both of which he invariably abstained. On the score of personal propriety and even excellence of life, no man could find fault with the Bishop of London. His cha-

that it contained some expressions contrary to the Roman style; that these might create difficulties at Rome, if Rome were consulted upon it beforehand; but that Rome would not object to the oath after the bill was passed. He therefore recommended to the gentlemen who waited upon him to avoid all unnecessary delay in procuring the act."



racter was unassailable; and it is easy to see how the enemies of the Church could justify their policy by alleging the sanction of the self-denying and austere Cluniac. "Here," they would say, "is a holy man, who eats no flesh and drinks no wine, against whom you have nothing to say, who is a most devout and zealous observer of his rule, whose body is wasted with fasting, and whose countenance betrays the intensity of his vigils, and he is against your Archbishop. Who is most likely to be right, he who never ceased to live like a monk, or the man who, from the pride and pomp of the royal chancery, stepped into the see of Canterbury?"

Yet notwithstanding the apparent humility of the Bishop, there was beneath it the strongest pride. He was essentially an ambitious man. Those who charge St. Thomas with pride and insolence forget that the king's friend and adviser, the patriotic Bishop, and the maintainer of national rights, had more pride and insolence in his little finger than they can discover in the whole history of St. Thomas. The Bishop of London was a man scrupulous in trifles, and unscrupulous in great matters. His friends were men of doubtful reputation; and there are more and more deadly crimes laid to the charge of his friend Roger of York than are heard of now-a-days. There are charges brought against Folliot himself of simony and corrupt dealings; and it is certain that, though personally pure, he winked at gross corruption in his priests. The Pope was compelled to call him to account for the scandalous morals of his clergy, and for his guilty connivance at their wicked manners. Not only the beneficed clergy in minor orders, but the priests themselves, were living in mortal sin, unrebuked by the austere monk, who had sold himself to do the work of the state.

The Bishop had a "view" on the subject; and it is but fair that we should give it in his own words. "The clergy," says he, "thank God, have no disputes about the faith, none about the sacraments, none about morals. The king, the prelates, and their subjects, are strong in the true faith. The Church of this realm accepts wholly all articles of faith. No one through the madness of the present schism has withdrawn from his obedience to the Pope. All venerate and respect the sacraments of the Church, receive them themselves, and give them in holiness and piety to others. As to morals, in many things we offend all; yet not one of us preaches immorality, or defends it, but every one hopes that what he has done amiss may through penance be forgiven him." This is his defence of the clergy: they were somewhat careless, but they did not justify themselves; and if their morals were not

spotless, yet they believed every word of the creed. If through frailty they gave scandal, yet they were intellectually sound; for they never taught immorality on system, and never defended it upon principle.

The English clergy and their Bishops wrote to the Pope, and protested their own innocence in general, and laid all the mischief at the door of the Primate, who, they said, calls upon us to suffer martyrdom. They had no desire to respond to so unpleasant a call, and preferred an appeal against him. They had the incredible boldness to tell the Pope too that Henry II. was not only a good Catholic king, but a most chaste husband, a most exemplary man in public and private life; that he had but one object in view, the purging out vice and immorality, and establishing peace and justice within his dominions. They also divulge a secret, viz. that the fight between St. Thomas and the king was in reality for the spiritual supremacy of the see of Rome; for they say that the king would abide by the decision of the English bishops—*Ecclesiæ regni sui parituum judicio*. This was the question: Henry was for a national independent Church, where he could, after the settlement of a few doubts, be himself the Pope. Gilbert Folliot was the Bonner of his day; and if St. Thomas had not been mercifully granted to the Church, the Second Henry would have left nothing for the Eighth Henry to accomplish.

Henry II. when a boy was at the French court; and one day the king shewed him to St. Bernard, and asked the Saint's opinion of him. St. Bernard looked steadfastly at the youth, and then said, "From the devil he came, and to the devil he will go." His son, King Richard, used to say the same thing of his whole family; and there is no race mentioned in history whose blasphemy and immoral depravity exceed that of the friends of Gilbert Folliot, the austere and self-denying monk. Treacherous Bishops are pretty sure to have immoral men for their private friends.

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# Passion, Love, and Rest ;

OR,

## THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BASIL MORLEY.

(Continued from p. 424.)

### CHAPTER IX. — *The great Change.*

A DAY or two after the clerical meeting, I resolved to speak to my uncle respecting my doubts. I looked for little satisfaction from him, but I thought it due, not only to him, but to the cause of truth itself, to take every means for ascertaining the real claims of the Evangelical system. Personally disgusted as I was with many of its supporters, I yet clung to the system itself with all the ardour of a first affection. In its professions I had fancied I saw the realisation of my ideal of a true gospel from God to man; under its guidance I had learnt to read and love the Bible. Animated by its doctrines, I had returned to the old religious practices of my childhood, and had found a satisfaction and happiness in a sincere effort at serving God, to which I had been a total stranger for many years past. Could I then without a pang spurn away from me a system of doctrine which had (as I had imagined) raised me from death to life, because of the inconsistencies of its details and the vulgarities of its adherents? Should I not give it the fairest possible trial, and test it by its own intrinsic merits, and those alone? Had I any reason to doubt the thorough sincerity of my uncle, and the other apostles and disciples of the same school? Was I not bound to open my heart fully to him, and to the most competent persons whom I could meet with?

In this state of mind I did, therefore, consult Colonel Morley and others; and a pretty satisfaction I gained by my pains. They pooh-poohed my difficulties in Scripture interpretation; they roundly taxed me with carnal-mindedness; they fled to technical phraseology, and danced backwards and forwards from one contradictory statement to another, when I entreated for clear, precise explanations of the mode in which doctrines were to be reconciled; and above all, they were so helplessly at sea on the subject of the inspiration of the Bible, and so impudently cool in treating certain portions of the New Testament as of superior value to the rest, that I was driven to the conclusion that the whole system was rotten to its foundations.



Then I said to myself, "Why should I hesitate to toss these men aside? Who are they, that they have a right to the slightest respect from me, more than any other decent, well-conducted members of society? I originally accepted their system simply on their assertion, not on an independent examination of its merits? Why should I be frightened by a bugbear, and not treat their audacious assumptions with all the scorn I *see* that they deserve? Let them go; let them go. I need say nothing of the individuals who are pledged to these notions; whether they are wilfully blind, or not, God knows. It is for Him to judge them, and not me. As for their creed, it *must* be a mockery, for it bears all the marks of a mockery; and they have not a word to say in its defence to satisfy a man of ordinary common sense."

Then came all the agonies of religious doubt, and fresh incursions of my former scepticism, but, oh, with what tenfold agonies! In my former days of unbelief my whole heart and soul were well nigh dead to the very idea of a personal God, my creator, my master, and my judge. Now, by night and by day, alone and in company, whether reading, writing, talking, jesting, sorrowing, or smiling, that same awful presence was ever with me. All that I saw, heard, and touched, seemed as a shadow, compared to the sense of that irresistible vision with which I felt that the Eye of the Omnipotent was ever fixed upon my inmost soul. To fly from it was impossible, nor did I desire it. I sought the burning keenness of its gaze, even while I trembled beneath it. I did not dream of seeking peace by flying from it, or deadening my sense of its presence. I even loved it while I cowered beneath its awful light. Where *should* I go, indeed? Whither should I fly? Who but He could satisfy the cravings of my soul? Who else could give me that which would be worthy of loving, of knowing, of serving, of adoring? Why *should* I fly from Him, unless I was enamoured of self-murder, and hated my own soul?

Then I fell prostrate on the floor of my room and prayed. Was it possible that He could have left me *without* a means of knowing Himself? Why had He made me thus, if when I now, with all the energies of my soul, desired to know Him, I was to be cast out from His presence, dark and impotent, save for working my own misery? What was it to me that hundreds, thousands, millions, knew nothing of Him? Did they *desire* to know Him, and his will also, *in order to do it*? Whether or not *they* desired, *I* desired it, at least so I felt sure. Then swept into my mind the frightful question, "*Do I desire it? Is my longing all selfish, all contemptible,*

all unworthy of a creature approaching his God?" A most agonising doubt it was. "*What* is it that is between me and God? Is there a barrier raised by my own untamed will, rebellious yet, with all its seeming humiliation?" It was madness, I soon felt, to dwell upon such thoughts; I *could* not solve them; it was clearly impossible; the more I cherished them and tried them, the more they would bewilder and crush me. There was but one alternative, to throw myself, *as I was*, upon the will and power of Him whose voice I longed to hear. And I did it. As best I could,—tremblingly, fearfully, shuddering at my own deed—I bowed down my *will* before *his* will, and said, "Lord save, or I perish."

After this I was in a certain sense relieved. Though still tormented with doubts, I could not help being convinced that in time I should see my way through them all. My father, too, happened for a few days to be laid up with a temporary illness, and my time was a good deal taken up with attending in his place to various little business affairs which would not bear delay. On the whole I preserved a tolerable calmness, and found myself more and more fitted for an unbiassed examination of any solution of my difficulties which might present itself. Now and then the thought crossed me, "Is Rome right, after all? These Catholics unquestionably *have* a power which I have not. Their creed indeed seems too astounding to be true. It is literally abhorrent to my whole soul. Yet it *has* one thing which no other religion has,—its disciples know what they believe, and they seem to have a faculty for seeing the invisible world to which every Protestant sect is certainly a stranger. Surely a revelation from God *ought* to have these results."

I spent my days, when not occupied by some kind of duty, either in wandering listlessly through my old haunts, or in rapid riding or walking, in a vain attempt at getting rid of my thoughts by means of violent bodily exercise. One day I was thus striding along a shaded green lane, when at a sharp turn I suddenly came upon the priest, Mr. Cumberland, walking leisurely before me. I had overtaken him before I could well decide whether or no to avoid a conversation; his face brightened up when I saluted him, and we continued our walk together. Suddenly a thought struck me, and I said to my companion, after a few sentences of commonplace dialogue:

"You know the story of my poor friend Wilbraham, Mr. Cumberland; shall you think me impertinent if I ask you a question about him?"

The priest looked a little astonished, and replied:

"By no means; unless it is a very strange question indeed."

"You recollect how Wilbraham died," I resumed.

"I shall never forget it," said he.

"What is your opinion, then, as to the state in which he died? I mean, is he lost or saved?"

"How is it possible, my dear Mr. Morley, that I could answer such a question? Surely you must be aware that God alone can see the heart, both in life and in death."

"I know that," I rejoined. "What I want to know is, your view, as a Catholic priest, of the prospects of a soul living and dying like my friend Wilbraham?"

"That depends upon what condition his soul really *was* in," rejoined he. "If in his last moments he was truly penitent, sincerely loving God, he is saved; if not, he is lost."

"But I thought you Catholics believed that nobody could be saved who died without confession, after apostatising from your faith," said I.

"Not without the *desire* for confession and absolution,—without the intention of doing all that the Church enjoins, provided it *can* be done. You told me that your friend sent for a priest; so far, therefore, all appears safe. As to his heart, that is a secret with Almighty God. On the whole, however, I have no hesitation in saying that I *hope* for the best in his case."

"After all his past sins?" said I, surprised.

"If his sins were ten thousand times as numerous and heinous as they were, one drop of the blood that was shed for him would cleanse him from them all."

"What then becomes of your doctrines about penance and good works?" I asked.

"*What* doctrines, Mr. Morley?" inquired he, looking me seriously in the face.

"The *Catholic* doctrines, of course," I replied.

"That I understand," said he; "but I ask you what *are* the Catholic doctrines which you say are opposed to what I just said. Of course you have studied them, and can explain your own meaning."

I tried to collect my thoughts and explain myself; but the more I considered, the more I was puzzled. At last I uttered some rather incoherent sentences about justification by faith only, and the merits of Jesus Christ. My companion smiled and went on.

"Pardon me, my dear sir," said he, "if I say you have not given due attention to the nature of that religion which I know so well you once abhorred, but which I cannot but hope you *abhor* no longer, however you may be in doubt as to its truth. Pray do not think me intrusive," he continued, "if I



venture to ask whether it is true that for some time past you have renounced your scepticism, have embraced the 'Evangelical' creed, as it is called, and now again are in doubt as to its truth."

He spoke so kindly that I could not be angry, and I answered him as well as I could.

"I do not know why I should not admit what you state," I said. "My old scepticism now and then returns, but it fills me with anguish, and where to turn I know not. A presence haunts me night and day. I groan under it, I tremble under it, I shudder under it; but yet I would not fly from it if I could. Unbelief and Atheism are impossible to me. They mock me, they torture me; for they can tell me nothing of the meaning of that awful look that I feel piercing me through and through. Oh! Mr. Cumberland, *you* know nothing of pangs such as I suffer. Whatever your superstitions and errors, you believe them without a doubt; you are at rest even in your ignorance, and no doubt God will forgive you. But for me, and such as me,—oh! what has He in store? If *this* life is all dark, and no peace is to be gained, except at the sacrifice of one's reason and sense, what will be the doom of *eternity*?"

We had reached a group of tall, shadowy trees, and in my agitation, I threw myself upon the rising turf at their roots, unable to walk further. Cumberland sat down by my side, took my hand in his, looked me gently in the face, and replied:

"Tell me, are you *afraid* of God?"

"No," said I; "yet I am. Yes; I dread Him; I tremble when I think of Him; yet I long to think of Him again. I am afraid, and I am not. I am a mystery to myself; it is all dark, all mysterious, all too terrible. Oh! if I only *knew* something of Him whose eye is always fixed upon me."

"God is *love*," answered the priest, slowly and gently.

"How can I know that?" I exclaimed.

"By his own word, and his own deeds," rejoined Cumberland.

"How can I tell what *is* his word, Mr. Cumberland?" I replied. "But a few weeks ago I thought I knew it; but the whole fabric to which I trusted melted away when I began to test it to its foundations; and yet there are portions of it which have clung to my heart, and seem to be, if not the very truth I wish to know, yet so like it, that I cannot wonder at the happiness they give to those who hold them without doubting."

"I know enough of your history," replied Cumberland, "not to be surprised at what you tell me. Nor will you be

surprised if I say that there is but *one* creed on earth which *will* stand the test of examination."

"I see what you mean," said I; "but *your* creed is the very last which I should say would stand such a test."

"So people generally say until they do test it. Nothing can be more complete than the contrast between the ideas of Protestants regarding the Catholic faith and that faith itself."

"But surely," said I, "that furnishes a strong ground for presuming it to be a false creed."

"Why so?" said Cumberland.

"Because if it is, as you assert, the only actual revelation from God to man, it is only natural to presuppose that it would not wear so repulsive an aspect in the eyes of those to whom God sends it, with the design that they should accept it."

"Doubtless what you say would be true, on a certain supposition; which supposition, however, happens to be entirely false. If it were God's intention that all men should actually embrace that religion, under all circumstances whatever, and wholly irrespective of their personal willingness to accept it, there might be something in what you say. But as it is, the Catholic religion makes no such profession; on the contrary, that very religion itself teaches that a man *can* blind himself to its claims, that its proofs are moral and not mathematical, and that Almighty God has put it into the power of all men to reject it, as a part of their probation during the present life. Moreover, it is a doctrine of Catholicism that there exists a malignant invisible being, whose whole energies are devoted to the blinding of men's eyes, and to the misrepresenting of the Catholic faith before the world. Judged, therefore, by its own professions, the universal hostility of all non-Catholics towards the Catholic Church is in perfect harmony with the supposition that she is from God."

"I don't quite understand you," I rejoined.

"This is what I mean," he resumed. "You say, '*Before* deciding on the claims of Catholicism, the general antipathy felt towards her is a presumption against her:—*I* say, '*Not* so; it is a presumption in her favour, because on the supposition that she is true, this would be the natural result of those facts which she asserts to be realities.' The Catholic religion cannot be condemned for not doing what she never professes to do; you must overthrow her claims on other grounds. If she does what she professes, *and no more*, so far she establishes a probability in her own behalf."

"Why so?" I interrupted.

"Can any other religion stand such a test?" asked Cum-

berland. "I allege, you observe (and I am ready to prove it), that the Catholic Church does just what she professes to do, neither more nor less; and I further allege, that in the case of no other creed on earth is the same correspondence between profession and results to be found. Take, for instance, that very circumstance that you were alluding to,—the delusions respecting the Church which prevail among all who do not obey her. We say that there is a supernatural agency incessantly at work to blind men's eyes to the truth of Catholicism. Almost all Protestants, besides the numerous bodies of Oriental anti-Catholics, all say the same respecting their own creeds; but in no case except our own, do we see, as a matter of fact, the results which we *ought* to see, if these doctrines are true. Of Englishmen, for instance, there is not one in a thousand who is not a Catholic who is not utterly in the dark as to what Catholic doctrines *are*; yet the very approach of Catholicism lashes every one into a perfect frenzy of hatred and dread. *All* Protestants alike entertain ideas of us which are simply *impossible*. They impute to us a line of conduct which literally *could not* be followed by any body of persons. If one half of what they believe be true, the other half *must be* false. The wildest errors of vulgar ignorance are sober truths compared with the marvellous nonsense which men of the highest attainments and abilities accept in reference to us. And to this there is no parallel among non-Catholic sects. *We* feel no such abhorrence of *them*. We impute to them no impossible lines of conduct. We study their doctrines before we attack; while, as a general rule, we never trouble ourselves about attacking them at all. And it is the same in their polemics with one another. Their mutual bitterness is honied sweetness compared to their detestation of Catholicism. They also tolerably understand one another's opinions when they assail or reject them. The contest between the world and Protestantism, and between the various sects of Protestantism, is quite different in *kind* from the contest between the Catholic Church and her foes.

"Let me put a case to you. Supposing you yourself were to become a Catholic; do you not know that the *mode* in which your conversion would be taken by your friends would be totally unlike any thing they would feel, if you turned Dissenter, or even Turk or Jew? In these last cases they would laugh at you, or pity you, or be vexed with you; but they would not *hate* you, and dread you, as you must be aware that almost every one would hate and dread you, if you became a Catholic. You would be able to account for their feelings on the known laws of human experience; but if you sub-



mitted to the Catholic Church, you would arouse feelings which are inexplicable except on the supposition that they are the suggestions of an infernal spirit, who abhors Catholicism because it comes from God."

He paused, and I sought for a reply, but in vain. He then continued:

"Take, again, your own case up to this present time. You know better than I can with what intense feelings of dislike you have viewed the Catholic religion, and me, as one of its priests. Your rejection of it has been decided, unwavering, indignant. You have studied theological matters much more than most men of your own age. You have seen the Catholic religion at work in the heart of the person most dear to you on earth, and have remarked the inexpressible strength and the joy which it conferred upon her. You have witnessed in the history of your friend Wilbraham a spiritual phenomenon of which, on *your* views, you have no explanation. Yet up to this moment there is probably not one single doctrine or practice of the Catholic Church of which you are not as ignorant as an unborn infant. Now I ask you as an honest man (for I am far enough from thinking *you* either a rogue or a fool), I ask you, do you feel the same hatred and dread of any thing else on earth, secular or religious, of which you know nothing, and into which you have taken no trouble to inquire? You cannot help answering, No. What, then, is it which thus makes a sport of your understanding, and degrades you from the dignity of a reasoning being? What is it, what can it be, but some unseen enemy who possesses this mysterious power over your faculties?"

"All this is new to me, Mr. Cumberland," I replied, totally unable to meet his arguments. "Yet you must allow that, granting all this, you have given no proof of the truth of Catholicism."

"Certainly I allow it," said he. "But you will allow, on the other hand, that these facts do more than shew that there exists no antecedent objection to the Catholic religion on the ground that all but its followers abhor it; they furnish a *presumption* that it is true. I do not say that it is a strong presumption, or a weak presumption; but I maintain, that so far as it goes, it is a real presumption, that, after all, Catholicism is divine."

"But suppose I join issue as to your facts, Mr. Cumberland," I answered.

"Well," said he, "let us join issue. Choose your fact, and let us come to the proof."

I hesitated for a few moments, and then resumed:

"You have said that I know nothing of Catholic doctrines and practices. How do you know that?"

He smiled, but not contemptuously, and said:

"The only way for settling the question would be for you to give me an account of the doctrines you *do* know, that I may tell you whether you are right or wrong. Come," he continued, seeing that I hesitated, "suppose we commence with that which lies at the foundation of all others—Infallibility. In what sense of the word does the Catholic Church claim to be infallible?"

I hemmed, and coughed, and blundered out a few incoherent sentences; but the more definitely I laboured to put my notions of Catholic doctrine into shape, the more silly I felt the exhibition I was making.

"Well, well," said Cumberland, at length, "it's perhaps hardly fair to press you too hard all at once. Suppose we drop the subject now, and you shall collect your thoughts, and fix a day for talking the matter over with me at your own convenience. When shall it be? I do not hesitate to ask it of you, for you know the overwhelming importance of the subject—nothing less than your own salvation."

I named a day for calling upon him; and as we were shaking hands, he continued:

"May I ask a favour of you?"

"By all means."

"Will you pray for grace to help you in your search for truth?"

"I do, I do," I exclaimed, half hurt at the doubt implied in the request. And so we parted.

For the first day or two after this conversation, I was more bewildered than ever; at least I thought I was. By degrees the nature of Cumberland's argument began to take shape and consistency before my eyes. As yet hardly aware of all that was implied in such a belief, I began to see that Catholicism *claimed* acceptance on precisely those very principles on which every human science demands assent. That it would stand that further *positive proof* which would be necessary to shew that it not only *might be*, but *must be* true, I could not conceive. Yet I was at once astonished and attracted by the courage with which its advocate courted inquiry, and challenged me to the attack. I strove hard to be prepared with clear, intelligible statements of what I conceived to be the chief dogmas of Catholicism, and, on the day fixed, called on the priest at his house. I was ushered into his room. He rose, grasped my hand, shewed by his countenance his pleasure at seeing me, gave me a chair, and instantly began:

"Well, Mr. Morley, I hope you are ready to admit that Catholicism *looks* as like a system of truth as any branch of natural science."

"I grant," said I, "it is not without plausibility, as you put the case the other day; but surely you don't mean to say that as a science it has as weighty *à priori* claims as, say, for instance, astronomy or optics?"

"I do indeed," he replied. "I say that Catholicism is self-consistent in every detail, and that its results are precisely what would necessarily follow, on the supposition that it is true."

"Of course," I replied, "if you can make good that point, you will have established a strong case in its favour. But *can* you do this?"

"We shall see," said he. "But first for your promised account of Catholic doctrine. I suspect that from this very account you will find fresh matter confirming my position."

"I don't catch your meaning," said I.

"I mean, that I shall be able to shew you clearly that you have been totally in the dark respecting Catholicism; and that this very ignorance, shared by all the non-Catholic world, is just one of those mysterious facts which would be the natural result of the truth of the Catholic faith. However, don't let us get on too fast. My time is completely at your service, so we may give every detail a full consideration. Suppose, then, you begin by telling me what is the Catholic doctrine on the Infallibility of the Church."

Half-doubting the truth of every word I uttered, I then began my exposition. I need not relate what I said, nor in fact any thing that passed during the next two hours; for no less a space was occupied in my floundering attempts to expound one Catholic dogma after another. Every person who has ever heard a zealous Protestant setting forth Catholic doctrines to an intelligent Catholic will understand the ludicrous figure I cut, as one of my statements after another fell to the ground before Cumberland's cross-questioning as to what I really *meant* by the words I used, and as he produced authoritative Catholic condemnations of the very doctrines I imputed to him and his Church. At last I gave it up in despair; and an engagement at home summoning me away, I left with the impression that I had made a greater fool of myself than in my most modest moments I had hitherto conceived possible. Cumberland had all along argued with great vivacity and good-humour; and though he made no secret of his sense of the triumph he was winning over my wretched logic and blunders, it was so plain that he never thought of personally triumphing over me, that my self-love was scarcely wounded.



The next day I called on Cumberland again, and he went on with his former topic.

"I do wish," said he, "Mr. Morley, that you would look this striking phenomenon of the results of Catholicism full in the face. If only you will do this, you *must* go further, and inquire into its positive proofs; that is, of course, supposing that you are thoroughly in earnest. Just let me put before you the outline of the argument. First, we declare that Catholics have a certain supernatural gift, called the gift of faith, altogether distinct from mere conviction or opinion, and frequently remaining in the mind when the whole soul is sunk in sin. I point to your own experience of the reality of that gift, as shewn in the case of your friend Wilbraham; and I am ready to give you as many more examples exactly similar as you may wish. I appeal also to your recollections of your own condition during your childhood, and to what you must have witnessed in other children. The Catholic doctrine is, that all children rightly baptised, whether by Protestants or Catholics, possess this gift; and you cannot have failed to have noticed that Protestant children *have* a power of realising and believing in the doctrines of religion, totally unlike what is possessed by the immense majority of grown-up Protestants. Does not your memory tell you that *once* you yourself had a spiritual faculty of the very same nature as that which so astonished you in Wilbraham?"

I paused, and reflected, and admitted the truth of what he said. He resumed:

"So far, then, it appears that faith *is* found just where the Church *says* it is. Next, look to the spiritual condition of those who rebel against her authority. See their mad hostility, their ludicrous inconsistencies, their dense ignorance of the religion they cease not to assail; compare this with their feelings towards one another on subjects where they *profess* as much to disagree as they disagree with the Church Catholic; compare it also with the entire absence of that frenzied hatred in our minds towards them, and say whether all this is not literally the result which would follow, granting that our doctrines are from God, and that the whole world is enslaved to, and blinded by, the devil."

I said nothing, but shrugged my shoulders and sighed.

"Now, then, go further. Take the Bible, which we allege to be inspired by Almighty God, while we allege also that the whole body of Catholic doctrine is equally from God. Now it is evident that whether or not the text of the Bible is *sufficient to prove* the truth of any professing Christian doctrine, no system which really contradicts the Bible can be

true ; while we may reasonably expect that the true system, when found, will explain the whole Bible, except, of course, prophetic passages, or passages which do not appear to have any direct bearing on *revelation*, as such. Here, then, is a third fact, which I pray you to account for on any other supposition than the truth of Catholicism. There is not a single Protestant sect on earth which is not compelled to shirk or do violence to a considerable number of passages in Scripture. Some violate one set of texts, some another ; but all have a manifest reluctance to approach *some* texts. Now, on the contrary, I will engage to shew you that the Catholic system supplies a rational, unforced, intelligible and respectful interpretation of the whole Bible from beginning to end. Observe, I am not saying that there is enough in the Bible to *prove* every Catholic dogma or practice ; but I am ready to shew you that there is nothing that *contradicts* any dogma or practice ; and I defy *any* person, not a Catholic, to do the same, on *his* system. You will, of course, understand, that in saying this I do not pretend that there are no extraordinarily *obscure* passages in Scripture, prophetic and otherwise, which I cannot explain at all. Such as these, no Protestant can explain, any more than I can ; but they are not passages bearing on doctrinal or moral controversy, being simply difficult, and not in any degree contradictory to Catholicism. Now, if this is the case, how do you account for the phenomenon, if Catholicism is false ?

“ I can only say again,” I answered, “ that *if* what you say is true, I have no explanation to give. But you will scarcely expect me to admit the fact.”

“ No doubt, no doubt,” exclaimed Cumberland, “ you don’t admit it now ; but a single morning’s conversation would prove it to you to a demonstration ; and this I pledge myself to do the very first day you will name. In the meantime let me go on with my case ; for you see I am doing what the lawyers do in a trial ; they first give an outline of their argument, and then call the witnesses. Following up the same line of reasoning, the next fact that strikes me is the peculiar mode in which Catholics pray, and speak out religious topics. You know what a strange, inharmonious thing religious conversation is with Protestants, good, bad, and indifferent. The immense majority absolutely ignore it ; they literally *can’t* talk on religion. If circumstances force the subject for a moment, they mutter a cant phrase or two in a solemn voice, and then go to something else. As to the ‘ religious world,’ as they call it, I ask you, does their manner of speaking on religious things strike you as what you would expect from persons

who were conversant with spiritual objects as realities? I don't say they are not sincere, at least sometimes. Far from it: I have no doubt of their sincerity; but I do say, that nine-tenths of their religious talk is not the genuine outpouring of the heart and the mind. It flows from a consciousness of what they *ought to say*, and not from that habitual intercourse with Almighty God and the invisible world which you see exemplified in the ready, easy, unaffected conversation of Catholics. You would say, I have little doubt, that we Catholics talked in too business-like a style to be in earnest; but I reply, that when the mind is *habitually* occupied on any subject, even of the most intense interest, or the most awful solemnity, its general mode of expressing itself will be straightforward, unimpassioned, and (as I just said) business-like. Depend upon it, if men *cannot* go about their daily religious duties with their usual natural ease and simplicity, or talk on spiritual subjects without altering their tone of voice, or making long faces, it is a sure proof that the invisible world is an unknown world to them. Here, then, is another pregnant suggestion by which you may guess whether or not Catholics have a knowledge of God and his Saints, and whether they have a supernatural faculty by which they hold intercourse with what is unseen, quite unlike any thing that is born in the heart or mind of man."

"Well," said I, when he stopped speaking, "this is all new to me, and sufficiently marvellous. I confess I am puzzled and bewildered; and more than that, I cannot help seeing how strangely your words look like truth. Whether or not they can be answered, and whether you can establish the facts you have assumed, I know not; but I give you my word, I will hear all you have to say; and if you *do* convince me, then—oh! then—God help me!"

And thus this conversation ended. My time for returning to Oxford was now at hand; but I felt so disinclined to return, that my father, who could ill spare me, made some excuse to the head of my college, and I arranged to remain till Christmas at Morley Court. I saw Cumberland repeatedly. I need not detail any more of our arguments, for they soon took the ordinary course of discussions between Catholic and Protestant. The more I pondered on his proofs of the correctness of the facts he had asserted to be true in the conversations I have recorded, the more I saw it was impossible to doubt them. Thus I began to feel as if I were in the presence of something more than human. The greatness, the majesty, the awful grandeur of the Catholic Church rose up before me long before I was convinced of the truth of her



exclusive claims. She looked all divine; I saw her power, her strength, her unity, even in the excesses of her children, and the struggling warfare she waged with the world. I saw that she explained the tremendous mystery of life; not, in truth, as daring curiosity might desire to have it explained, but she gave *an* explanation, an explanation which *might be* true, while no other that I could hear of *could be* true; an explanation in harmony with the facts of the natural world, clear enough to satisfy my reason, dark enough to humble my pride; an explanation which at least diminished the mysteriousness of existence, which violated no laws of evidence, which did not assume known contradictions, or account man and his nature to be different from what they are; an explanation which I could only reject at the expense of receiving as true the most startling of absurdities, and without accepting as an alternative the most unproved assumptions. Thus I gazed and lingered in that majestic presence, fascinated, subdued, and by degrees attracted. Then the more positive proofs of the truth of Catholicism one by one made themselves clear to my judgment; and I said to myself, "It is now evidently but a matter of time." At last I could delay no longer. I must tell my father. What he would say, I dared not calculate. Some opposition I looked for, but expected that he would yield at last. One day I was walking with him, and could contain myself no longer. I seized his hand, and cried,

"My dearest father, forgive me for what I am going to say." He stopped, turned pale, looked me in the face, and hoarsely replied,

"For God's sake, Basil, tell me, what is it?"

"Father," said I, "I must be a Catholic."

I would have dropped his hand, but he now held mine in his turn.

"Basil," he slowly said, "have you counted the cost?"

"I have."

"Are you well convinced? or are you labouring under excited feelings?"

"I have not ceased to examine the question from every possible side for months past."

"Would you renounce my love and your worldly prospects, rather than forego your determination?"

I tried to fathom his countenance, but to no purpose.

"Father," I said, "I dare not refuse to listen to the voice of God."

He went on looking me steadfastly in the face, then wrung my hand convulsively, and replied,

“Go, my boy; go wherever you have determined to go, and come back, and fear nothing.”

He turned round as he spoke, and left me speechless with surprise. Three days afterwards I was received into the Catholic Church by Cumberland.

[To be continued.]

## COLLECTIONS ILLUSTRATING THE HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH BENEDICTINE CONGREGATION.

### CHAPTER VIII.

#### *The English Benedictine Nunnery at Cambray.*

THE system of education pursued by the ladies who form the subject of this chapter, recommended them to the esteem and respect of all France, until the spirit of revolutionary infidelity brutalised its people. But let us trace the history of the foundation of this valuable establishment.

Nine young ladies commenced the community, under the superintendence of three Benedictine dames from the mother house at Brussels, viz. Frances Gawen, Potentiana\* or (as Dr. Milner says in the *Directory* of 1796, p. 6) Pudentiana Deacon, and Vivina Yaxley. These young ladies had been brought to the premises in Cambray which had been provided for them by the active zeal of F. Rudesind Barlow. In the Lord Archbishop of the city, Monseigneur Francis Vanderburgh, they experienced the most friendly reception. On the Sunday, 24th of December, 1623, he opened their chapel under the title of our Lady of Comfort; on the following Sunday he gave them the habit, assisted by F. Barlow, and soon after they were placed under that great master of a spiritual life, F. Austin Baker. The names of these nine religious have been carefully preserved by Mr. Weldon (p. 121), viz.

HELEN (GERTRUDE) MORE, daughter of Cresacre More, little grandson to Sir Thomas More, of illustrious memory. She survived until 17th August, 1633.

MARGARET (LUCY) VAVASSOUR, daughter of William Va-

\* I cannot find a female Saint of this name in the Calendar, though in the Bollandist catalogue I meet with Potentianus, 31st December. St. Vivina was a Saint of Brabant, whose feast was kept on 17th December. Devotion may have furnished the feminine Potentiana, as Maura, Anselma, &c.

vassour, of Hazlewood, county of York. Ob. 18th August, 1676.

ANN (BENEDICTA) MORGAN, daughter of Thomas Morgan, of Weston, county of Warwick, Esq. Ob. 18th April, 1640.

CATHARINE GASCOIGNE, daughter to Sir John Gascoigne, of Barnbow, county of York. She survived till 21st May, 1676.

GRACE (AGNES) MORE. Ob. 4th March, 1655.

ANN MORE. Ob. 9th November, 1662.

N.B. These two were cousins to Gertrude.

FRANCES (MARY) WATSON, daughter of Richard Watson, of the county of Bedford. This lady was a convert to the Catholic faith. Ob. 10th June, 1660.

MARY HOSKINS and MARTHA JANE MARTIN entered as lay-sisters. The former survived till 4th March, 1667; the latter rested from her labours 15th April, 1631. The Archbishop for himself and his successors resigned the government of the convent to the English Fathers of the order.

#### Abbesses.

DAME FRANCES GAWEN, elected at the third general chapter of the Congregation, holden at Douay, 2d July, 1625. She was daughter of Thomas Gawen of Norrington, Wilts, Esq., a great sufferer for the Catholic faith. From the 31st July, 1647, until the day of his death, 1st June, 1656, he submitted to the yearly forfeiture of 373*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* for Popish recusancy, as I learn from the Exchequer Roll. This worthy ex-abbess died before him on 7th May, 1640.

DAME CATHARINE GASCOIGNE was elected at the fourth general chapter, 2d July, 1629, and continued in office until 9th August, 1641. She was then employed by the Archbishop in reforming the monastery of St. Lazarus. At the ninth general chapter, in 1645, she was re-elected abbess, and was forced to retain the office till 1673. In her last quadriennium she celebrated her jubilee. Her pious death occurred on 21st May, 1676, æt. 76, rel. 53. During her superiority, a colony was sent to Paris to establish a new house, of which Dame Bridget More was chosen the first prioress, 20th February, 1652. Twelve years later, 12th March, 1664, Monsieur de Touche gave them his house.\*

\* It was situated in Champ d'Alouette. The community is now happily settled in the county of Stafford.



MARY (CHRISTINA) BRENT, elected at the eighth general chapter, 9th August, 1641, and again from 1677 to 1681. Shortly after the expiration of her office she died, 14th September, 1681.

CATHARINE (MAURA) HALL, elected in 1673. She was youngest daughter of Benedict Hall of High Meadow, county of Gloucester, Esq., by his wife Ann, of the Somerset family. To this convent her mother retired about two years before her death, and was buried amongst the religious, ob. 20th March, 1676, æt. 79. Her daughter dying twenty years later, 17th March, 1692, was deposited in the same grave.

DAME MAURINA APPLETON governed the house from 1681, until her happy death, 29th January, 1694, æt. 74, rel. 51.

DAME SCHOLASTICA HOUGHTON, elected in 1697; and for another quadriennium in 1710. She died, 2d August, 1726.

DAME MARGARET SWINBURN, elected in 1701, re-elected in 1713, and continued in office until God called her to Himself, 20th April, 1740.

CECILIA HUSSEY, elected at the twenty-fourth general chapter, holden in London, 1705.

HELEN (JOSEPH) GASCOINGE, elected in 1741. Her government lasted for thirty-two years, and shortly after, viz. 25th January, 1774, she departed to our Lord.

AGNES INGLEBY, elected in 1773. This jubilarian held office until her death, 1st March, 1789.

MARY (CHRISTINA) HOOK succeeded in 1789. This jubilarian died abbess on 3d August, 1792.

CLARE KNIGHT followed, but died on 30th October, the same year (1792), aged 52, rel. 35.

LUCY BLYDE was called to preside in critical times.

The Community (twenty-one in number) were taken from their peaceful convent at half an hour's notice on Friday 18th October, 1793, and sent in open carts to the prison in Compeigne, where they were doomed to remain until 24th April, 1795. Four of their number sunk under their hardships. In covered carts the survivors were conveyed to Calais by the 1st May, and embarking the next morning, reached Dover in the course of that evening. After a day's rest they started on Monday for London, which they reached late that night. The Marchioness of Buckingham hired a house for them, No. 2 Hereford Street, Oxford Row. After staying about a fortnight in London, they proceeded to Woolton House near

Liverpool, which their worthy president, Dr. Brewer, had provided for them; and here the abbess re-opened the school. See the advertisement in the *Directory* of 1796. The Rev. Mother continued to hold office till 1802. She had to remove once more in the summer of 1807, to Abbot's Salford, in Warwickshire, and there she ended her days in peace, 12th August, 1816, aged 89, jub. 15.

DAME THERESA SHEPHERD, elected in 1802. She died at Salford, 12th June, 1809, æt. 47, prof. 29.

DAME AGNES ROBINSON, elected in 1806. She quitted Woolton with her subjects on 31st July, 1807, for Salford, aforesaid. After presiding for eight years, she was re-elected in 1818 for a similar period, and died 4th June, 1830.

DAME AUSTIN SHEPHERD, elected in 1814, and died in office, 13th February, 1818.

DAME CHRISTINA CHARE, elected 1822, died abbess, 14th April, 1830.

MARY (GERTRUDE) WESTHEAD, elected 1830; she continued to govern her dear community for sixteen years, and shortly after meekly resigned her soul to God, on 17th November, 1846, at Stanbrook, near Worcester, æt. 65, prof. 40, where she had comfortably established her charge on 28th May, 1838.\*

SCHOLASTICA GREGSON, elected in 1846; and we rejoice to know that under her auspices the convent goes on prosperously.

## CHAPTER IX.

### *Series of Presidents.*

We may premise that the elections were quadriennial—that a first and a second president were chosen at the general chapter; so that in case of the failure of the first elect, the second should at once succeed to his authority—that for a considerable period, it was usually required that the president should reside on the continent, and not in England, during his tenure of office; and that this restriction was first removed in

\* In a letter received from the Very Rev. Director at the time, he states: "The choir and school-duties went on at Salford until 28th May, 1838. Matins and Lauds were said there on the preceding night, and on the following morning at six o'clock Prime was chanted at Stanbrook. This habitation is in every respect superior to the former. It consists of a centre and two wings: the centre is 120 feet in length. The apartments of the chaplain and guests occupy the left wing as you approach the convent; the right wing forms the chapel. The pensioners' apartments extend beyond the chapel."

favour of the president, F. Claude White, elected in 1653; after which they were left free either to live in or out of England. (*Weldon's Notes*, p. 178-9.) We may add further, that from courtesy to the Spanish Benedictine general, the chapter continued, even several years after the promulgation of the Bull *Plantata*, to wait for his confirmation of their choice; but the inconvenience resulting from such delay induced them to embrace the freedom granted them by the Holy See, and assert their independence of all other congregations.

### Presidents.

GABRIEL A S. MARIA, *alias* WILLIAM GIFFORD, D.D., *primus præses congregationis renuntiatus viâ dum a suis factus præses*, &c. (*Apostolatus*, part ii. p. 198.) His election took place in June 1617. See Chapter III. on his promotion to Episcopacy in the ensuing year.

DOM LEANDER A S. MARTINO, *alias* JONES, D.D., the second president elect, supplied for the remainder of the quadriennium. He was re-elected at the fifth general chapter convened at Douay in 1633. Dying in office 27th December, 1635 (see Chapter I.), he was succeeded by

RUDESIND BARLOW, D.D., elected at the second general chapter, holden at Douay 2d July, 1621. At the expiration of his term, neither the first president elect, F. Justus Edner, *alias* Rigg, nor the second, F. John Harper, would accept the post; so that F. Barlow continued to govern with the title of president administrator. See an account of this learned doctor in Chapter I.

F. SIGEBERT BAGSHAW: though the second president elect, he was duly inducted at the fourth general chapter, 1629, as the first president elect, F. Bennet Jones, was unable to attend. We have mentioned him under St. Edmund's.

CLEMENT REYNER, elected at the seventh general chapter, which had been delayed on account of the wars until 9th August, 1639. See art. Lambspring.

JOCELIN (A S. MARIA) ELMER, elected at the eighth general chapter at Douay, 1641. See him under St. Lawrence's and St. Bennet's.

RICHARD (WILFRID A S. MICHAELE) SELBY, was chosen at the ninth general chapter, 1645. See Chapter VII.

PLACID GASCOIGNE followed in 1649. The dignity of Abbot of Lambspring becoming void by the death of F. Clement Reyner in 1651, Pope Innocent X., at the suggestion of



F. Selby aforesaid, authorised him to continue on his presidency to the end of the quadriennium (*Weldon*, p. 166), and to be abbot also. See Chapter V.

CLAUDE WHITE, elected in the eleventh general chapter, holden at Paris in 1653. Dying at St. Edmund's in that city 14th October, 1655, F. Lawrence Reyner, second elect president, undertook to administer the government till the next chapter.

ROBERT (PAUL) ROBINSON, D.D., was chosen president at the twelfth general chapter, convened also at Paris in 1657; but within two years sent in his renunciation, which gave offence to the Fathers, according to *Weldon* (p. 178), who adds in the same page, that "he was wonderfully acceptable to his Majesty King Charles II. He was of a noble family, a famous lawyer before he came to religion, a finely spoken man, and very polite in all respects" (p. 186). He died at Longwood, in Hampshire, 6th August, 1667, æt. 66.

CUTHBERT HORSLEY supplied the two years of the quadriennium of the last-mentioned president. We have mentioned him in our second chapter.

AUSTIN HUNGATE, elected at the thirteenth general chapter at Douay, 1661. During his superiority, Douay was ravaged by the plague, so that the next chapter was delayed until 1666, when he was continued in office. He had been professed at Mt. Serrat in Spain. His earthly pilgrimage terminated in Yorkshire at the house of his niece, Lady Fairfax, 2d January, 1672, at the venerable age of 88.

BENNET STAPLETON, D.D., elected at the fifteenth general chapter, convened at St. James's, London, 1669. He died in office, which he held for eleven years, and in very difficult times, on 4th August, 1680, æt. 58, at St. Lawrence's, Dieulwart. His epitaph is preserved in *Weldon's Notes*, p. 202.

JOSEPH SHIREBURN succeeded, and presided for sixteen consecutive years. He died in office of a dead palsy at St. Edmund's, Paris, 9th April, 1697, aged 69. For a further account of this worthy religious see our fourth chapter.

AUSTIN HOWARD filled up the remainder of his predecessor's term: he was elected president at the twenty-third chapter, at Douay, in 1701. He died 26th August, 1718.

BERNARD GREGSON was chosen president at the twenty-second general chapter, holden at London, according to *Weldon* (p. 219), in 1698, "in which the rev. Fathers decreed, that no president, provincial, conventual prior, and abness should

be chosen immediately again to the same office." He was rechosen at the twenty-fourth general chapter, at London, in 1705. Ob. 27th January, 1711.

GREGORY RIDDELL, who had been professed at Lamb-spring 21st March, 1688, was elected president by the twenty-fifth general chapter, at Douay, in 1710. Ob. 1st March, 1730.

FRANCIS WATMOUGH, who had filled the office of prior of St. Lawrence's nine years, succeeded as president in 1714. He lived till 15th August, 1733.

LAURENCE FENWICK succeeded in 1718 for the next quadriennium. Ob. 4th June, 1746.

THOMAS SOUTHCOTT, S.T.P., elected in 1722, and is stated to have presided for twenty-four successive years. Ob. 24th October, 1748.

CUTHBERT FARNWORTH succeeded in 1746, and died in office, 1st January, 1754.

PLACID HOWARD succeeded, and continued president for sixteen years. Ob. 5th July, 1776.

PLACID NAYLOR, elected in 1770, and served but one quadriennium. Died at Paris early in 1794?

JOHN FISHER succeeded in 1774. This jubilarian died 27th January, 1793, æt. 84.

GEORGE (AUSTIN) WALKER, who had been prior of St. Edmund's, at Paris, for a considerable period, was now called to govern the Congregation, in 1778. He died at Compeigne, 13th January, 1794.

WILLIAM (GREGORY) COWLEY, a long time prior at Paris, was now promoted to the office of president. This accomplished gentleman had previously taught natural philosophy and theology there for a considerable period before his promotion, and endeared himself to all classes of our countrymen who visited Paris, by his politeness and cordial hospitality. Dr. Johnson used to describe him as "the amiable Mr. Cowley;" and Mrs. Piozzi, in her anecdotes of the Doctor, says, p. 92, the "Prior of the Benedictine Convent at Paris, Rev. Wm. Cowley, and the Doctor, parted with tears of tenderness." This truly good man continued in office until his happy death. The event, so distressing to his subjects and numerous acquaintance, took place at Vernon Hall, near Liverpool, on Monday, 19th June, 1799, aged 67.

JOHN (BEDE) BREWER, D.D., succeeded F. Cowley, as

Prior James (Jerome) Sharrock, the second elect president, declined. He was re-elected in 1802. He was appointed to the Bath Mission in 1776, which had been served by the Benedictines at least since August 1687. Till his time the chapel had stood in Bell-Tree House. He undertook to rebuild one in St. James's Parade. It was to have been opened on Sunday, the 11th June, 1780; but the rioters, who had commenced their outrages in London in the early part of that month, sent down emissaries to excite the mob at Bath, who on Friday the 9th made a furious attack upon the new chapel and demolished it, together with the house in Bell-Tree Lane. Here the *Register*, commencing with the visit of K. James II. to Bath, and the valuable library and papers of Bishop Walmesley, were consumed by the flames, or plundered. Dr. Brewer nearly fell a victim to the ferocious rabble, who pursued him through several streets. Two of the principal inns inhumanly refused him protection; even the townhall denied him shelter; but at last he sought and obtained refuge at the Greyhound Inn, and escaped by a back door. In 1781 he left Bath for Lancashire, chiefly residing at Woolton, near Liverpool. He held the dignity of president until his death, 18th April, 1822, and was buried in Peel-street Chapel, Liverpool.

DR. RICHARD MARSH (*dilectus Deo et hominibus*) followed on 18th April, 1822, and remained in office until the chapter of 1826. He was called again to preside on the death of his immediate successor, F. Birdsall, and resigned in 1842.

JOHN (AUSTIN) BIRDSALL, who retained office eleven years, until his death, 2d August, 1837.

LUKE (BERNARD) BARBER was elected at the chapter of 1842; re-elected at the two last chapters; and may he long preside over his flourishing community.

In conclusion, I must say, that I should be ungrateful indeed, if I did not tender to him my warmest acknowledgments for his courtesy and promptitude in satisfying my numerous inquiries. To the Prior also of St. Gregory's, Downside, I must ever hold myself deeply indebted.

*St. Nicholas' Priory, Exeter,*  
15 Oct. 1850.

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## THE MYSTERY OF THE PASSION AT OBER AMMERGAU IN BAVARIA.

*To the Editor of the Rambler.*

DEAR SIR,—It will perhaps not be uninteresting to your readers and the public, if, with your permission, I describe the dramatic performance of the mystery of our Lord's Passion, as I witnessed it in September last at Ober Ammergau, in Upper Bavaria. And first, a few words on the origin of this remarkable performance, the only one of its kind, I believe, kept up at this day in Christendom. Common as such dramas were in Europe during the middle ages, they were yet in an especial manner the delight of the mountaineers of the Tyrol and South Germany, among whom they continued to flourish as usual long after the Reformation had entailed their suppression every where else.

In 1633, Partenkirch, Eschenlohe, and Kohlgrub, villages adjacent to Ober Ammergau, but separated from it by a high mountain, were visited by a sort of plague, which carried off half the population. For a short time Ober Ammergau, protected by its situation and the precautions taken, escaped the evil. But a field-labourer of the place, employed for the summer at Eschenlohe, anxious to assist at the wake of his native village, approached it by a secret mountain-path, and brought with him the infection, of which he and all his family, with eighty more persons, died in less than a week. Under the pressure of such a calamity, the community, with the advice of their pastor and the neighbouring monks of Ettal, made a solemn vow of deprecation, engaging publicly to perform every ten years, for ever, the mystery of our Saviour's Passion, as an homage of thanksgiving, and work of edification. The plague is said to have ceased directly, and in the year following, the vow was fulfilled for the first time, nor has it failed to be so pretty regularly ever since. Last year being the tenth since the last performance of the mystery, in 1840, twelve Sunday representations have been given, as usual, during the summer, from May to October.

Having hired a carriage for the purpose, I left Partenkirch at five o'clock on Sunday morning, for Ober Ammergau, so as to arrive in good time for the beginning of the mystery at eight. After a brisk drive of an hour, I reached the foot of the long and steep ascent into the Ammer valley, and had to alight and walk till the summit was attained. Here I found

other vehicles, full of company of all kinds, also arrived, as well as numerous parties of pedestrians, including many priests, some of whom had been walking all night. At last the dome of the church of Ettal, so famous in these parts for its architecture and its fine organ, appeared in sight, crowning the hill. At this place peasant-boys offered us play-bills of the mystery for sale, and a strangely solemn effect it made on me as I read the announcement, which ran as follows:

“The great Sacrifice of Reconciliation on Golgotha, or the history of the Passion of Jesus according to the four Evangelists, with living tableaux from the Old Testament, faithfully acted for reflection and edification, by gracious permission of lawful authority, at Ober Ammergau, in Upper Bavaria.” Impatient to arrive at the spot, I immediately resumed my seat behind the driver, who hastened on at full speed, and in half an hour brought me to my destination,—the bleak and rambling village of Ober Ammergau, with its quaintly frescoed walls and buildings. It was a little past seven o’clock, the church-bells were ringing, mortars exploding, in honour of the day, and every thing in a state of unspeakable confusion, from the concourse of carriages and strangers. With some trouble I made my way through the crowd to the ticket-office, procured the best seat I could, and forthwith followed the stream of people to the theatre, erected on a meadow outside the village. On taking my place and looking around, I found myself in a square enclosure of wood, of vast dimensions, open to the sky, with rows of benches rising like an amphitheatre from the orchestra to the opposite end, where the view was terminated by the “noble gallery,” or boxes, a few gay-looking seats raised above the rest, and placed under cover. The entire theatre, I was told, was calculated to accommodate 6000 spectators. Immediately before me was the stage, surmounted by colossal figures of Faith, Hope, and Charity, painted on the lofty frontispiece. It was divided into two parts; the proscenium or outward stage before, and the inner stage behind, the curtain. The former measured 90 feet in width, and projected about 16 feet before the latter. It exhibited on the right hand the house of Annas the high-priest, and on the left that of Pilate; both provided with balconies, and connected with the side scenes by arches, through which the eye caught a perspective of streets in Jerusalem. These houses shut in the inner stage, about 30 feet wide, the curtain of which hung between them; and this being also painted to represent a scene in Jerusalem, the entire background of the proscenium displayed a view of the Holy City. The whole of this scenery, it is true, was executed in a man-

ner rude enough, and sinned much against correct taste ; but it not the less produced a powerful effect on the imagination, by its novelty, its significancy, and a certain barbaric grandeur of design displayed throughout. Meanwhile the audience kept pouring in at every door, presenting in the bright sunshine a most animating spectacle, especially the peasantry, from various districts of Bavaria and the Tyrol, in their picturesque costumes. Their behaviour too was befitting the occasion,—a subdued tone prevailing through the din of voices, and a gravity of demeanour pervading the looks of every one, indicating the consciousness of a solemn act. Indeed, I observed not a few saying their prayers.

Eight o'clock, the hour appointed for the mystery to begin, at length struck. After a few minutes' delay three discharges of cannon gave the anxiously expected signal, and the orchestra immediately struck up the overture. At first it was scarcely audible in the confusion of people still settling in their seats; but gradually a deep silence prevailed. As it drew to its close all eyes were fixed intently on the stage, where, as the last melancholy chords still vibrate on the ear, a stately figure slowly enters from the right hand, presently followed by seven others gradually diminishing in height to the last; they are met by seven from the opposite side, and all take up their position in a row in the middle of the proscenium. They are attired in white tunics, gloves, and stockings, in flowing mantles of different colours, in richly embroidered belts and sandals, and wear on their heads gilt coronets with plumes. The solemnity of their appearance is like that of priests issuing forth to celebrate high mass. On consulting my bill, I found them styled "Guardian Spirits;" in other words, they were the "chorus." Crossing their hands upon their breasts and making simultaneously a deep reverence to the audience, the leader advanced a step, and begun the prologue as follows:

"Cast yourselves down in wonder to the earth,  
Oh, race beneath Jehovah's curse oppress'd!  
Peace to you! rejoice! Again is grace from Sion.  
Not always is He wroth, the offended one.  
Thus saith the Lord: 'The sinner's death  
I wish not,'" &c.

Then, on coming to the words,

"Behold the mystery of God, the sacrifice on Moriah,  
The image of the cross on Golgotha,"—

The speaker and his companions separate right and left, ranging themselves in an oblique line with the pillars of the inner



stage, the curtain of which rises and discovers a living tableau of two groups: Adam and Eve driven from Paradise, and the Sacrifice of Isaac. With hands pointing to these tableaux, the chorus, accompanied by the orchestra, sings their history and typical meaning. Then the curtain descends, and they take their exit in opposite directions, observing the same ceremonious order as at their entrance. The impression profoundly conveyed by the whole proceeding was that a religious rite was being performed; while those wonderful times of old, when the dance and the drama formed part of the ceremonies of public worship, not only in pagan antiquity, but also in the Christian middle ages, seemed suddenly restored. Indeed the chorus of guardian spirits at Ober Ammergau had a two-fold interest for the spectator, as realising in its full significance the classical chorus of the Greek drama, only penetrated by a Christian spirit.

As soon as the chorus had retired, the first act of the mystery itself was played. The curtain again ascended and presented the inner stage, crowded with the Jewish populace strewing boughs and shouting "Hosanna!" in honour of our Saviour's triumphant entry into Jerusalem, who presently emerged to view arrayed in lilac robe and mantle of dark red, seated on his ass and attended by his disciples. Slowly He advanced amid the enthusiastic demonstration on to the proscenium, where He dismounted and began to address the multitude. It was indeed a sensation wholly new, thus to have our blessed Lord before me as it were in his living shape, to see Him move from place to place, to hear Him speak to the Jews, the man God, the Saviour of the world. I confess I had had my fears lest the awful ideal which the mind vaguely forms from holy writ and the works of Christian art should be disturbed by a dramatic representation, such a one at least as a set of illiterate peasants might be apt to devise. But happily it was not so. This appearance of our Lord on the stage, if it did not indeed heighten the ideal as it existed in my mind, at least made it clearer to my perceptions, and engraved it more vividly on my imagination. For while the very looks of the actor of the part, the native refinement and piety of his features, his graceful figure and parted hair flowing over his shoulders, were such as an artist might have chosen to study, his performance evinced in the quiet dignity of his gestures, and the unction of his voice, despite a certain monotony of tone, that conception of the character which he supported which produced on all the profoundest impression. He made it felt from his first entrance, that notwithstanding the jubilee and tokens of veneration that greeted him, he was the prede-

tined victim of the fickle multitude; the lamb that was to die for the sins of the world.

The act concluded with his expulsion of the money-changers from the Temple amid the applause of the Jewish people and the wrath of the Scribes and Pharisees; the whole performed with a homely truth of nature that was very striking and not without some pious hilarity on the part of the audience at the upsetting of the money-tables, the escape of votive lambs and pigeons, and the rage and avarice of the profane traffickers scrambling to recover their property.

The next act, ushered in without pause by the chorus, as at first, and by a living tableau of the Sons of Jacob plotting against Joseph, presented the synedrium of the Jewish priests and doctors met together under the auspices of Caiphas and Annas to take counsel how Jesus should be destroyed. The view of this assembly in full debate, and in their variegated robes, was highly imposing. Caiphas with his crescent-shaped mitre glittering on his head, opened the proceedings in a speech beginning, "Most reverend members of our sacred college," and delivered himself with a racy emphasis of style and purity of language, that gained him general approbation. A stormy debate ensued full of character; the aggrieved money-changers were introduced to make their complaints, and with the unanimous adoption of measures against our Saviour as a seducer of the people, the act closed.

In the third act, preceded by two tableaux, of Tobias parting from his parents, and the Bride in the Canticles bewailing the loss of her Bridegroom, the blessed Virgin first appeared. The scene being at Bethany in Simon the leper's house, where her divine Son takes leave of her and his disciples after He has been perfumed with spikenard, to the great scandal of Judas, who from that hour takes part against Him. On this occasion St. Peter cries aloud: "O Master! my old head can in no wise comprehend this parting!" The character of our blessed Lady was not well sustained; she whined and whimpered too much for the dignity of our Lord's mother. The truth was, she had gone to Munich to take lessons from an actress of the theatre there, thinking thus to attain perfection, though all she gained were a few vapid airs, which spoiled her. This had been soon perceived on her return, but it was too late to recast the part. That her expression was very devotional, and her figure elegant, made her theatrical affectation the more to be regretted.

The scene at Bethany occupied the third act; thirteen more, severally preluded by the chorus and living tableaux from the Old Testament, followed; thus making the mystery



consist of sixteen acts in all. One of the most pleasing was the last supper, in which Leonardo da Vinci's picture was realised in a manner not less beautiful than new. Indeed, throughout the whole piece, it was clear, especially in the personation of our Lord and his Apostles, that the rustic players of Ober Ammergau were fully alive to the grouping of the most celebrated painters who have treated the subject. This surprising feeling for classic art in such people was also strikingly exhibited in the living tableaux, which it was with some difficulty at first I could persuade myself were really composed of breathing men and women, so admirably was the deception kept up. In that, for example, which prefigured the last supper, and shewed the Israelites in the desert fed with manna, upwards of 300 performers took part, among whom, in the foreground, I observed a woman with a child in her arms, certainly not more than three years old, but yet so well trained that it held up its little hands to catch the heavenly food, motionless as a statue, like the best of them, for at least five minutes, till the curtain dropped. Another remarkable feature was the emphatic way in which the Jewish populace played its part; simply because every one acted from a pure feeling of sacred duty alone, and thus gave to his part, however subordinate, a reality and life in singular contrast with the profane stage, where scenes of popular commotion usually prove so flat and tame. In addition to the parts of Caiphaz and our Saviour, those of Pilate and Judas should be mentioned as superior specimens of natural acting. The avarice and despair of the last, notwithstanding some grotesque exaggeration, was really a powerful delineation in the rough.

The last act but one comprised the events of the crucifixion. Our Saviour bearing his cross till He sinks under it; the Roman captain, on horseback, leading the way; behind Him the two thieves with the executioners; the fiendish exultation of the populace, broken by the wailing of women and the words of Jesus, "Weep not, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, for me, but weep for yourselves and your children!" Then Simon of Cyrene is compelled to take up the cross. All this was played in a manner the most affecting. At the end of the scene the curtain drops, and a deepened feeling of awe seizes the audience, as the chorus enters divested of its pomp, and arrayed in black mantles, belts, and sandals. The leader advances, and begins a sort of prologue, alternately spoken and sung, descriptive of our Saviour's actual crucifixion, while behind the curtain is plainly heard the tumult of the people and the blows of the hammers. Now the chorus retires, and the curtain again rises, discovering the two thieves



already bound on their upright crosses, while our Saviour still lies on the ground nailed to the accursed tree, waiting the result of the application to Pilate to alter the inscription with which Caiphas and the Pharisees are dissatisfied. At last the answer, "What I have written I have written," is brought back, the offensive scroll is affixed, and amid the shouts of the mob, and the sorrowful cries of his blessed Mother, of Magdalen, and the disciples, Jesus on his cross is elevated aloft. An indescribable spectacle! affording not a mere picture or carved image, but, as it were, the reality itself,—rescinding the lapse of 1800 years, and transporting the mind to the real Calvary, the living crucifixion on Golgotha, in a manner that no book, no effort of the imagination; ever did or could do. The illusion was complete. Now it was that I thought I saw with my eyes and heard with my ears my crucified Redeemer exclaim, "Father, forgive them; they know not what they do!"—to the good thief, "Amen, I say to thee this day shalt thou be with me in paradise;"—to his weeping Mother, "Woman, behold thy son!"—to the disciple, "Behold thy mother!" Then while the Jews challenge Him to descend from the cross, if He be the Son of God, the soldiers throw lots for his garment, and put a sponge with vinegar and gall on a pike to his lips; but He bows his head, and cries, "It is finished!" What then? Is the feeling of all who witness such a sight in the least disturbed because some poor mortars explode for thunder, that a few pasteboard houses topple down as if by an earthquake, that a huge curtain in the background is split from top to bottom? By no means. I shall not easily forget the sight of stern-looking men striking their breasts, and the subdued murmur of emotion which passed through the whole theatre; to say nothing of the sobbing of women when the centurion on guard, who alone fled not at the mimic horror of nature, exclaimed, in rough tremulous tones, "Verily, this man was the Son of God."

The descent from the cross, in which the grouping of Rembrandt seemed to develope itself quite naturally, and the laying in the sepulchre, with all the well-known circumstances recorded in the Gospel, terminated this awful act; for the principal actor, the most arduous of all, who had to remain suspended with his arms stretched out in the crucified posture nearly half an hour, was visibly exhausted, and his hands discoloured from the stoppage of the circulation.

The resurrection was given in the last act, the sixteenth, in which the chorus resumed all its pomp, the music took a joyous and noisy tone, and the company displayed all the

wonders of its stage-machinery in the rising of Christ amid a blaze of glory, waving his flag of triumph, while the guards are struck senseless with terror. Then came on the Scribes and Pharisees to seek Jesus, who is not to be found. This was the signal for a characteristic outburst from the more enthusiastic part of the audience, principally peasants, whose sense of decorum had not been able to keep them wholly in check from the first, but who now, as if by one consent, broke all bounds in giving vent to their zeal for our Saviour and their hatred of his persecutors. They rose from their seats with derisive shouts at the perplexed Pharisees, groans and hisses resounded on all sides, ironical exclamations, such as, "Ay, ay! seek away; you'll find Him at last!" issued from many a shrill throat, old and young, seasoned with such epithets of abuse and insult as may be better supposed than told. Indeed the pious tumult grew so high, that some thought an attack on the stage not unlikely, and a few policemen began to shew themselves at different points. This seemed to soften the irritation, which on the fall of the curtain gradually subsided. A grand allegorical tableau, entitled *The Glorification of the Establishment of the New Covenant*, in which upwards of 400 performers appeared, and representing Christ triumphant, supported on each hand by his faithful disciples, while the high priests and money-changers lay humbled in the dust before Him, was the finale, amid pealing alleluias. The mystery had thus lasted from eight o'clock in the morning till six in the evening, including the usual pause of an hour at noon for dinner, and a further interruption of an hour on account of a storm.

In the dramatic mysteries of the Middle Ages the devil is always a leading character; and I felt disappointed to miss him on the present occasion. But I was told that in 1810 the text of the Ober Ammergau mystery underwent a revision; the reason of which was, that the Bavarian government sought to suppress it, as an abomination in a philosophic age, by refusing the usual license to perform it in that year; and only by the invincible zeal of the community, at last met by the good nature of the king, was the attempt defeated. In the revision then which it was judged advisable to make as some safeguard for the future, while many parts were curtailed and rewritten, that of the devil was wholly suppressed. The mystery as it now stands was first acted in 1811. This year it has been further improved by an entire new wardrobe of a very splendid and graceful design. Nor was it ever so well attended. So great has been the concourse of spectators, not only from distant parts of Germany, but even from France

and Switzerland, that at one of the performances in last July 3000 persons could not gain admittance for want of room; and not to disappoint such a multitude, an extra performance was given on the following Monday.

For the rest, suffice it to say that the impression I received from this wonderful exhibition\* was such, that I shall ever esteem it a grace to have witnessed it. At the same time that I cannot but more deeply than ever deplore, among so many calamities to the public religious life of nations entailed on the world by the "Reformation," the perversion of the modern drama from its sacred to a profane development, whereby an art of all others the most potent in its workings on the mind has been lost to the Church; while had it but enjoyed the same happy auspices in its progress to refinement as have fostered the arts of painting and music, its achievements in the cause of religion would have been proportionately great, and to productions like Racine's *Athalie* would the rude mystery plays of the Middle Ages have ripened, had the ancient faith continued to assert its proper ascendancy over the popular mind. Thus, instead of the debased and noxious thing which the stage has turned out, Christianity in our day would have possessed its own classical drama, which for æsthetical excellence would have vied with that of ancient Greece. Let us hope that such a consummation may still not be impossible, and hail the obscure mystery of Ober Ammergau, so wonderfully surviving through times like ours, as the probable link destined to connect the bygone era of the infancy of the Christian drama with that of its classical perfection yet to come.

I am, dear Sir,  
Very faithfully yours,

Munich.

RICHARD RABY.

## Reviews.

### YEAST.

*Yeast, a Problem.* Reprinted, with corrections and additions, from "Fraser's Magazine." London, J. W. Parker.

WHEN a theological, or quasi-theological, school takes to writing novels, it may fairly be considered to have made some way in the world. Judged by this test, as well as by many

\* Its next occurrence, in the regular course, will be in 1860.



others, Infidelity, from a low Socinianism to the very verge of Atheism, must be admitted to be striding on in this country with awful speed. How widely it has spread, it is of course hopeless to attempt to estimate. Infidelity and Atheism are not yet the fashion, either in the gay world or the intellectual world. It would be a strong measure in an Anglican clergyman to avow his utter disbelief in the inspiration of the Bible. Except over their wine-cups, gentlemen will rarely assert that sensual enjoyment is the *summum bonum* of human existence. English people, moreover, are not prone to theorise. They prefer to be believers and unbelievers at the same time, to a painstaking logical carrying-out of their real scepticism. "God and mammon" is their notion of what is right and fitting, and, above all, practical. Then there are the masses of the people, of whom timid thinkers and conservative fundholders stand in awe. Men who smile at the thought of prayer for themselves are glad to see their daughters and servants go to church. Unbelief is thought a luxury for the rich, a poison for the poor. Nobody with less than five hundred a year ought to be permitted to believe that the Christian religion is false; and nobody with less than five thousand, to say that there is no God.

Yet there are manifestations of the rapidity with which unbelief is making progress, sufficient to fill every Catholic with awe. The Protestant periodical press is almost entirely Rationalist or Atheist; the Puseyite, High Church, and Evangelical journals being almost the only publications which believe in the existence of any definite dogmatic revelation. Of the chief quarterly reviews, the *Edinburgh* is rationalist; the *Westminster and Foreign Quarterly* all but infidel, if not quite so. Of the weekly journals, the *Spectator*, the *Athenæum*, and the *Examiner*, are infidel all but in name; the *Weekly Dispatch* and the *Leader* are professedly infidel. Among the daily papers, the *Daily News* is rationalist, the *Chronicle* puseyiticorationalist, while the *Times* believes in nothing whatsoever. And the case is the same with every species of general literature. You hardly ever meet with a clever book, whether of history, poetry, fiction, or travels, which does not betray the author's disbelief in all dogma as such, and his readiness to accept some new theory by which to explain the physical and moral phenomena of the world and its inhabitants.

Yet hitherto a covering of decency and cowardice is thrown over the whole of this boiling, burning volcano. Here and there, through the crust of ashes and hardened lava, the raging flames burst through, and the traveller hears with terror the rollings and thunderings in the bowels of the earth beneath

his feet. But still the mountain rests comparatively calm. It is only they who have watched the certain working of its laws, who know that the moment for one of its most fearful periodical outbreaks *cannot* be far off, when the heavens will be darkened with clouds of smoke and ashes, and the torrents of fire will burst forth and accomplish all their work of horror and death.

The book with the strange title now before us is as pregnant a specimen of what is going on in the minds of Englishmen at the present hour as any that could well be named. It is reputed to be the production of the author of *Alton Locke*, a species of semi-Chartist novel which appeared not long ago; clever, rhapsodical, caustic, and indicating just that state of mind which we should expect to see progressing towards a condition from which such a work as this *Yeast* would be naturally expected. The writer himself is said to be an Anglican clergyman; indeed, both his books bear a strong internal impress of the profession to which he belongs. *Alton Locke* is the ablest of the two stories, no character in *Yeast* being comparable to the old Scotch bookseller who patronises *Alton*; and no satire equal to the sketch of the Emersonian orator whose follies the old bookseller exposes. Still *Yeast* is a clever, though random and fragmentary production, and contains here and there some striking pictures and some bitter truths.

Its "advance" upon *Alton Locke* is melancholy indeed. With all the writer's anxiety to distinguish between his own views and those of his hero, it is impossible not to see that he is running down the hill at whose base lie sensualism and atheism with frightful speed. In one passage in particular he actually reproduces the most disgusting and blasphemous of the orgies of the first French revolution, and we have the scene of the worship of "the goddess of reason" — of course refined and allegorised, to suit the year 1851 — introduced into a love-episode between a Puseyite young lady and her sentimental, fox-hunting, and sceptical admirer. Other passages also betray the same tendency to recur to the license of days of less respectability and hypocrisy than our own, and tend to confirm us in the belief that we *may* live to see a re-action against the precision and frigid decencies of the last quarter of a century, precisely similar to that which followed upon the reign of Puritanism under Oliver Cromwell.

The hero of the story is a sentimental-sensual, fox-hunting youth, named Lancelot Smith, who falls in love with a Puseyitical damsel, and converts her from a self-indulgent devotion to forms and shams to a species of rationalism and practical

benevolence. In the end the young lady dies of typhus fever ; and as to what becomes of the lover, we are left in the dark. Mixed up with all this are the sayings and doings of a military *roué*, a country squire, a methodist game-keeper, a French artist, a convert to Catholicism, and a mysterious individual without a name, or a country, or a rank, but with an immense fortune and a great fancy for Lancelot ; besides other inferior personages. Parts of the story are told with much power, and the author has evidently a genuine feeling for the miseries of the poor, though how to remedy them he knows not. His mind itself is in a ferment, though he means only to paint the fermentation going on in certain classes of English society, whence the title—*Yeast*—of his book.

The following is a sketch of a nobleman of the new school :

“Lord Minchampstead was one of the few noblemen Lancelot had ever met who had aroused in him a thorough feeling of respect. He was always and in all things a strong man. Naturally keen, ready, business-like, daring, he had carved out his own way through life, and opened his oyster—the world, neither with sword nor pen, but with steam and cotton. His father was Mr. Obadiah Newbroom, of the well-known manufacturing firm of Newbroom, Stag, and Payforall. A stanch Dissenter himself, he saw with a slight pang his son Thomas turn Churchman, as soon as the young man had worked his way up to be the real head of the firm. But this was the only sorrow which Thomas Newbroom, now Lord Minchampstead, had ever given his father. ‘I stood behind a loom myself, my boy, when I began life; and you must do with great means what I did with little ones. I have made a gentleman of you ; you must make a nobleman of yourself.’ Those were almost the last words of the stern, thrifty, old Puritan craftsman, and his son never forgot them. From a mill-owner he grew to coal-owner, ship-owner, banker, railway director, money-lender to kings and princes ; and last of all, as the summit of his own and his compeer’s ambition, to land-owner. He had half-a-dozen estates in as many different counties. He had added house to house, and field to field ; and at last bought Minchampstead Park and ten thousand acres, for two-thirds its real value, from that enthusiastic sportsman Lord Peu de Cervelle, whose family had come in with the Conqueror and gone out with George IV. So, at least, they always said ; but it was remarkable that their name could never be traced further back than the dissolution of the monasteries ; and calumnious Dryasdusts would sometimes insolently father their title on James I. and one of his batches of bought peerages. But let the dead bury their dead. There was now a new lord in Minchampstead ; and every country Caliban was finding, to his disgust, that he had ‘got a new master,’ and must, perforce, ‘be a new man.’ Oh, how the squires swore and the farmers chuckled, when the ‘parvenu’ sold the Minchampstead hounds, and celebrated his 1st of September by exterminating every



hare and pheasant on the estate! How the farmers swore and the labourers chuckled, when he took all the cottages into his own hands and rebuilt them, set up a first-rate industrial school, gave every man a pig and a garden, and broke up all the commons 'to thin the labour-market.' Oh, how the labourers swore and the farmers chuckled, when he put up steam-engines on all his farms, refused to give away a farthing in alms, and enforced the new Poor-law to the very letter. How the country tradesmen swore, when he called them 'a pack of dilatory jobbers,' and announced his intention of employing only London workmen for his improvements. Oh, how they all swore together (behind his back, of course, for his dinners were worth eating), and the very ladies said naughty words, when the stern political economist proclaimed at his own table that 'he had bought Minchampstead for merely commercial purposes, as a profitable investment of capital, and he would see that, whatever else it did, it should *pay*.'

But the new lord heard of all the hard words with a quiet self-possessed smile. He had formed his narrow theory of the universe, and he was methodically and conscientiously carrying it out. True, too often, like poor Keats' merchant brothers,—

Half-ignorant, he turned an easy wheel,  
Which set sharp racks at work to pinch and peel.

But of the harm which he did he was unconscious; in the good which he did he was consistent and indefatigable; infinitely superior, with all his defects, to the ignorant, extravagant, do-nothing Squire Lavingtons around him. At heart, however mammon-blinded, he was kindly and upright. A man of a stately presence; a broad honest north-country face; a high square forehead, bland and unwrinkled. I sketch him here once for all, because I have no part for him after this scene in my *corps de ballet*."

The verses in the subjoined extract are an expression of the feelings which burn in too many a heart at this very hour, as we shall learn one day to our bitter cost. Tregarva is the methodist keeper, with whom Lancelot has struck up a friendship. He is hitting hard at the Established Church with the rough truths his sect know well how to handle.

" 'Oh! sir,' (he says to Lancelot,) 'there's good to be done, believe me, among those poor fellows. They wander up and down the land like hogs and heathens, and no one tells them that they have a soul to be saved. Not one parson in a thousand gives a thought to them. They can manage old folks and little children, sir; but, somehow, they never can get hold of the young men—just those who want them most. There's a talk about ragged schools, now. Why don't they try ragged churches, sir, and a ragged service?'

'What do you mean?'

'Why, sir, the parsons are ready enough to save souls, but it

must be only according to rule and regulation. Before the Gospel can be preached, there must be three thousand pounds got together for a church, and a thousand for an endowment, not to mention the thousand pounds that the clergyman's education costs: I don't think of his own keep, sir—that's little enough, often; and those that work hardest get least pay, it seems to me. But after all that expense, when they've built the church, it's the tradesmen, and the gentry, and the old folk that fill it, and the working men never come near it from one year's end to the other.'

'What's the cause, do you think?' asked Lancelot, who had himself remarked the same thing more than once.

'Half of the reason, sir, I do believe, is that same Prayer-book. Not that the Prayer-book ain't a fine book enough, and a true one; but, don't you see, sir, to understand the virtue of it, the poor fellows ought to be already just what you want to make them.'

'You mean that they ought to be thorough Christians already to appreciate the spirituality of the liturgy.'

'You've hit it, sir. And see what comes of the present plan; how a navvy drops into church by accident, and there he has to sit, like a fish out of water, through that hour's service, staring or sleeping, before he can hear a word that he understands; and, sir, when the sermon does come at last, it's not many of them can make much out of those fine book-words and long sentences. Why don't they have a short simple service, now and then, that might catch the ears of the roughs and the blowens, without tiring out the poor thoughtless creatures' patience, as they do now?'

'Because,' said Lancelot,—'because—I really don't know why. But I think there is a simpler plan than even a ragged service.'

'What then, sir?'

'Field-preaching. If the mountain won't come to Mahomet, let Mahomet go to the mountain.'

'Right, sir; right you are. 'Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in.' And why are they to speak to them only one by one? Why not by the dozen and the hundred? We Wesleyans know, sir,—for the matter of that, every soldier knows,—what virtue there is in getting a lot of men together; how good and evil spread like wildfire through a crowd; and one man, if you can stir him up, will become leaven to leaven the whole lump. Oh! why, sir, are they so afraid of field-preaching? Was not their Master and mine the prince of all field-preachers? Think, if the apostles had waited to collect subscriptions for a church before they spoke to the poor heathens, where should we have been now?'

Lancelot could not but agree. But at that moment a footman came up, and, with a face half laughing, half terrified, said,—

'Tregarva, master wants you in the study. And, please, sir, I think you had better go in too; master knows you're here, and you might speak a word for good, for he's raging like a mad bull.'

'I knew it would come at last,' said Tregarva, quietly, as he followed Lancelot into the house.

It had come at last. The squire was sitting in his study, purple with rage, while his daughters were trying vainly to pacify him. All the men-servants, grooms, and helpers, were drawn up in line along the wall, and greeted Tregarva, whom they all heartily liked, with sly and sorrowful looks of warning.

Here, you sir; you ——, look at this. Is this the way you repay me? I, who have kept you out of the workhouse, treated you like my own child? And then to go and write filthy, rascally, radical ballads on me and mine! This comes of your Methodism, you canting, sneaking hypocrite!—you viper—you adder—you snake—you ——! And the squire, whose vocabulary was not large, at a loss for another synonyme, rounded off his oration by a torrent of oaths; at which Argemone, taking Honoria's hand, walked proudly out of the room, with one glance at Lancelot of mingled shame and love. 'This is your handwriting, you villain! you know it' (and the squire tossed the fatal paper across the table); 'though I suppose you'll lie about it. How can you depend on fellows who speak evil of their betters? But all the servants are ready to swear it's your handwriting.'

'Beg your pardon, sir,' interposed the old butler, 'we didn't quite say that; but we'll all swear it isn't ours.'

'The paper is mine,' said Tregarva.

'Confound your coolness! He's no more ashamed of it than —— Read it out, Smith; read it out, every word, and let them all hear how this pauper, this ballad-singing vagabond, whom I have bred up to insult me, dares to abuse his own master.'

'I have not abused you, sir,' answered Tregarva. 'I will be heard, sir!' he went on in a voice which made the old man start from his seat and clench his fist; but he sat down again. 'Not a word in it is meant for you. You have been a kind and a good master to me. Ask where you will, if I was ever heard to say a word against you. I would have cut off my right hand sooner than write about you or yours. But what I had to say about others lies there, and I am not ashamed of it.'

'Not against me? Read it out, Smith, and see if every word of it don't hit at me, and at my daughters too, by ——, worst of all! Read it out, I say!'

Lancelot hesitated; but the squire, who was utterly beside himself, began to swear at him also, as masters of hounds are privileged to do; and Lancelot, to whom the whole scene was becoming every moment more and more intensely ludicrous, thought it best to take up the paper and begin.

### **A Rough Rhyme on a Rough Matter.**

The merry brown hares came leaping  
Over the crest of the hill,  
Where the clover and corn lay sleeping  
Under the moonlight still.



Leaping late and early,  
 Till under their bite and their tread  
 The swedes, and the wheat, and the barley,  
 Lay cankered, and trampled, and dead.

A poacher's widow sat sighing  
 On the side of the white chalk bank,  
 Where under the gloomy fir-woods  
 One spot in the ley throve rank.

She watched a long tuft of clover,  
 Where rabbit or hare never ran;  
 For its black sour haulm covered over  
 The blood of a murdered man.

She thought of the dark plantation,  
 And the hares, and her husband's blood,  
 And the voice of her indignation  
 Rose up to the throne of God.

'I am long past wailing and whining—  
 I have wept too much in my life:  
 I've had twenty years of pining  
 As an English labourer's wife.

A labourer in Christian England,  
 Where they cant of a Saviour's name,  
 And yet waste men's lives like the vermin's  
 For a few more brace of game.

There's blood on your new foreign shrubs, squire;  
 There's blood on your pointers' feet;  
 There's blood on the game you sell, squire,  
 And there's blood on the game you eat!

'You villain!' interposed the squire, 'when did I ever sell a head of game?'

'You have sold the labouring man, squire,  
 Body and soul to shame,  
 To pay for your seat in the house, squire,  
 And to pay for the feed of your game.

You made him a poacher yourself, squire,  
 When you'd give neither work nor meat;  
 And your barley-fed hares robbed the garden  
 At our starving children's feet;

When packed in one reeking chamber,  
 Man, maid, mother, and little ones lay;  
 While the rain pattered in on the rotting bride-bed,  
 And the walls let in the day!

When we lay in the burning fever  
 On the mud of the cold clay floor,  
 Till you parted us all for three months, squire,  
 At the cursed workhouse door.

We quarrelled like brutes—and who wonders?  
 What self-respect could we keep?  
 Worse housed than your hacks and your pointers,  
 Worse fed than your hogs and your sheep.

\* \* \* \* \*

She looked at the tuft of clover,  
 And wept till her heart grew light;  
 And at last, when her passion was over,  
 Went wandering into the night.

But the merry brown hares came leaping  
 Over the uplands still,  
 Where the clover and corn lay sleeping  
 On the side of the white chalk hill.

‘Surely, sir,’ said Lancelot, ‘you cannot suppose that this latter part applies to you or your family?’

‘If it don’t, it applies to half the gentlemen in the vale, and that’s just as bad. What right has the fellow to speak evil of dignities?’ continued he, quoting the only text in the Bible which he was inclined to make a ‘rule absolute.’ ‘What does such an insolent dog deserve? What don’t he deserve, I say?’

‘I think,’ quoth Lancelot, ambiguously, ‘that a man who can write such ballads is not fit to be your game-keeper, and I think he feels so himself,’ and Lancelot stole an encouraging look at Tregarva.

‘And I say, sir,’ the keeper answered, with an effort, ‘that I leave Mr. Lavington’s service here on the spot, once and for all.’

‘And that you do, my fine fellow!’ roared the squire. ‘Pay the rascal his wages, steward, and then duck him soundly in the weir-pool. He had better have stayed there when he fell in last.’

‘So I had, indeed, I think. But I’ll take none of your money. The day Harry Verney was buried, I vowed that I’d touch no more of the wages of blood. I’m going, sir; I never harmed you, or meant a hard word of all this for you, or dreamt that you or any living soul would ever see it. But what I’ve seen myself, in spite of myself I’ve set down here, and am not ashamed of it. And woe,’ he went on, with an almost prophetic solemnity in his tone and gesture,—‘woe to those who do these things! and woe to those also who, though they dare not do them themselves, yet excuse and defend those who dare, just because the world calls them gentlemen, and not tyrants and oppressors!’

He turned to go. The squire, bursting with passion, sprung up with a terrible oath, turned deadly pale, staggered, and dropped senseless on the floor. They all rushed to lift him up. Tregarva was the first to take him in his arms and place him tenderly in his chair, where he lay back with glassy eyes, snoring heavily in a fit of apoplexy.”

We should add, that the author’s pictures of Catholicism are equally unfair with his pictures of Puseyism. Both are, in fact, deplorable illustrations of the condition of his own mind.

## IRELAND'S DUTY TO ENGLAND.

*Gilbert's Pamphlets on the Catholic Question.* London, Gilbert.

SOME of our readers may perhaps expect from us a notice of the Exhibition now displayed in what is affectedly called the "Crystal Palace" in Hyde Park. We confess that in the present attitude of the English Government to the Catholic Church we cannot force ourselves to entertain any warm feeling of respect or admiration for this or any other manifestation of English pomp and power. We can but view this fragile creation of national self-glorification as the fitting complement to the measures of hostility to the will and sway of Almighty God, which have been introduced into the House of Commons, in order to satisfy the majesty of England, from the Sovereign on the throne down to the lowest ten-pound householder who has a voice in the making of the laws. It is fitting that the world should have a festival of its own, to celebrate its imaginary victory over the Church, by the triumphant majority with which its children have determined to persecute the prelates of Jesus Christ for obeying their Master and his Vicar on earth. Let it celebrate its feast, then, with all the splendour it can muster, amidst the shouting of assembled myriads, with its trumpets, and flags, and cannons, and its "God save the Queen, and confound the Church!" Let it please itself during its day, and imagine that its greatness is to last for ever; that the prosperity of England is self-dependent, and will outlast the shocks of time; and that the nation can once more enter upon its old course of persecution of the Church, without drawing down the vengeance of Him, before whose breath the universe is as fragile as this temple of glass, where the world has gathered together to worship the works of its own hands.

Other subjects occupy *our* thoughts. While the "Royal Commissioners" have been busy in listening for the tidings of contributions of foreign countries, sent to swell the tribute to English luxury, our ears are ever waiting for other sounds from that people which England has conquered but never subdued, which is a thorn in England's side still, and which hereafter may pierce her even to the heart. Humbled, timid, apologising, and ultra-loyal as we English Catholics too often are and too long have been, we rejoice, in our hour of necessity, to remember that Catholicism *in Ireland* is still a power before which an imperial government can be made to tremble. This



is our greatest satisfaction, because in the dread of Irish troubles is our only hope of safety from the English legislature. It will yield nothing to the Church except through *fear*. It cannot, by the very law of its being, be our friend, or grant us any boon from any motives but those of self-interest, because the English Parliament is identical with that "world" which is the enemy of Almighty God and his Church. At one time it will coquet with us, at another it will tempt us, at another it will strike us; but its animating principle never changes; its sole object is to *use* the Church for its own worldly ends, as the devil would have had our Blessed Lord display his divine power by casting himself down from a pinnacle of the temple.

Every conciliatory device, therefore, which is adopted in deprecation of the new penal laws, whether those of Lord John Russell, Mr. Lacy, or any other persecutor, we believe to be worse than useless. It does but tempt our enemies to strike faster and sharper. It betrays our fears. It makes men imagine us weaker than we are; it quickens the malice of our cowardly enemies, as the malice of every bully (and every bully is a coward) is quickened when he sees his victim trembling before his uplifted arm.

Hence it is that we have not been surprised to see the utter absence of effect produced by the various apologies for the hierarchy which have been set before the eyes of the Protestant public. Of what avail has it been to demonstrate that it was not illegal, that it was almost invited by Lord John Russell's ministry, that it involves no diminution in our allegiance to the Queen, that English Catholics have ever been the most "loyal" of subjects? What, we repeat, have we gained by all this pleading before the world? Nothing, absolutely nothing. The English public—(that is, the public of ten-pound householders)—have quietly puffed aside every argument and every fact; they treat us as knaves, liars, fools, and profligates, with precisely the same ignorant arrogance as before; and the House of Commons decrees the second reading of the penal bill by a majority more enormous than the most sanguine of Protestants had dared to hope for. What may be the exact state of Lord John Russell's bill at the moment these lines meet our readers' eyes, it matters not: it *may* be thrust aside by some event in the chapter of accidents; but it will be solely by an accident, and not by any conviction of its absurdity and wickedness wrought in the mind of our legislature and their constituents. We have one hope, and only one, that if the bill is passed, it may be made impossible of enforcement, through the tempest it will have aroused in the Irish nation. Here is our only chance. Many a time already has the echo

of an Irish tempest been heard in the chambers of Downing Street and St. James's Palace, and made even English peers and members of parliament pale. And never yet did Ireland or the Catholic Church gain any thing from the governing Protestantism of this empire, except by working on its fears. It was through fear of Irish rebellion that the penal laws were first relaxed in the end of the last century. It was through fear lest the Irish clergy should become thoroughly French in their nationality that Mr. Pitt founded Maynooth. It was through fear of a fresh rebellion in Ireland, that the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel granted Catholic Emancipation. And even in the course of this new bill itself, we have seen what fear will wring from a ministry, in the renouncement of the second and third clauses as soon as the Archbishop of Dublin declared himself against the government. And so it will be in the issue of the bill, if such a blast from Ireland rings in the ears of Englishmen as shall make them pause and tremble for themselves. For your true Englishman is a calculating creature even in his persecutions. He will not *pay* for his Protestantism. He loves his Establishment because it costs him nothing. If its tithes and parsonage-houses were gone to-morrow, the fifteen thousand clergy of Anglicanism would wear a very different aspect in his eyes. Nor would he pay largely for putting down Irish Catholicism. If a bill of pains and penalties will do it, by all means let it be done; but if it is to come to a vast reinforcement of troops in order to keep down the Irish people, and that not once in a way, but year after year, with an enlarged income-tax to meet the expenses, we may rest assured that on sound "business principles" the English Parliament will consent to endure a Catholic hierarchy, and Cardinal Wiseman may continue unmolested to reside in the great metropolis of Protestantism.

At this moment there can be no question that the Archbishop of Tuam is the chief hindrance which exists to the carrying out the penal law to its worst severities. With respect to certain points in his grace's public acts there may be differences of opinion among Catholics, both in England and Ireland; but among Protestants we may rest assured that there is but one feeling in regard to the name of John MacHale. They hate it, but *they dread it*. They may profess to laugh at the "manifestoes from St. Jarlath's;" they may pretend to an excessive love for the virtues of amenity and forbearance in Christian prelates; they may affect to treat the Archbishop as a political firebrand, who cares more for attacking the acts of Englishmen than for saving the souls of Irishmen; they may ridicule the synod of Thurles, where they imagine his

grace to have played the part of a spiritual dictator ;—but the great fact remains, that the sight of those oft-repeated words, “ John Archbishop of Tuam,” is one of the most odious spectacles on which the eyes of Lord John Russell and his supporters can be fixed, and that they are alarmed lest the city of Tuam should prove to them and their armies what Moscow proved to another proud conqueror after he had set his face against the Church of Almighty God. The Archbishop at this moment stands before the English people as the champion of the independence of the Church ; and the very hostility with which he is regarded is the best proof of the wisdom of that policy which aims at making the world tremble.

Rest assured then, O English Catholics, that it is not Queen Victoria who will save you from the jaws of the lion, and be the shield of your Bishops and your nuns, and of your poor temporal possessions ; it is Dr. MacHale, and such as he, who are, under God, your only hope. You may petition the Queen as you please, and call upon her Majesty to remember her words about “ civil and religious liberty” in her last speech to Parliament, forgetting that at the very moment she was professing to value your liberties, she was recommending this identical persecuting law to the favour of the Lords and Commons. Deceive not yourselves with any hopes from the secular throne of England. If the Lords and Commons are pleased to exile your Bishops, and violate the sanctity of your convents, and rob you of your trust-funds, the Queen of England will no more refuse *her* consent to the wicked laws, than she will reject a bill for a new railway or for the chartering a banking company. Cease, then, to give “ three cheers for the Queen” at your public meetings,\* and to toast her Majesty *before* his Holiness the Pope at your dinners ; obey the lawful authorities of the realm, for it is a part of the Catholic religion that we should do so ; but spare your apologies for the Pope and the Cardinal ; learn at length that you have one of two alternatives *only* before you—either to be despised or hated—to be despised and tolerated, or to be hated and to conquer. If you are content to give up the field to heresy and sin, give it up, and take the contemptuous smile of friendly Protestantism as your reward ; if you would do your Master’s work, and save your fellow-countrymen’s souls, be content to be abhorred with active indignation, and to be reviled of all men ; for then is the path of victory open to you, and the world which persecutes you will yield its tens of thousands of captives at your feet. But have you not had enough of scorn ? Has your past

\* At the late aggregate meeting in Dublin three cheers were given for *Old Ireland*, and none for the Queen.



condition been so sweet that you must still continue to recommend your religion to "enlightened and liberal" Protestants, by insinuating that you yield to the Pope just that amount of allegiance which you *must* yield under pain of ceasing to be Catholics any more, while your hearts absolutely overflow with their superabundance of "loyalty" to that temporal power which murdered your fathers and mothers, plundered your churches, burnt your monasteries, exiled and tortured your priests, and then tolerated the remnant among you as an outcast, humbled, cringing race, whose Catholicism was wholesomely modified by its nationalism, and who might be *safely* endured by the side of a Protestant Establishment, because it had ceased to be formidable? What did we ever gain by adopting the cant of the age, and *professing*—(for we never felt them, any more than our Protestant enemies)—the principles of "civil and religious liberty?" Which has proved our truest friend, the English Government or the Irish Catholics? the decent, civil, bribing, manœuvring Government of Whigs and "liberal" Tories, or the priesthood and people of Ireland, whose "excesses" have shocked you, whose political tendencies you have lamented, whose unmanageableness has thwarted your best endeavours for persuading Protestants that Catholicism is a mild, gentlemanly, tolerant, and Anglican sort of a creed after all? Who, we repeat, is your friend *now*, when the world is lifting up its arm to strike you,—the Archbishop of Tuam, or the Whig patrons of Catholicity in England?

And on our fellow-Catholics in Ireland, if we may venture to speak from a heart, which though English *by nature*, is Catholic *by grace*, we scruple not to call, as possessing a power to save the Church in this empire from a persecution, which, when once it is begun, may end in results which it is appalling to contemplate. Now the English blood is comparatively cool. Yes, fierce and cruel as are the words and actions of the legislature and people at this time, they are meek and merciful in comparison to what they once were, and in comparison to what they may be again. Let the tamed tiger but taste of blood, and all the hidden ferocity of his natural passion bursts forth and cries for fresh victims daily. Remember that the English and the Irish Protestants of this day, though they have been fed for the last generation or so on the milky food of a species of half-toleration, are the children of those who disembowelled priests, and pressed women to death, and shot down Irishmen and Irishwomen by thousands and tens of thousands. Is human nature changed? Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leper his spots? Is Satan become a devout worshipper of Almighty God? Is the world the friend

of Jesus Christ? Is the flesh his servant, or a rebel against his laws? What is all the chatter in Parliament and out of it about the rights of conscience, and the glorious nineteenth century, and the barbarous ignorance of the old times, and the beauty of toleration—what is it all but a flimsy scaffolding which the various religious sects of the day have set up, on which to dance and play for a few hours, while their separate interests happen to coalesce or to be pretty equal in power, but which will be shattered like a child's house of cards the moment these interests clash once more, or the power of one party gains an advance upon the weakness of others? Trust it not; no, not for an instant. Trust nothing but Almighty God and your own selves. Make yourselves feared. Shew that while you keep within the letter of just laws, and yield that obedience which is due to the state, you will evade and defy every law which is in violation of the indefeasible rights of the Church. Again and again, perseveringly, craftily, boldly, daringly, compel the persecutor to pause ere he has tasted your blood or ours. Avoid sedition and treason; even were they lawful by the doctrines of the Church, they would be most inexpedient, as tending to divide ourselves and to put weapons in the hands of our foes; but short of sedition and treason, thwart and defy the English Government in every possible way that can be in your power. There is a time for thwarting and defying the world, as well as a time for disarming it by meekness and long-suffering. It is lawful to thwart and defy, as well as to bow the head and to conciliate. This is not the time for bowing the head and conciliation. Our gentle obeisance will be taken as the salaam of an Oriental slave, who submits to the royal decree which has just condemned him to the bow-string. England will strike us, it will strike us all, in England and Ireland alike, *if it dare*. We in England cannot make ourselves feared. In Ireland you have the game in your own hands. The honour, the merit, and the reward of victory will be yours, and not ours; but with you also is the chief responsibility. Seize, then, the golden moment. If ever moral force in its most cogent power could be exerted in a sacred cause, it is now; now that the most helpless among us are threatened; now that it is not the laity, not the rich, not peers and members of Parliament whom the cowardly bully is preparing to strike, but Bishops and women, the priests of Jesus Christ and his consecrated spouses. What heroism will it be in us, to sit still and see *them* suffer! There is heroism in suffering in our own persons, but not in quietly looking on while those who are dear to us are suffering.

Nor let any be disheartened by the idea that the power of England is so vast that resistance to her is useless, and that the wisest course for the persecuted Catholics is to submit in silence to the indignities she heaps upon them. The power of England *seems* greater than it is. Accident has bestowed on her a measure of present prosperity, which has blown up her pride to a more vaunting inflation than at almost any previous period in her history; yet the foundation of England's prosperity is honeycombed with mines of frightfully explosive strength. Her colonies are attached to her by a mere thread; the millions of her poorer population regard her Legislature and Government with deep, though sullen, indignation; the elements of fierce contentions between her old political parties lie smouldering, ready to flame out with all their ancient fires; the feud between the agricultural and manufacturing interests has lost little or none of its bitterness; the very prosperity of the empire, being essentially commercial, is ever in danger from the shocks to which all commercial enterprise is inherently liable; the continental agitations may at any moment involve us in all the disasters of a European and American war; and it is impossible but that from these many sources of English weakness she should not be compelled again to treat her Catholic subjects with at least the same poor amount of respect which she granted them before this recent outbreak began. Every day, too, increases the number of those Englishmen and Englishwomen who would rather see the sun of England's glory set for ever than a single finger laid upon the independence of the Church of God.

And who can say what tribulations may not be in store for this haughty empire, designed in the good providence of God to humble the Anglo-Saxon race, and bring it in sackcloth and ashes before the altars of Jesus Christ? Who does not see rather that it is *probable* that national humiliation may be the appointed means by which Almighty God will answer the prayers for the conversion of England, now, we believe, more general and more fervent than ever? What so likely to tear the veil from the eyes of this self-satisfied race, and compel them to believe in God and his word, as the shattering of the fabric of luxury in which they are now dwelling, rejoicing in their idolatries, and finding their choicest sport in hunting down Catholic Bishops and Catholic nuns? That Anglo-Saxon Protestantism is utterly unconscious of any such destiny only renders it the more probable that such may be its fate. It is when nations, as well as individuals, are at the zenith of their prosperity, and not a cloud seems to darken their horizon, that the storms of Almighty wrath burst upon



them with most startling rapidity; and on the spot where at sunrise were seen towering cities, and teeming vineyards, and blooming gardens, the sun goes down upon a smoking and watery waste of ruins, the work of a few short hours of earthquake, and hurricane, and volcanic fires. Then, proud England, will be the day of thy conversion; for it will be the day of thy humiliation; and thou wilt seek His mercies whom now thou knowest only to scorn and to blaspheme!

Meanwhile our present hopes of deliverance from our enemies, under Him who is the God of nations, rest upon the steadfast resistance of Irish Catholicism. Ever since Ireland was conquered it has been the "greatest difficulty," and confessed as such, of English rulers. May it be their greatest difficulty still! May the haughtiness of Protestantism be confronted by such an array of hostility as shall make it impossible to govern Ireland until every vestige of the penal laws is swept away!

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### SHORT NOTICES.

MR. WARD has put forth a short and conclusive reply to the criticisms of the *Guardian* newspaper on his pamphlet on the *English Church Establishment*. Professing to scorn Mr. Ward, the *Guardian* nevertheless has thought it necessary to dedicate not less than six long reviews to his remarks, in the course of its observations developing one or two phases in the progress of "Anglo-Catholicism" not a little startling to those who are unacquainted with the intrinsic hollowness of all heretical professions of "Catholic doctrine." The fact is so curious, that we may possibly return to the subject; and in the mean time recommend our readers to turn to Mr. Ward's demolition of his reviewer.

The *Report of the Acting Council and the Proceedings of St. Margaret's Association* (Edinburgh, Marsh and Beattie) is a hopeful sign of the progress in active organisation going on among the Catholics of Scotland. The Association directs its labours towards the general redress of the grievances suffered by Catholics on account of their religion, to the improvement of poor-schools, and to the promotion of emigration and of life insurance among the poor. It is yet scarcely out of its infancy, but seems already to be doing a great deal of good, collateral as well as direct.

Mr. Maclaurin's *Fasti Christiani, or Rhymes on the Kalendar* (Dolman), is an interesting example of the closeness with which a

Protestant may occasionally approximate to Catholic doctrine and feeling when on his way to the Catholic Church. Mr. Maclaurin was formerly a member of the Protestant Episcopal body in Scotland, and in it held the office of Dean of Moray and Ross. Now happily a Catholic, he has published the present work, which consists of a series of stanzas, or short poems, on the festivals of the Catholic Church throughout the year. He says that "there are some things in it which would have been slightly different if they had been written after his reception," though he is not aware that it contains any thing at all inconsistent with Catholic faith or morals: if mistaken, he humbly submits to correction. The work is, in fact, a kind of versified "Lives of the Saints" in brief, and shews the ardour and good feeling with which its author studied the glories of Catholic heroic virtue while yet a stranger to the privileges he now enjoys.

The *Lamp* (Richardson) continues to prosecute its course, and labours in good earnest to fill the void long felt in English Catholic literature. Its chief promoter, Mr. Bradley, is one of the most zealous of workmen on behalf of the Christian cultivation of the poor, and the success his journal has attained is the well-merited reward of his efforts (by no means as yet relaxed) in support of a cause whose importance can scarcely be overrated.

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The Editor of the *Rambler* is desirous of correcting an impression which appears to prevail in one or two quarters, to the effect that this journal is in some peculiar way the organ, or under the influence, of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri in England. The impression is totally without foundation; being so far from true, that from the commencement of the *Rambler* till the present time, not more than six or seven articles or reviews, and those almost wholly on historical subjects, have appeared in its pages from the whole number of the Fathers of the Oratory. It has, indeed, been often a cause of regret to the Editor, as, no doubt, to the readers of the *Rambler*, that the incessant labours of the Fathers of the Oratory should have left them so little leisure for literary occupation. A similar contradiction must also be given to ideas entertained in other quarters; in one case attributing the management of this journal to his Eminence Cardinal Wiseman, and in another regarding it as the organ of the Fathers of the Society of Jesus. In reference to all such reports the Editor is anxious to state that he alone is responsible both for the opinions from time to time advocated in the *Rambler*, and for the expediency of putting them forward. The merits of the journal, and the merits alone, he is desirous of sharing with his coadjutors.

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## Ecclesiastical Register.

### LEGAL OPINION ON THE ECCLESIASTICAL TITLES BILL.

#### OPINION.

UPON the questions proposed to us with reference to the preamble of the bill, we are clearly of opinion—

1st. That no reasonable doubt can be entertained that the enactment recited in the preamble (the statute 10th George IV., chap. 7, sec. 24) does not extend to the assumption of the title of archbishop or bishop of a pretended province or diocese, or archbishop or bishop of a city, place, or territory in England or Ireland, not being the see, province, or diocese of any archbishop or bishop recognised by law. We think it clear that the enactment in question has no such effect.

2dly. That the assumption of ecclesiastical titles in respect of such sees, provinces, or dioceses, is not inconsistent with any rights intended to be protected by the said enactment of the statute 10 Geo. IV., c. 7, s. 24, and that the recital of any such inconsistency is wholly untrue.

Upon the questions submitted to us with reference to the proposed enactments of the bill—

1. We are of opinion that the bill in its original state, and containing the second and third clauses as well as the first and fourth, would render it illegal for any Roman Catholic archbishop or bishop of any province or see in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, though such functions were merely episcopal and spiritual, and had no reference whatever to any temporal rights or authority. We apprehend that the episcopal and spiritual functions of any archbishop or bishop can only be regularly and lawfully exercised within the limits of some province or diocese canonically assigned to him as the archbishop or bishop thereof, or within some other province or diocese by the permission of the archbishop or bishop of such other province or diocese; and that as he could only exercise such episcopal and spiritual functions within the limits of his own province or see as the archbishop or bishop thereof by that name and title, and under the authority of that office, it follows that this bill would render it unlawful for him to perform regularly the proper duties of his office, although merely episcopal or spiritual, such for instance as those of ordination, of visitation, and the maintenance of discipline amongst his clergy.

2. We are of opinion that the bill in its original state, and containing the second and third clauses, would render it illegal for any Roman Catholic archbishop or bishop to accept any emolument or endowment, or to exercise any trust or power, as archbishop or bishop of any province or see in the United Kingdom, in relation to any property, whether charitable or otherwise, and whether intended for the benefit of such archbishop or bishop of such province or see, or of the persons subject to his spiritual authority therein, and whether the property given for any such purposes has been already given or be hereafter given for such purposes, if the acceptance of such emolument or endowment, or the exercise of any such trust or power, could only be in virtue of, or by relation to, the official character and capacity of such archbishop or bishop.

3. We are of opinion that if the second and third clauses of the bill were expunged, the first clause would of itself render it illegal for any Roman Catholic archbishop or bishop of any province or see in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, though such functions were merely spiritual, and had no reference whatever to any temporal



rights or authority. If "the assumption or use of the name, style, or title of archbishop or bishop of any city, town, or place, or of any territory or district in the United Kingdom," be rendered highly penal, as it would be by the first section, it follows that every act which such archbishop or bishop could only perform regularly as archbishop or bishop of some province or see, and in that capacity, must be deemed to be thereby prohibited.

4. We are of opinion that if the second and third clauses of the bill were expunged, the first clause would of itself render it illegal for any Roman Catholic archbishop or bishop to accept any emolument or endowment, or to exercise any trust or power as archbishop or bishop of any province or see in the United Kingdom in relation to any property, whether charitable or otherwise, and whether intended for the benefit of such archbishop or bishop, or of such province or see, or of the persons subject to his spiritual authority therein, if such acceptance or exercise involved his assumption or use of the name, style, or title of archbishop or bishop of a particular province or see in the United Kingdom, and such emolument or endowment and such trust or power belonged to him solely in such his capacity of archbishop or bishop.

5. We are of opinion that if the second and third clauses of the bill were expunged, any deed or writing made, signed, or executed by any Roman Catholic archbishop or bishop, as archbishop or bishop of any province or see in the United Kingdom, would be illegal and void, so far at least as the rights or interests of other parties might be affected thereby, although it might possibly be binding upon such archbishop or bishop personally, while it might also expose him to the penalties enacted by the first section of the bill.

FITZROY KELLY.

P. B. BRODIE.

EDWARD BADDELEY.

Temple, May 10th, 1851.

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#### ADDRESS OF THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY COMMITTEE TO THE CLERGY AND PEOPLE OF IRELAND.

THE address commences with an acknowledgment of the generosity with which the appeal had been responded to on Sunday, April 16th; and after speaking of the establishment of a Catholic University as of vital importance for the defence and preservation of our holy faith against the numberless and powerful adversaries by which it is assailed, proceeds thus:—

Against it are arrayed the most munificently endowed educational establishments in the world, from the gorgeous university to the humble grammar-school, all directly antagonistic in their principles; a literature the most comprehensive and various, adapted to every taste and capacity, yet from the most serious essay to the lightest ebullition of fancy, from the sentimental to the comic, all thoroughly imbued with the anti-Catholic leaven; a political press unrivalled in its circulation and influence, but, with a few exceptions, devoted to the cause of bigotry and intolerance; and not only by far the greatest proportion of the mature and cultivated intellect of the sister country, but an overbearing tide of popular prejudice, the force and fury of which we never would have been able to estimate were it not for the moral storm by which it was lately roused into action. \* \* \*

A glance at the Parliamentary debates on the penal bill which now occupies the attention of the legislature would be sufficient to shew the necessity of an institution such as we here contemplate. To behold

an assembly that represents the intellect, rank, and property of the three kingdoms rivalling the lowest arena of polemical controversy in its fanaticism and acrimony; echoing the ravings of Exeter Hall as the maxims of political sagacity; citing as historical facts what all the great critics of modern times have long since exploded as false and untenable; libelling the noblest characters that ever adorned the page of history, though already vindicated by the most distinguished Protestant scholars of the age; heaping up the pyramid of calumny in the face of all that can give weight to human testimony, our solemn oaths and declarations—to behold such a spectacle, in such an age, must arouse the coldest and most apathetic to a sense of the obligations we are under of providing, in defence of our holy religion, every intellectual bulwark which an enlightened zeal can suggest. Against such a host of opponents, is it not absolutely necessary that we should have a Catholic institution, where the cause of truth may be upheld and defended by all the resources of learning—where a literature may be created free from the alloy of sectarian prejudice or calumny—and where the Catholic youth of the country, who may be hereafter destined to represent her interests or maintain her rights, may receive that higher species of religious instruction, that not merely elementary and catechetical, but scientific, literary, and historical knowledge of religion, which would enable them hereafter, when the occasion might call for it, to vindicate the truth of its dogmas, and the purity of its doctrine?

But such an institution is not only necessary as a measure of self-defence; it is imperatively required to give completeness and perfection to the system of Catholic education. \* \* \* As soon as our Catholic youth have completed their elementary education in science and literature—when the powers of reflection have been first developed, and the mind, naturally eager to try its strength, prepares to grapple with the most momentous questions that ever tested its capacity or stirred its feelings—when its natural love of independence has been strengthened by the consciousness of its newly-awakened power—when the imagination is warm and the passions are strong, and the youthful aspirant, not content with an isolated chapter in the book of knowledge, seeks to unroll and master all its glowing pages—at such a period of life he is to be sent, not to an institution where the Church which hallowed and directed his early studies will continue to be the honoured guide of his future inquiries; not where the pure and sacred associations that linked the principles of science with the truths of revelation may be strengthened and confirmed; not where the feelings that glowed and trembled before the altar of religion may be taught to respond in the same spirit of adoration to every harmony of nature and of art—to recognise the Deity in all his works throughout the vast temple of creation, as well as in those surpassing revelations of the sanctuary—those still more sublime and touching emanations of the infinitely good and beautiful that filled his soul with awe and tenderness; but to an institution where the first lesson to be learned at its threshold is to trample on the authority of that Church which had hitherto been the object of his fondest and deepest veneration; to substitute a cold and prayerless rationalism for the reverent spirit of inquiry by which he was previously actuated; to look upon the sacred associations of the past as fetters on the freedom of the intellect; and to substitute the fiery emanations of his own pride and passion for the guidance of that heavenly monitor who had descended to him from the Father of Lights, and who sought to conduct him to the goal of his eternal destiny—the living fountain of all knowledge. It is the action of such institutions on the higher classes on the Continent which communicated



to them the irreligion and infidelity that, by a necessary consequence, penetrated to the subordinate grades of society, until the masses of the population became tainted by the moral corruption. And unless we are prepared to witness the same direful effect, commencing with the wholesale immolation of our youth, we must strain every energy, and make every sacrifice, for the establishment of the only institution capable of neutralising their influence—a Catholic University. But, thanks be to God, there is no one possessing the name of Catholic who can question the expediency and advantages of such a measure. You, beloved countrymen, have nobly and practically refuted by your generous contributions, what your magnificent institutions in behalf of charity and religion ought to have disproved by anticipation, the only plausible objection against it, what some deemed the insurmountable difficulty of its execution; though to refuse co-operation in the good work on such a ground was evidently to adopt a foregone conclusion, to prejudge the question at issue, to obstruct its progress, by damping the zeal and the energies necessary for its accomplishment, and thus to realise as much as possible the impracticability it predicted. The munificent tribute you have just rendered, under such extraordinary disadvantages, demonstrates to the world the truth of the statement made by the assembled Bishops of Ireland in the Synodical Address, that we possess in our own body ample resources for the realisation of this great and glorious undertaking.

It is not necessary for us to exhort the faithful in those districts where, owing to local circumstances, the collection has been unavoidably postponed, to come forward with their characteristic zeal and generosity on the days appointed for their contributions—to emulate the bright example of their fellow-Catholics and countrymen who have preceded them in the good work, and to demonstrate to Christian Europe that the country which in former days contributed most to its civilisation, which not only then opened the doors of her own educational establishments to the youth who flocked to her from other countries, but, with the creative spirit and redeeming hand of Christian charity, raised up throughout the Continent those monuments of learning and civilisation whose eloquent ruins still record the name of their benefactress—that this country has lost nothing of the enlightened zeal and self-devoting energy by which she was distinguished in former days, but that, unbroken by her past sufferings and undaunted by her present difficulties and afflictions, she is ready once more to vindicate for herself the high position she once held in the literary world, and to which her own instinct and capabilities, the peculiarity of her social position, and the directing hand of Providence, appear to destine her.

Signed on behalf of the Catholic University Committee,

✠ PAUL CULLEN, *Archbishop, &c.*  
*Catholic University Chairman.*

Committee Rooms, Lower Ormond Quay,  
Dublin, March 28th, 1851.

OF YOUR CHARITY,

Pray for the soul of the REV. FATHER MAZIO, S. J., who departed this life at Rome, on the 30th April.

END OF VOLUME VII.





